

THE
ATLANTIC MONTHLY

A MAGAZINE OF

Literature, Science, Art, and Politics

VOLUME LXVIII.



BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY
The Riverside Press, Cambridge
1891

COPYRIGHT, 1890 AND 1891,
By HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY.

The Riverside Press, Cambridge, Mass., U. S. A.
Electrotyped and Printed by H. O. Houghton & Company.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
American Characters in German Novels, <i>Lida von Krockow</i>	824	Jerome, St. See <i>Ascetic Ideal, The</i> .	
Analogy, A Study of, <i>John Burroughs</i>	340	Journalism and Literature, <i>W. J. Stillman</i>	687
Arkansas, Plantation Life in, <i>Octave Thanet</i>	32	Lady of Fort St. John, The, <i>Mary Hartwell Catherine</i>	1, 145, 389, 492, 577
Arkansas, Town Life in, <i>Octave Thanet</i>	332	Lupus, Servatus. See <i>Torch Bearer, A</i> .	
Ascetic Ideal, The, <i>Harriet Waters Preston</i> and <i>Louise Dodge</i>	468	Macdonald, The Late Sir John, <i>Martin J. Griffin</i>	527
At the Market of the Dead, <i>Lafcadio Hearn</i>	382	Male Ruby-Throat, The, <i>Bradford Torrey</i>	49
Author Himself, The, <i>Woodrow Wilson</i>	406	Mangan, James Clarence, <i>Louise Imogen Guiney</i>	641
Browning's Life	263	Marriages, The, <i>Henry James</i>	233
Canada and the Canadian Question	272	Modern Art of Painting in France, The, <i>Charles H. Moore</i>	805
Cave-Dwellers of the Confederacy, The, <i>David Dodge</i>	514	Modern Mystic, A	414
Chaperon, The, <i>Henry James</i>	659, 721	Murray's Memoirs	268
Chief City of the Province of the Gods, The, <i>Lafcadio Hearn</i>	621	Neutrality of Switzerland, The, <i>W. D. McCrackan</i>	87
College Examinations, <i>Nathaniel Southgate Shaler</i>	95	Notes from the Wild Garden, <i>Edith M. Thomas</i>	172
Colonial Inquisitor, A, <i>Henry Charles Lea</i>	186	Novel Economies	276
Courts of Conciliation, <i>Nicolay Grevstad</i>	401	Oliphant, Laurence. See <i>Modern Mystic, A</i> .	
Dante Literature, Recent	838	Oppression of Notes, The, <i>Agnes Repplier</i>	253
Dickinson's, Emily, Letters, <i>Thomas Wentworth Higginson</i>	444	Oxford, The Schools at, <i>S. E. Winbolt</i>	670
Disputed Correspondence, A, <i>Harriet Waters Preston</i> and <i>Louise Dodge</i>	158	Paul, St. See <i>Disputed Correspondence, A</i> .	
Disturber of Traffic, The, <i>Rudyard Kipling</i>	289	People without Law, A, <i>James Bradley Thayer</i>	540, 676
Döllinger, Ignatius von, <i>E. P. Evans</i>	553	Plantation Life in Arkansas, <i>Octave Thanet</i>	32
Dyer's Hollow, <i>Bradford Torrey</i>	313	Poetry, Recent	842
English Railway Fiction, <i>Agnes Repplier</i>	78	Praises of War, The, <i>Agnes Repplier</i>	796
Equinoctial on the Ipswich Dunes, The, <i>Frank Bolles</i>	522	Province of the Gods, The Chief City of the, <i>Lafcadio Hearn</i>	621
Europe and Cathay, <i>John Fiske</i>	369	Queen's Closet Opened, The, <i>Alice Morse Earle</i>	215
Finding of Miss Clementine, The, <i>Elizabeth W. Bellamy</i>	124	Quest of a Cup, The, <i>Alice Brown</i>	361
France, The Modern Art of Painting in, <i>Charles H. Moore</i>	805	Recent Dante Literature	838
French Men of Letters, Two	695	Recent Poetry	842
German Novels, American Characters in, <i>Lida von Krockow</i>	824	Reform of the Senate, The, <i>Wendell P. Garrison</i>	227
Gods in Greece, The	701	Rome, The Old, and the New, <i>W. J. Stillman</i>	23
Gran'ther Hill's Patridge, <i>Rowland E. Robinson</i>	457	Rome, Underground Christian, <i>Rodolfo Lanciani</i>	14
Hopkins, Samuel. See <i>Transition in New England Theology, The</i> .		Senate, The Reform of the, <i>Wendell P. Garrison</i>	227
Houghton's, Lord, Life	136	Seneca. See <i>Disputed Correspondence, A</i> .	
House of Martha, The, <i>Frank R. Stockton</i>	55, 205, 319, 433	Severn, Joseph, and his Correspondents, <i>William Sharp</i>	736
Howells's, Mr., Literary Creed	566	Shakespeare's Richard III., <i>James Russell Lowell</i>	816
Humming-Birds. See <i>Male Ruby-Throat, The</i> .		Sherman, General, <i>John C. Ropes</i>	191
Indian Question, The. See <i>People without Law, A</i> .		Shrine in Japan, The Most Ancient, <i>Lafcadio Hearn</i>	780
Innocent Life, An, <i>Lillie B. Chace Wyman</i>	347	Six Centuries of Self-Government, <i>W. D. McCrackan</i>	257
Ipswich Dunes, The Equinoctial on the, <i>Frank Bolles</i>	522	Speech as a Barrier between Man and Beast, <i>E. P. Evans</i>	299
James's, Mr., American on the London Stage	846	Story of a Long Inheritance, The, <i>William M. Davis</i>	68
Japan. See <i>At the Market of the Dead; Chief City of the Province of the Gods, The; Shrine in Japan, The Most Ancient</i> .		Study of Analogy, A, <i>John Burroughs</i>	340
		Swift, Doctor, In London with, <i>Henry F. Randolph</i>	486
		Switzerland. See <i>Six Centuries of Self-Government</i> .	
		Switzerland, The Neutrality of, <i>W. D. McCrackan</i>	87
		Thomas, General George H., <i>Henry Stone</i>	506
		Tintoret, the Shakespeare of Painters, <i>William R. Thayer</i>	103

Tolstóy, Count, at Home, <i>Isabel F. Haggood</i>	596	Trumpet Call, <i>A. E. Cavazza</i>	635
Torch Bearer, <i>A. Harriet Waters Preston and Louise Dodge</i>	750	Two French Men of Letters	695
Tornadoes. See <i>Story of a Long Inheritance, The</i> .		Two Little Drummers, <i>Olive Thorne Miller</i>	178
Town Life in Arkansas, <i>Octave Thanet</i>	332	Underground Christian Rome, <i>Rodolfo Lanciani</i>	14
Transition in New England Theology, <i>The, Alexander V. G. Allen</i>	767	Unreported Incident, <i>The, Harriet Lewis Bradley</i>	761
		Wild Garden, Notes from the, <i>Edith M. Thomas</i>	172
		Woodpeckers. See <i>Two Little Drummers</i> .	

POETRY.

Beyond the Day, <i>John Vance Cheney</i>	675	November Prairie, <i>A. Katharine T. Prescott</i>	620
Bubble, <i>The, John B. Tabb</i>	526	On First Entering Westminster Abbey	749
Deep-Sea Springs, <i>Edith M. Thomas</i>	485	Pea Fields, <i>The, Charles G. D. Roberts</i>	185
E-lim-in-ah-do, <i>Clinton Scollard</i>	640	Rabiah's Defense, <i>Thomas Wentworth Higginson</i>	298
Forecasting, <i>Philip Bourke Marston</i>	389	Rooks in New College Gardens	749
Harebell, <i>Edmund Clarence Steadman</i>	204	Song for Setting, <i>Thomas William Parsons</i>	312
Hawkbit <i>The, Charles G. D. Roberts</i>	456	Sweet Peas, <i>Julie M. Lippmann</i>	252
London and Oxford: Three Sonnets	749	"When with thy Life Thou didst Encompass Mine," <i>Philip Bourke Marston</i>	54
London Fog	749		
Lowell, James Russell, <i>Oliver Wendell Holmes</i>	552		

CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Bucolic Reading	713	Semper Eadem	716
Certain Beliefs and Superstitions of the Negro	286	Set to Music	574
Cothurne Étroit, <i>Le</i>	858	Some Unwritten Poems of "The Pathetic"	431
Experience in Recollecting, <i>An</i>	430	Songs we used to Sing, <i>The</i>	572
Follow-Traveler, <i>A</i>	141	Subjection of the Author to his Work, <i>The</i>	860
Fulton in Love	285	Swiss Boarding-School, <i>A</i>	282
Genius for Friendship, <i>A</i>	432	To the Fall of Imātrā	855
Liszt, <i>A Child's Recollection of</i>	718	Two Old-Time Book-Lovers	853
Penelope	719	Two Points of View	575
Playing Second Fiddle	717	Ulysses, How I found	143

BOOKS REVIEWED.

Aurevilly, J. Barbey d': <i>Littérature Étrangère</i>	700	Norton, Charles Eliot (translator): <i>The Divine Comedy of Dante Alighieri. I. Hell</i>	838
Buet, Charles: <i>J. Barbey d'Aurevilly. Impressions et Souvenirs</i>	699	Oliphant, M. O. W.: <i>Memoir of the Life of Laurence Oliphant and of Alice Oliphant, his Wife</i>	414
Cawein, Madison: <i>Days and Dreams</i>	845	Orr, Mrs. Sutherland: <i>Life and Letters of Robert Browning</i>	263
Cone, Helen Gray: <i>The Ride to the Lady and Other Poems</i>	844	Reese, Lizette Woodworth: <i>A Handful of Laverder</i>	845
Dyer, Louis: <i>Studies of the Gods in Greece at Certain Sanctuaries Recently Excavated</i>	702	Reid, T. Wemyss: <i>The Life, Letters, and Friendships of Richard Monckton Milnes, First Lord Houghton</i>	136
Flaubert, Gustave: <i>Correspondance</i>	695	Smiles, Samuel: <i>A Publisher and his Friends. Memoir and Correspondence of the Late John Murray</i>	268
Gilder, Richard Watson: <i>Two Worlds and Other Poems</i>	842	Smith, Goldwin: <i>Canada and the Canadian Question</i>	272
Gunton, George: <i>Principles of Social Economics inductively Considered and practically Applied</i>	276	Wilkinson, William Cleaver: <i>The Epic of Saul</i>	845
Howells, W. D.: <i>Criticism and Fiction</i>	566		
Latham, Charles Sterrett (translator): <i>Translation of Dante's Eleven Letters</i>	839		
Comment on New Books	139, 279, 426, 570, 706, 843		

THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

VOL. LXVIII. — JULY, 1891. — No. CCCC.V.

THE LADY OF FORT ST. JOHN.

PRELUDE: AT THE HEAD OF THE BAY
OF FUNDY.

THE Atlantic rushed across a mile or two of misty beach, boring into all its channels in the neck of Acadia. Twilight and fog blurred the landscape, but the eye could trace a long swell of earth rising gradually from the bay, through marshes, to a summit with a small stockade on its southern slope. Sentinels pacing within the stockade felt the weird influence of that bald land. The guarded spot seemed an island in a sea of vapor, and the spring night was bringing darkness upon it.

The stockade inclosed a single building of rough logs clumsily put together, and chinked with the hard red soil. An unhewn wall divided the house into two rooms, and in one room were gathered less than a dozen men-at-arms. Their officer lay in one of the cupboard-like bunks, with his hands clasped under his head. Some of the men were already asleep; others sat by the hearth, rubbing their weapons or spreading some garment to dry. A door in the partition opened, and the wife of one of the men came from the inner room.

"Good-night, madame," she said.

"Good-night, Zélie," answered a voice within.

"If you have further need of me, you will call me, madame?"

"Assuredly. Get to your rest. Tomorrow we may have stormy weather for our voyage home."

The woman closed the door, and the face of the one who had hearkened to her turned again to the fireplace. It was a room repeating the men's barrack in hewn floor, loophole windows, and rough joists.

This frontier outpost on the ridge since called Beausejour was merely a convenient halting-place for one of the lords of Acadia. It stood on a detached spot of his large seigniory, which he had received with other portions of western Acadia in exchange for his grant of Cape Sable.

Though in his early thirties, Charles de la Tour had seen long service in the New World. Seldom has a man from central France met the northern cold and sea air with so white a favor. His clean-shaven skin and the sunny, undecided color of his hair were like a child's. Part of his armor had been unbuckled, and lay on the floor near him. He sat in a chair of twisted boughs, made of refuse from trees his men had dragged out of the neighboring forest for the building of the outpost. His wife sat on a pile of furs beside his knee. Her Huguenot cap was on the shelf above the fire. She wore a black gown, slashed in the sleeves with white, and a kerchief of lace pushed from her throat. Her black hair, which Zélie had braided, hung down in two ropes to the floor.

"How soon, monsieur," she asked, "can you return to Fort St. John?"

"With all speed possible, Marie. Soon, if we can work the miracle of

moving a peace-loving man like Denys to action."

"Nicholas Denys ought to take part with you."

"Yet he will scarce do it."

"The king-favored governor of Acadia will some time turn and push him as he now pushes you."

"D'Aulnay hath me at sore straits," confessed La Tour, staring at the flame, "since he has cut off from me the help of the Bostonnais."

"They were easily cut off," said Marie. "Monsieur, those Huguenots of the colonies were never loving friends of ours. Their policy has been to weaken this province by helping the quarrel betwixt D'Aulnay and you. Now that D'Aulnay has strength at court, and has persuaded the king to declare you an outlaw, the Bostonnais think it wise to withdraw their hired soldiers from you. We have not offended the Bostonnais as allies; we have only gone down in the world."

La Tour stirred uneasily.

"I dread that D'Aulnay may profit by this hasty journey I make to northern Acadia, and again attack the fort in my absence."

"He hath once found a woman there who could hold it," said Marie, checking a laugh.

La Tour moved his palm over her cheek. Within his mind the province of Acadia lay spread from Penobscot River to the island of Sable, and from the southern tip of the peninsula now called Nova Scotia nearly to the mouth of the St. Lawrence. This domain had been parceled in grants: the north to Nicholas Denys; the centre and west to D'Aulnay de Charnisay; and the south, with posts on the western coast, to Charles de la Tour. Being Protestant in faith, La Tour had no influence at the court of Louis XIII. His grant had been confirmed to him from his father. He had held it against treason to France, and his loyal service, at

least, was regarded until D'Aulnay de Charnisay became his enemy. Even in that year of grace 1645, before Acadia was diked by home-making Norman peasants or watered by their parting tears, contending forces had begun to trample it. Two feudal barons fought each other on the soil of the New World.

"All things failing me" — La Tour held out his wrists, and looked at them with a sharp smile.

"Let D'Aulnay shake a warrant, monsieur. He must needs have you before he can carry you in chains to France."

She seized La Tour's hands, with a swift impulse of atoning to them for the thought of such indignity, and kissed his wrists. He set his teeth on a trembling lip.

"I should be a worthless, aimless vagrant without you, Marie. You are young, and I give you fatigue and heart-sickening peril instead of jewels and merry company."

"The merriest company for us at present, monsieur, are the men of our honest garrison. If Edelwald, who came so lately, complains not of this New World life, I should endure it merrily enough. And you know I seldom now wear the jewels belonging to our house. Our chief jewel is buried in the ground."

She thought of a short grave wrapped in fogs near Fort St. John; of fair curls and sweet childish limbs, and a mouth shouting to send echoes through the river gorge; of scamperings on the flags of the hall; and of the erect and princely carriage of that diminutive presence the men had called "my little lord."

"But it is better for the boy that he died, Marie," murmured La Tour. "He has no part in these times. He might have survived us to see his inheritance stripped from him."

They were silent, until Marie said, "You have a long march before you to-morrow, monsieur."

"Yes; we ought to throw ourselves into these mangers," said La Tour.

One wall was lined with bunks like those in the outer room. In the lower row travelers' preparations were already made for sleeping.

"I am yet of the mind, monsieur," observed Marie, "that you should have made this journey entirely by sea."

"It would cost me too much in time to round Cape Sable twice. Nicholas Denys can furnish ship as well as men, if he be so minded. My lieutenant in arms next to Edelwald," said La Tour, smiling over her, "my equal partner in troubles, and my lady of Fort St. John will stand for my honor and prosperity until I return."

Marie smiled back.

"D'Aulnay has a fair wife, and her husband is rich and favored by the king, and has got himself made governor of Acadia in your stead. She sits in her own hall at Port Royal; but poor Madame D'Aulnay!—she has not thee!"

At this La Tour laughed aloud. The ring of his voice, and the clang of his breastplate which fell over on the floor as he arose, woke an answering sound. It did not come from the outer room, where scarcely a voice stirred among the sleepy soldiery, but from the top row of bunks. Marie turned white at this child wail soothed by a woman's voice.

"What have we here?" exclaimed La Tour.

"Monsieur, it must be a baby!"

"Who has broken into this post with a baby? There may be men concealed overhead."

He grasped his pistols, but no men-at-arms appeared with the haggard woman who crept down from her hiding-place near the joists.

"Are you some spy sent from D'Aulnay?" inquired La Tour.

"Monsieur, how can you so accuse a poor outcast mother!" whispered Marie.

The door in the partition was flung

wide, and the young officer appeared with men at his back.

"Have you found an ambush, Sieur Charles?"

"We have here a listener, Edelwald," replied La Tour, "and there may be more in the loft above."

Several men sprang up the bunks, and moved some puncheons overhead. A light was raised under the dark roof canopy, but nothing rewarded its search. The much-bedraggled woman was young, with falling strands of silken hair, which she wound up with one hand, while holding the baby. Marie took the poor wailer from her with a divine motion, and carried it to the hearth.

"Who brought you here?" demanded La Tour of the girl.

She cowered before him, but answered nothing. Her presence seemed to him a sinister menace against even his obscurest holdings in Acadia. The stockade was easily entered, for La Tour was unable to maintain a garrison there. All that open country lay sodden with the breath of the sea. From whatever point she had approached, La Tour could scarcely believe her feet came tracking the moist red clay alone.

"Will you give no account of yourself?"

"You must answer monsieur," encouraged Marie, turning from her cares with the child. It lay unwound from its misery on Marie's knees, watching the new ministering power with accepting eyes. Feminine and piteous as the girl was, her dense resistance to command could only vex a soldier.

"Put her under guard," he said to his officer.

"And Zélie must look to her comfort," added Marie.

"Whoever she may be," declared La Tour, "she hath heard too much to go free of this place. She must be sent in the ship to Fort St. John, and guarded there."

"What else could be done, indeed?"

asked Marie. "The child would die of exposure here."

The prisoner was taken to the other hearth; and the young officer, as he closed the door, half smiled to hear his lady murmur over the wretched little outcast, as she always murmured to ailing creatures, "Let mother help you."

I.

AN ACADIAN FORTRESS.

At the mouth of the river St. John an island was lashed with drift, and tide terraces alongshore recorded how furiously the sea had driven upon the land. There had been a two days' storm on the Bay of Fundy, subsiding to the clearest of cool spring evenings. An amber light lay on the visible world. The forest on the west was yet too bare of leaf buds to shut away sunset.

A month later, the headlands would be lined distinctly against a blue and quickening sky by freshened air and light and herbage. Two centuries and a half later, long streaks of electric light would ripple on that surface, and great ships stand at ease there, and ferry-boats rush back and forth. But in this closing dusk it reflected only the gray and yellow vaporous breath of April, and shaggy edges of a wilderness. The high shores sank their shadows farther and farther from the water's edge.

Fort St. John was built upon a gradual ascent of rocks, which rose to a small promontory on the south side of the river. There were four bastions guarded with cannon, the northeast bastion swelling above its fellows in a round turret topped with battlements. On this tower the flag of France hung down its staff against the evening sky, for there was scarcely any motion of the air. That coast lay silent, like a pictured land, except a hint of falls above in the river. It was ebb tide. The current of the

St. John set out toward the sea instead of rushing back on its own channel, and rocks swallowed at flood now broke the surface.

A plume of smoke sprang from one bastion, followed by the rolling thunder of a cannon shot. From a small ship in the bay a gun replied to this salute. She stood gradually clear of a headland, her sails hanging torn and one mast broken, and sentinel and cannoneer in the bastion saw that she was lowering a boat. They called to people in the fortress, and all voices caught the news: "Madame has come at last!"

Life stirred through the entire inclosure with a jar of closing doors and running feet.

Though not a large fortification, St. John was well and compactly built of cemented stone. A row of hewn log barracks stood against the southern wall, ample for all the troops La Tour had been able to muster in prosperous times. There was a stone vault for ammunition. A well, a mill and great stone oven, and a storehouse for beaver and other skins were between the barracks and the commandant's tower built massively into the northeast bastion. This structure gave La Tour the advantage of a high lookout, though it was much smaller than a castle he had formerly held at La Hève. The interior accommodated itself to such compactness, the lower floor having only one entrance and windows looking into the area of the fort, while the second floor was lighted through deep loopholes.

A drum began to beat, a tall fellow gave the word of command, and the garrison of Fort St. John drew up in line, facing the gate. A sentinel unbarred and set wide both inner and outer leaves, and a cheer burst through the deep-throated gateway, and was thrown back from the opposite shore, from forest and river windings. Madame La Tour, with two women attendants, was seen coming up from the water's edge, while two men pushed off with the boat.

She waved her hand in reply to the shout.

The tall soldier went down to meet her, and paused, bareheaded, to make the salutation of a subaltern to his military superior. She responded with the same grave courtesy. But as he drew nearer she noticed him whitening through the dusk.

"All has gone well, Klussman, at Fort St. John, since your lord left?"

"Madame," he said, with a stammer, "the storm made us anxious about you."

"Have you seen D'Aulnay?"

"No, madame."

"You look haggard, Klussman."

"If I look haggard, madame, it must come from seeing two women follow you, when I should see only one."

He threw sharp glances behind her, as he took her hand to lead her up the steep path. Marie's attendant was carrying the baby, and she lifted it for him to look at, the hairs on her upper lip moved by a good-natured smile. Klussman's scowl darkened his mountain-born fairness.

"I would rather, indeed, be bringing more men to the fort instead of more women," said his lady, as they mounted the slope. "But this one might have perished in the stockade where we found her; and your lord not only disliked her, as you seem to do, but he held her in suspicion. In a manner, therefore, she is our prisoner, though never went prisoner so helplessly with her captors."

"Yes, any one might take such a creature," said Klussman.

"Those are no fit words to speak, Klussman."

He was unready with his apology, however, and tramped on without again looking behind. Madame La Tour glanced at her ship, which would have to wait for wind and tide to reach the usual mooring.

"Did you tell me you had news?" she was reminded to ask him.

"Madame, I have some news, but nothing serious."

"If it be nothing serious, I will have a change of garments and my supper before I hear it. We have had a hard voyage."

"Did my lord send any new orders?"

"None, save to keep this poor girl about the fort: that is easily obeyed, as we can scarce do otherwise with her."

"I meant to ask in the first breath how he fared in the outset of his expedition."

"With a lowering sky overhead, and wet red clay underfoot. But I thanked Heaven, while we were tossing with a broken mast, that he was at least on firm land and moving to his expectations."

They entered the gateway, Madame La Tour's cheeks tingling richly from the effort of climbing. She saluted her garrison, and her garrison saluted her, each with a courteous pride in the other, born of the joint victory they had won over D'Aulnay de Charnisay when he attacked the fort. Not a man broke rank until she entered her hall. There was a tidiness about the inclosure peculiar to places inhabited by women. It added grace to military appointments.

"You miss the swan, madame," noted Klussman. "Le Rossignol is out again."

"When did she go?"

"The night after my lord and you sailed northward. She goes each time in the night, madame."

"And she is still away?"

"Yes, madame."

"And this is all you know of her?"

"Yes, madame. She went, and has not yet come back."

"But she always comes back safely. Though I fear," said Madame La Tour on the threshold, "the poor maid will some time fall into harm."

He opened the door, and stood aside, saying under his breath, "I would call a creature like that a witch instead of a maid."

"I will send for you, Klussman, when I have refreshed myself."

"Yes, madame."

The other women filed past him, and entered behind his lady.

The Swiss soldier folded his arms, staring hard at that crouching vagrant brought from Beausejour. She had a covering over her face, and she held it close, crowding on the heels in front of her, as if she dared not meet his eye.

II.

LE ROSSIGNOL.

A girlish woman was waiting for Marie within the hall, and the two exchanged kisses on the cheek with sedate and tender courtesy.

"Welcome home, madame."

"Home is more welcome to me because I find you in it, Antonia. Has anything unusual happened in the fortress while I have been setting monsieur on his way?"

"This morning, about dawn, I heard a great tramping of soldiers in the hall. One of the women told me prisoners had been brought in."

"Yes. The Swiss said he had news. And how has the Lady Dorinda fared?"

"Well, indeed. She has described to me three times the gorgeous pageant of her marriage."

They had reached the fireplace, and Marie laughed as she warmed her hands before a pile of melting logs.

"Give our sea-tossed bundle and its mother a warm seat, Zélie," she said to her woman.

The unknown girl was placed near the hearth corner, and constrained to take upon her knees an object which she held indifferently. Antonia's eyes rested on her, detecting her half-concealed face, with silent disapproval.

"We found a child on this expedition."

"It hath a stiffened look, like a pa-poose," observed Antonia. "Is it well in health?"

"No; poor baby. Attend to the child," said Marie sternly to the mother; and she added, "Zélie must go directly with me to my chests before she waits on me, and bring down garments for it to this hearth."

"Let me this time be your maid," said Antonia.

"You may come with me and be my resolution, Antonia; for I have to set about the unlocking of boxes which hold some sacred clothes."

"I never saw you lack courage, madame, since I have known you."

"Therein have I deceived you, then," said Marie, throwing her cloak on Zélie's arm, "for I am a most cowardly creature in my affections, Madame Bronck."

They moved toward the stairs. Antonia was as perfect as a slim and blue-eyed stalk of flax. She wore the laced bodice and small cap of New Holland. Her exactly spoken French denoted all the neat appointments of her life. This Dutch gentlewoman had seen much of the world; having traveled from Fort Orange to New Amsterdam, from New Amsterdam to Boston, and from Boston with Madame La Tour to Fort St. John in Acadia. The three figures ascended in a line the narrow stairway, which made a diagonal band from lower to upper corner of the remote hall end. Zélie walked last, carrying her lady's cloak. At the top a little light fell on them through a loophole.

"Was Mynheer La Tour in good heart for his march?" inquired Antonia, turning from the waifs brought back to the expedition itself.

"Stout-hearted enough; but the man to whom he goes is scarce to be counted on. We Protestant French are all held alien by Catholics of our blood. Edelswald will move Denys to take arms with us, if any one can. My lord depends

much upon Edelwald. This instant," said Marie, with a laugh, "I find the worst of all my discomforts these disordered garments."

The stranger left by the fire gazed around the dim place, which was lighted only by high windows in front. The mighty hearth, inclosed by settles, was like a roseate side chamber to the hall. Outside of this the stone-paved floor spread away unevenly. She turned her eyes from the arms of La Tour over the mantel to trace seamed and footworn flags, and noticed in the distant corner at the bottom of the stairs that they gave way to a trap door of timbers. This was fastened down with iron bars, and had a huge ring for its handle. Her eyes rested on it in fear, betwixt the separated settles.

But it was easily lost sight of in the fire's warmth. She had been so chilled by salt air and spray as to crowd close to the flame and court scorching. Her white face kindled with heat. She threw back her mufflers, and, the comfort of the child occurring to her, she looked at its small face through a tunnel of clothing. Its exceeding stillness awoke but one wish, which she dared not let escape in words.

These stone walls readily echoed any sound. So scantily furnished was the great hall that it could not refrain from echoing. There were some chairs and tables not of colonial pattern, and a buffet holding silver tankards and china; but these seemed lost in space. Opposite the fireplace hung two portraits, — one of Charles La Tour's father, the other of a former maid of honor at the English court. The ceiling of wooden panels had been brought from La Tour's castle at Cape Sable; it answered the flicker of the fire with lines of faded gilding.

The girl dropped her wrappings on the bench, and began to unroll the baby, as if curious about its state.

"I believe it *is* dead," she whispered.

But the clank of a long iron latch which fastened the outer door was enough to deflect her interest from the matter. She cast her cloak over the baby, and held it loosely on her knees, with its head to the fire. When the door shut with a crash, and some small object scurried across the stone floor, the girl looked out of her retreat with fear. Her eyelids and lips fell wider apart. She saw a big-headed brownie coming to the hearth, clad, with the exception of its cap, in the dun tints of autumn woods. This creature, scarcely more than two feet high, had a woman's face, of beaklike formation, projecting forward. She was as bright-eyed and light of foot as any bird. Moving within the inclosure of the settles, she hopped up with a singular power of vaulting, and seated herself, stretching toward the fire a pair of spotted seal moccasins. These were so small that the feet on which they were laced seemed an infant's, and sorted strangely with the mature, keen face above them. Youth, age, and wise sylvan life were brought to a focus in that countenance.

To hear such a being talk was like being startled by spoken words from a bird.

"I'm Le Rossignol," she piped out, when she had looked at the vagrant girl a few minutes, "and I can read your name on your face. It's Marguerite."

The girl stared helplessly at this midget seer.

"You're the same Marguerite that was left on the Island of Demons a hundred years ago. You may not know it, but you're the same. I know that downward look, and soft, crying way, and still tongue, and the very baby on your knees. You never bring any good, and words are wasted on you. But don't smile under your sly mouth, and think you are hiding anything from Le Rossignol."

The girl crouched deeper into her clothes, until those unwinking eyes re-

lieved her by turning with indifference toward the chimney.

"I have no pity for any Marguerite," Le Rossignol added, and she tossed from her head the entire subject with a cap made of white gull breasts. A brush of red hair stood up in thousands of tendrils, exaggerating by its nimbus the size of her upper person. Never had dwarf a sweeter voice. If she had been compressed in order to produce melody, her tones were compensation enough. She made lilting sounds while dangling her feet to the blaze, as if she thought in music.

Le Rossignol was so positive a force that she seldom found herself overborne by the presence of large human beings. The only man in the fortress who saw her without superstition was Klussman. He inclined to complain of her antics, but not to find magic in her flights and returns. At that period deformity was the symbol of witchcraft. Blame fell upon this dwarf when toothache or rheumatic pains invaded the barracks, especially if the sufferer had spoken against her unseen excursions with her swan. Protected from childhood by the family of La Tour, she had grown an autocrat, and bent to nobody except her lady.

"Where is my clavier?" exclaimed Le Rossignol. "I heard a tune in the woods which I must get out of my clavier: a green tune, the color of quickening lichens; a dropping tune with sap in it; a tune like the wind across inland lakes."

She ran along the settle, and thrust her head around its high back.

Zélie, with white garments upon one arm, was setting solidly forth down the uncovered stairs, when the dwarf arrested her by a cry.

"Go back, heavy-foot, — go back and fetch me my clavier."

"Mademoiselle the nightingale has suddenly returned," muttered Zélie, ill pleased.

"Am I not always here when my lady comes home? I demand the box wherein my instrument is kept."

"What doth your instrument concern me? Madame has sent me to dress the baby."

"Will you bring my clavier?"

The dwarf's scream was like the weird high note of a wind-harp. It had its effect on Zélie. She turned back, though muttering against the overruling of her lady's commands by a creature like a bat, who could probably send other powers than a decent maid to bring claviers.

"And where shall I find it?" she inquired aloud. "Here have I been in the fortress scarce half an hour, after all but shipwreck, and I must search out the belongings of people who do naught but idle."

"Find it where you will. No one hath the key but myself. The box may stand in Madame Marie's apartment, or it may be in my own chamber. Such matters are blown out of my head by the wind along the coast. Make haste to fetch it, so I can play when Madame Marie appears."

Le Rossignol drew herself up the back of the settle, and perched at ease on the angle farthest from the fire. She beat her heels lightly against her throne, and hummed, with her face turned from the listless girl who watched all her antics.

Zélie brought the instrument case, unlocked it, and handed up a crook-necked mandolin and its small ivory plectrum to her tyrant. At once the hall was full of tinkling melody. The dwarf's threadlike fingers ran along the neck of the mandolin, and as she made the ivory disk quiver among its strings her head swayed in rapturous singing.

Zélie forgot the baby. The garments intended for its use were spread upon the settle near the fire. She folded her arms, and wagged her head with Le Rossignol's. But while the dwarf kept

an eye on the stairway, watching like a lover for the appearance of Madame La Tour, the outer door again clanked, and Klussman stepped into the hall. His big presence had instant effect on Le Rossignol. Her music tinkled louder and faster. The playing sprite, sitting half on air, gamboled and made droll faces to catch his eye. Her vanity and self-satisfaction, her pliant gesture and skillful wild music, made her appear some soulless little being from the woods who mocked at man's tense sternness.

Klussman took little notice of any one in the hall, but waited by the closed door so relentless a sentinel that Zélie was reminded of her duty. She made haste to bring perfumed water in a basin, and turned the linen on the settle. She then took the child from its mother's limp hands, and exclaimed and muttered under her breath as she turned it on her knees.

"What hast thou done to it since my lady left thee?" inquired Zélie sharply. But she got no answer from the girl.

Unrewarded for her minstrelsy by a single look from the Swiss, Le Rossignol quit playing, and made a fist of the curved instrument to shake at him, and let herself down the back of the settle. She sat on the mandolin box in shadow, vaguely sulking, until Madame La Tour, fresh from her swift attiring, stood at the top of the stairway. That instant the half-hid mandolin burst into quavering melodies.

"Thou art back again, Nightingale?" called the lady, descending.

"Yes, Madame Marie."

"Madame!" exclaimed Klussman, and as his voice escaped repression it rang through the hall. He advanced, but his lady lifted her finger to hold him back.

"Presently, Klussman. The first matter in hand is to rebuke this runaway."

Marie's firm and polished chin, the contour of her glowing mouth, and the kindling beauty of her eyes were for-

ever fresh delights to Le Rossignol. The dwarf watched the shapely and majestic woman moving down the hall.

"Madame," besought Zélie, looking anxiously around the end of the settle. But she also was obliged to wait. Marie extended a hand to the claws of Le Rossignol, who touched it with her beak.

"Thou hast very greatly displeased me."

"Yes, Madame Marie," said the culprit, with resignation.

"How many times have you set all our people talking about these witch flights on the swan, and sudden returns after dark?"

"I forget, Madame Marie."

"In all seriousness, thou shalt be well punished for this last," said the lady severely.

"I was punished before the offense. Your absence punished me, Madame Marie."

"A bit of adroit flattery will not turn aside discipline. The smallest vassal in the fort shall know that. A day in the turret, with a loaf of bread and a jug of water, may put thee in better liking to stay at home."

"Yes, Madame Marie," assented the dwarf, with smiles.

"And I may yet find it in my heart to have that swan's neck wrung."

"Shubenacadie's neck! Oh, Madame Marie, wring mine! It would be the death of me if Shubenacadie died. Consider how long I have had him. And his looks, my lady! He is such a pretty bird."

"We must mend that dangerous beauty of his. If these flights stop not, I will have his wings clipped."

"His satin wings,—his glistening, polished wings," mourned Le Rossignol, "tipped with angel-finger feathers! Oh, Madame Marie, my heart's blood would run out of his quills!"

"It is a serious breach in the discipline of this fortress for even you to disobey me constantly," said the lady,

again severely, though she knew her lecture was wasted on the human brownie.

Le Rossignol poked and worried the mandolin with antennæ-like fingers, and made up a contrite face.

The dimness of the hall had not covered Klussman's large pallor. The emotions of the Swiss passed over the outside of his countenance, in bulk like himself. His lady often compared him to a noble young bullock or other well-conditioned animal. There was in Klussman much wholesomeness and excuse for existence.

"Now, Klussman," said Marie, meeting her lieutenant with the intentness of one used to sudden military emergencies.

He trod straight to the fireplace, and pointed at the strange girl, who hid her face.

"Madame, I have come in to speak of a thing you ought to know. Has that woman told you her name?"

"No, she hath not. She hath kept a close tongue ever since we found her at the outpost."

"She ever had a close tongue, madame, but she works her will in silence. It hath been no good will to me, and it will be no good will to the Fort of St. John."

"Who is she, Klussman?"

"I know not what name she bears now, but two years since she bore the name of Marguerite Klussman."

"Surely she is not your sister?"

"No, madame. She is only my wife."

He lifted his lip, and his blue eyes stared at the muffled culprit.

"We knew not you had a wife when you entered our service, Klussman."

"Nor had I, madame. D'Aulnay de Charnisay had already taken her."

"Then this woman does come from D'Aulnay de Charnisay?"

"Yes, madame. And if you would have my advice, I say, put her out of the gate this instant, and let her find shelter with our Indians above the falls."

"Madame," exclaimed Zélie, lifting the half-nude infant, and thrusting it before her mistress with importunity which could wait no longer, "of your kindness look at this little creature. With all my chafing and sprinkling I cannot find any life in it. That girl hath let it die on her knees, and hath not made it known!"

Klussman's glance rested on the body with that abashed hatred which a man condemns in himself when its object is helpless.

"It is D'Aulnay's child," he muttered, as if stating abundant reason for its taking off.

"I have brought an agent from D'Aulnay and D'Aulnay's child into our fortress," said Madame La Tour, speaking toward Marguerite's silent cover, under which the girl made no sign of being more than a hidden animal. Her stern face traveled from mother back to tiny body.

There is nothing more touching than the emaciation of a baby. Its sunken temples and evident cheekbones, the line of its jaw, the piteous parted lips and thin neck, were all reflected in Marie's eyes. Her entire figure softened, and passionate motherhood filled her. She took the still pliant shape from Zélie, held it in her hands, and finally pressed it against her bosom. No sign of mourning came from the woman called its mother.

"This baby is no enemy of ours," trembled Madame La Tour. "I will not have it even reproached with being the child of our enemy. It is my little dead lad come again to my bosom. How soft are his dear limbs! And this child died for lack of loving while I went with empty arms! Have you suffered, dear? It is all done now. Mother will give you kisses — kisses. O baby — baby!"

Klussman turned away, and Zélie whimpered. But Le Rossignol thrust her head around the settle to see what manner of creature it was over which Madame Marie sobbed aloud.

III.

FATHER ISAAC JOGUES.

The child abandoned by La Tour's enemy had been carried to the upper floor, and the woman sent with a soldier's wife to the barracks; yet Madame La Tour continued to walk the stone flags, feeling that small skeleton on her bosom and the pressure of death on the air.

Her Swiss lieutenant opened the door and uttered a call. Presently, with clatter of hoofs on the pavement, and a mighty rasping of the half-tree which they dragged, in burst eight Sable Island ponies, — shaggy fellows, smaller than mastiffs, yet with large heads. The settles were hastily cleared away for them, and they swept their load to the hearth. As soon as their chain was unhooked these fairy horses shot out again, and their joyful neighing could be heard as they scampered around the fort to their stable. Two men rolled the log into place, set a table and three chairs, and one returned to the cook-house while the other spread the cloth.

Claude La Tour and his wife, the maid of honor, seemed to palpitate in their frames with the flickering expressions of firelight. The silent company of these two people was always enjoyed by Le Rossignol. She knew their disappointments, and liked to have them stir and sigh. In the daytime, the set courtier smile was sadder than a pine forest. But the chimney's huge throat drew in the hall's heavy influences, and when the log was fired not a corner escaped its glow. The man who laid the cloth lighted candles in a silver candelabrum and set it on the table, and carried a brand to waxlights which decorated the buffet.

These cheerful preparations for her evening meal recalled Madame La Tour to the garrison's affairs. Her Swiss

lieutenant yet stood by, his arms and chin settled sullenly on his breast; reluctant to go out and pass the barrack door where his wife was sheltered.

"Are sentinels set for the night, Klussman?" inquired the lady.

He stood erect, and answered, "Yes, madame."

"I will not wait for my supper before I hear your news. Discharge it now. I understand the grief you bear, my friend. Your lord will not forget the faithfulness you show toward us."

"Madame, if I may speak again, put that woman out of the gate. If she lingers around, I may do her some hurt when I have a loaded piece in my hand. She makes me less a man."

"But, Klussman, the *Sieur de la Tour*, whose suspicions of her you have justified, strictly charged that we restrain her here until his return. She has seen and heard too much of our condition."

"Our Indians would hold her safe enough, madame."

"Yet she is a soft, feeble creature, and much exhausted. Could she bear their hard living?"

"Madame, she will requite whoever shelters her with shame and trouble. If D'Aulnay has turned her forth, she would willingly buy back his favor by opening this fortress to him. If he has not turned her forth, she is here by his command. I have thought out all these things; and, madame, I shall say nothing more, if you prefer to risk yourself in her hands instead of risking her with the savages."

The dwarf's mandolin trembled a mere whisper of sound. She leaned her large head against the settle and watched the Swiss denounce his wife.

"You speak good military sense," said the lady, "yet there is *monsieur's* command; and I cannot bring myself to drive that exhausted creature to a cold bed in the woods. We must venture — we cannot do less — to let her rest a

few days under guard. Now let me hear your news."

"It was only this, madame: Word was brought in that two priests from Montreal were wandering above the falls, and trying to cross the St. John in order to make their way to D'Aulnay's fort at Penobscot. So I set after them and brought them in, and they are now in the keep, waiting your pleasure."

"Doubtless you did right," hesitated Madame La Tour. "Even priests may be working us harm, so hated are we of Papists. But have them out directly, Klussman. We must not be rigorous. Did they bear any papers?"

"No, madame; and they said they had naught to do with D'Aulnay, but were on a mission to the Abenakis around Penobscot, and had lost their course and wandered here. One of them is that Father Isaac Jogues who was maimed by the Mohawks, when he carried papistry among them; and the other is his *donné*, a name these priests give to any man who of his own free will goes with them to be servant of the mission."

"Bring them out of the keep," said Madame La Tour.

The Swiss walked with ringing foot toward the stairway, and dropped upon one knee to unbar the door in the pavement. He took a key from his pocket and turned it in the lock, and, as he lifted the heavy leaf of beams and cross-pieces, his lady held over the darkness a candle which she had taken from one of the buffet sconces. Out of the vault rose a chill breath, from which the candle flame recoiled.

"Monsieur," she spoke downward, "will you have the goodness to come up with your companion?"

Her voice resounded in the hollow; and some movement occurred below as soft-spoken answer was made:—

"We come, madame."

A cassocked Jesuit appeared under the light, followed by a man wearing

the ordinary dress of a French colonist. They ascended the stone steps, and Klussman replaced the door with a clank which echoed around the hall. Marie gave him the candle, and with clumsy touch he fitted it to the sconce while she led her prisoners to the fire. The Protestant was able to dwell with disapproval on the Jesuit's black gown, though it proved the hard service of a missionary priest; the face of Father Jogues none but a savage could resist.

His downcast eyelids were like a woman's, and so was his delicate mouth. The cheeks, shading inward from their natural oval, testified to a life of hardship. His full and broad forehead, bordered by a fringe of hair left around his tonsure, must have overbalanced his lower face, had that not been covered by a short beard, parted on the upper lip and peaked at the end. His eyebrows were well marked, and the large-orbed eyes seemed so full of smiling meditation that Marie said to herself, "This lovely, woman-looking man hath the presence of an angel, and we have chilled him in our keep!"

"Peace be with you, madame," spoke Father Jogues.

"Monsieur, I crave your pardon for the cold greeting you have had in this fortress. We are people who live in perils, and we may be over-suspicious."

"Madame, I have no complaint to bring against you."

Both men were shivering, and she directed them to places on the settle. They sat where the vagrant girl had huddled. Father Jogues warmed his hands, and she noticed how abruptly serrated by missing or maimed fingers was their tapered shape. The man who had gone out to the cook-house returned with platters, and, in passing the Swiss lieutenant, gave him a hurried word, on which the Swiss left the hall. The two men made space for Father Jogues at their lady's board, and brought forward another table for his *donné*.

"Good friends," said Marie, "this Huguenot fare is offered you heartily, and I hope you will as heartily take it, thereby excusing the hunger of a woman who has just come in from seafaring."

"Madame," returned the priest, "we have scarcely seen civilized food since leaving Montreal, and we need no urging to enjoy this bounty. But, if you permit, I will sit here beside my brother Lalande."

"As you please," she answered, glancing at the plain young Frenchman in colonial dress with suspicion that he was made the excuse for separating Romanist and Protestant.

Father Jogues saw her glance and read her thought, and silently accused himself of cowardice for shrinking, in his maimed state, from her table with the instincts of a gentle-born man. He explained, resting his hand upon the chair which had been moved from the lady's to his servant's table:—

"We have no wish to be honored above our desert, madame. We are only humble missionaries, and often, while carrying the truth, have been thankful for a meal of roots or berries in the woods."

"Your humility hurts me, monsieur. On the Acadian borders we have bitter enmities, but the fort of La Tour shelters all faiths alike. We can hardly atone to so good a man for having thrust him into our keep."

Father Jogues shook his head, and put aside this apology with a gesture. The queen of France had knelt and kissed his mutilated hands, and the courtiers of Louis had praised his martyrdom. But such ordeals of compliment were harder for him to endure than the teeth and knives of the Mohawks.

As soon as Le Rossignol saw the platters appearing, she carried her mandolin to the lowest stair step and sat down to play; a quaint minstrel, holding an instrument almost as large as herself. That part of the household who lingered

in the rooms above owned this accustomed signal and appeared on the stairs: Antonia Bronck, still disturbed by the small skeleton she had seen Zélie dressing for its grave; and an elderly woman, of great bulk and majesty, with sallow hair and face, who wore, enlarged, one of the court gowns which her sovereign, the queen of England, had often praised. Le Rossignol followed these two ladies across the hall, alternately aping the girlish motion of Antonia and her elder's massive progress. She considered the Dutch gentlewoman a sweet interloper, who might, on occasions, be pardoned; but Lady Dorinda was the natural antagonist of the dwarf in Fort St. John. Marie herself seated her mother-in-law, with the graceful deference of youth to middle age and of present power to decayed grandeur. Lady Dorinda was not easy to make comfortable. The New World was hardly her sphere. In earlier life, she had learned in the school of the royal Stuarts that some people are, by divine right, immeasurably better than others, and experience had thrust her down among those unfortunate others.

Seeing there were strange men in the hall, Antonia divined that the prisoners from the keep had been brought up to supper. But Lady Dorinda settled her chin upon her necklace, and sighed a large sigh that priests and rough men-at-arms should weary eyes once used to revel in court pageantry. She looked up at the portrait of her dead husband, which hung on the wall. He had been created the first knight of Acadia; and though this honor came from her king, and his son refused to inherit it after him, Lady Dorinda believed that only the misfortunes of the La Tours had prevented her from being a colonial queen.

"Our chaplain being absent in the service of Sieur de la Tour," spoke Marie, "will monsieur, in his own fashion, bless this meal?"

Father Jogues spread the remnant of his hands, but Antonia did not hear a word he breathed. She was again in Fort Orange. The Iroquois stalked up hilly paths, and swarmed around the plank huts of Dutch traders. With the savages walked this very priest, their patient drudge until some of them blasphemed, when he sternly and fearlessly denounced the sinners.

Supper was scarcely begun when the Swiss lieutenant came again into the hall and saluted his lady.

"What troubles us, Klussman?" she demanded.

"There is a stranger outside."

"What does he want?"

"Madame, he asks to be admitted to Fort St. John."

"Is he alone? Hath he a suspicious look?"

"No, madame. He bears himself openly, and like a man who is of consequence."

"How many followers has he?"

"A dozen, counting Indians. But all of them he sends back to camp with our Etchemins."

"And well he may. We want no strange followers in the barracks. Have you questioned him? Whence does he come?"

"From Fort Orange, in the New Netherlands, madame."

"He is then Hollandais." Marie turned to Antonia Bronck, and was jarred by her blanching face.

"What is it, Antonia? You have no enemy to follow you into Acadia?"

The flaxen head was shaken for reply.

"But what brings a man from Fort Orange here?"

"There be nearly a hundred men in Fort Orange," whispered Antonia.

"He says," announced the Swiss, "that he is cousin and agent of the seignior they call the patroon, and his name is Van Corlaer."

"Do you know him, Antonia?"

"Yes."

"And is he kindly disposed to you?"

"He was the friend of my husband, Jonas Bronck," trembled Antonia.

"Admit him," said Marie to her lieutenant.

"Alone, madame?"

"With all his followers, if he wills it. And bring him as quickly as you can to this table."

"We need Edelwald to manage these affairs," added the lady of the fort, as her subaltern went out. "The Swiss is faithful, but he has manners as rugged as his mountains."

Mary Hartwell Catherwood.

UNDERGROUND CHRISTIAN ROME.

ONE of the most remarkable facts connected with the spread of the Christian faith in Rome during the first and second centuries is, that the memory of some leading events is to be found, not in early church annals, or calendars, or "acta martyrum," or itineraries, but in passages written by pagan annalists and historians. Thus, no mention is made in ecclesiastical docu-

ments of the two Domitillæ, although one of them, the younger, was known and venerated all over the Christian world in the fourth century, as is certified by S. Jerome. Her name appears for the first time in the so-called Small Roman Martyrology, the author of which collected his information, not from the authentic calendars of the church, but from legends and tra-

ditions. The magnificent discovery made by Commendatore de Rossi, in 1888, of a crypt in which members of one of the noblest Roman houses had been buried, and worshiped as martyrs of the faith, can be illustrated only by a recourse to Roman historians and biographers of the time of Domitian; their names are utterly ignored by the sacred *fasti* which have come down to us. This fact proves that, when the official *feriale*, or calendar, was resumed, after the persecution of Diocletian, preference was given to the names of confessors and martyrs, whose recent deeds were still fresh in the memory of the living; and little attention, necessarily, was paid to those of the first and second centuries, whose acts had not been written, or if written had been lost during the persecutions.

The discovery above alluded to took place in the catacombs of Priscilla, near the second milestone of the Via Salaria (nova), within the inclosure of the Villa Ada, formerly belonging to King Victor Emmanuel, and now to Count Telfener. These catacombs, like all those excavated in the first century, consisted originally of small *hypogæa*, or crypts, independent one of the other, and occupied by a single family, or by a restricted number of families connected by friendly or religious ties. The work of connecting and merging, as it were, the crypts into an extensive underground cemetery by means of a network of galleries was done at a later period, when the only ambition of the faithful seems to have been that of securing a grave as near as possible to the *cubiculum* of one of the great champions of the faith. The task of reconstructing the original plan of the catacombs by investigating the date of the various groups of excavations is a very difficult one, in which Commendatore de Rossi reveals his wonderful knowledge, which may almost be called an intuition.

In exploring that portion of Pris-

cilla's catacombs which is near the (modern) entrance from the Via Salaria, he saw at once that the labyrinth of more recent galleries converged toward an original crypt, shaped like a Greek Γ(*gamma*), and decorated with fresco paintings of the second century. The desire to find the name and the history of the first occupants of this noble tomb, whose memory seems to have been so dear to the faithful, was strongly roused, and the earth which filled the place was carefully sifted, in the hope of discovering a clue to the mystery, overlooked or disregarded by the first explorers or devastators of the crypt. Commendatore de Rossi's exertions were rewarded by finding a fragment of a marble sarcophagus, on which the following letters were engraved:—

. ACILIO GLABRIONI
FILIO

.

Did this fragment, inscribed with the name of an Acilius Glabrio, son of a personage of the same illustrious name, really pertain to the Γ *gamma* crypt, or had it been thrown there by mere chance? And, in case of its pertaining to the crypt itself, was it an isolated record, or did it belong to a group of graves of the Acilii Glabriones? A first answer to these queries was given by the recovery of another marble fragment, inscribed as follows:—

M'ACILIUS V

C. V.

et PRISCILLA. C

Manius Acilius V. . . c(larissimus) v(ir) et Priscilla c(larissima femina, or puella). These two personages are well known in the history of the Acilian family, as we shall presently see.

Once on the right track, it was easy for Commendatore de Rossi to collect additional evidence. The three following inscriptions, discovered within or very near the Γ *gamma* crypt, are en-

graved on marble slabs of an oblong shape, with rims still incrustured with cement; in other words, they are engraved on slabs belonging to the very *loculi* with which the sides of the galleries adjoining the crypt¹ are honey-combed. The first reads as follows:

ΑΚΕΙΑΙΟΣ ΡΟΥΦΕΙΝΟΣ
ΧΗΧΕ ΕΝ ΘΕΩ

"Acilius Rufinus, may you dwell in God;" which acclamation, corresponding to the Latin *Vivas in Deo*, is characteristic of the Christian epigraphy of the end of the second century, or of the beginning of the third. On the second tombstone mention is made of an Acilius Quintianus and Acilia . . . , parents of an Attalus. The broken name ΑΚΕΙΑΙος or ΑΚΕΙΑΙΑ appears on the third slab. Besides these, two more fragments of marble coffins have been found: one with the initials M(arcus) ACILIO . . . , the other with the name of Claudius Acilius Valerius. The *hypogæum* in which these startling discoveries have taken place seems to have been built or excavated expressly to contain sarcophagi of the largest size, some fragments of which were found still lying scattered on the floor. The walls and ceiling were at first simply whitewashed, or rather plastered with fine white stucco, with plain decorations in fresco colors. At a later period, probably after the peace of Constantine, the niches were profusely ornamented with polychrome mosaics, and the walls inlaid with Oriental marbles. A staircase was also built, to put the *hypogæum* in direct communication with the ground above. At the southern end of the main gallery an opening was cut through the wall of a cistern, with the purpose of turning it into a chapel. The room is eight metres long, four wide, and contains an altar raised over the coffin of one of the Glabriones. Here, too, we find the same elaborate decorations already

¹ The crypt contains no *loculi*; only recesses for marble sarcophagi.

seen in the vestibule; that is to say, marble incrustations on the walls, and mosaic paintings on the vault. The altar was flanked by two spiral columns of *giallo antico*.

Except a few fragments of these columns and a few marble crusts, no other relic, either written or sculptured, has been found in this noble sanctuary. That the mediæval Vandals should have laid their hands on the marbles, to burn them into lime or to use them in new constructions, may easily be understood, but the spirit of destruction of the age seems to have driven them to useless and inexcusable pillage. Every cube of the mosaic paintings was wrenched out of its socket, and even the marble coffins, in which the Glabriones had rested in peace for so many centuries, were split and hammered into atoms, so that all hope of reconstructing them has been given up.

The Manii Acilii Glabriones, the eldest branch of the Acilian family,² came into notoriety toward the middle of the sixth century of Rome by the exploits of Acilius Glabrio, consul in 563, and conqueror of the Macedonians at the battle of the Thermopylæ. Livy calls him a new man, *homo novus*. Two interesting records of his successful career have come down to us: the Temple of Piety, erected by him on the west side of the *forum olitorium*, and dedicated ten years after the battle of the Thermopylæ; and the pedestal of the equestrian statue of gilt bronze offered to him by his son. The statue was the first of its kind ever seen in Italy, — *prima omnium in Italia*, as Livy says. The remains of the temple have been transformed into a church of S. Nicholas (S. Nicola in carcere); the pedestal of the equestrian statue was discovered by Valadier in 1808, at the foot of the steps of the temple, and buried over again.

The Acilii Glabriones grew rapidly

² The other branches were distinguished by the surnames of Aviola, Balbus, and Clarus.

to honor, splendor, and wealth, so as to cast into shade families whose origin was far more ancient and historical than theirs. When Pertinax was elected Emperor by the unanimous vote of the senate, he stepped toward Manius Acilius Glabrio, who had been consul for the second time in A. D. 196, took him by the hand, showed him to the imperial throne, and begged the assembly to name him in his place, as the noblest amongst the noble, *εὐγενέστατος πάντων ἐνπατριδῶν* (Herodianus, 2, 3).

Toward the end of the republic we find the Glabrones established on the Pincian hill, where they had built a palace, and laid out gardens which extended at least from the Trinità dei Monti to the northern end of the Villa Borghese. This fact was ascertained for the first time in 1868, in consequence of the discovery of a marble tablet inscribed with the following dedication: "Tychicus, freedman of (Manius Acilius) Glabrio and intendant (or keeper) of his gardens, has dedicated (this shrine) to Sylvanus." This tablet, found near the Trinità dei Monti gate, is of delicate workmanship, with edges cut sharply in the shape of a swallow's tail; and, as these edges were found in good condition, it is evident that the tablet must have come to light not far from its original place. Another inscription, found in July, 1742, on the opposite side of the Trinità dei Monti, proves that the gardens of the Acilian family extended south as far as those of Sallust and Lucullus. The discovery of the tomb of the same family on the borders of the Via Salaria shows that the ground above (in which the remains of a farmhouse—*villa rustica*—have just been excavated) was also their property. It is possible, therefore, that the whole stretch of land which we call Monti Parioli,

between the Flaminian and Salarian roads, may have formed one immense estate of the Acilii, embracing within its boundaries the villas Telfener, Borghese, Medici, and the public promenade of the Pincio.

Of the members of the family who obtained a prominent place in the history of the Roman Empire during the first century after Christ, the best known is Manius Acilius Glabrio, consul with Trajan in 91. He was put to death by Domitian in 95, as related by Suetonius in the tenth chapter of the Life of that Emperor. "He caused several senators, even ex-consuls, to be executed, on the charge of their plotting against the empire [*quasi molitores rerum novarum*]; among these, Civea Cerealis, governor of Asia, Salvadius Orfitus, and Acilius Glabrio, who had already been banished from Rome."

The expression "*molitores rerum novarum*," used by the biographer, may have a religious as well as a political meaning. In the present case it seems to express both ideas; that is to say, a political action against Cerealis and Orfitus, who were stanch pagans, and a religious and political one against Glabrio, who is known, from other sources, to have adopted the Christian faith, technically called *nova superstitio* by Suetonius and Tacitus. The additional details concerning Glabrio's fate are given by Dion Cassius, by Juvenal, and by Fronto. We are told by these authors that, during his consulship, A. D. 91, and before his exile, he was compelled by Domitian to fight against a lion and two bears in the amphitheatre adjoining the Emperor's villa at Albanum.¹ This extraordinary event created such an impression in Rome, and its memory lasted so long, that, half a century later, we find it given by Fronto to his

by applying to the local inspector of antiquities, Cavaliere Mariano Salustri.

¹ The amphitheatre is still in existence. It was purchased and partially excavated by the Italian government in 1887. It can be visited

imperial pupil Marcus Aurelius as a subject for a rhetorical composition.

Xyphilinus, the abridger of Dion Cassius, relates that in the year 95 some members of the imperial family were condemned by Domitian on the charge of atheism, together with other leading personages who had adopted the "customs and persuasion of the Jews," an expression which means the Christian faith. Now, immediately after this passage, Xyphilinus proceeds to describe how Manius Acilius Glabrio, the ex-consul of 91, had been implicated in the same trial and condemned on the same charge with the others. Among these others he mentions Clemens and Domitilla, who were manifestly Christians. Still, if the testimony of the pagan writer as regards the Christianity of Clemens and Domitilla was confirmed by actual discoveries made in the subterranean cemeteries of the Via Ardeatina, no trace had been left of the conversion of Glabrio and of his family, either in history, tradition, or monuments. The evidence is now at hand, and so comprehensive and powerful that no room is left for a doubt.

A particular of the case, related by Juvenal, confirms indirectly the account of Xyphilinus. He says that, in order to mitigate the wrath of the tyrant and avoid a catastrophe, Acilius Glabrio, after fighting in the amphitheatre, feigned an air of stupidity. In this pretended stupidity, alluded to by the satirist, it is easy to recognize the prejudice so common among the pagans, to whom the retirement from the joys of the world, the contempt of public honors, and the humble behavior of the Christians appeared as *contemptissima inertia*. This is the very phrase used by Suetonius in speaking of Flavius Clemens, murdered by Domitian *ex tenuissima suspitione* of his faith.

Glabrio was put to death in the place to which he had been already banished, the name and situation of which are

not known. His noble end helped, without doubt, the propagation of the gospel among his relatives and descendants, as well as among the servants and freedmen of his house. To this humbler class belonged the parents of Attalus, Acilius Quintianus and Acilia . . ., mentioned above. In the direct descent from the martyr are, first: Acilius Glabrio, buried in the first sarcophagus, who is thought to have been the consul of 186, and the husband of Plaria Vera Priscilla, a noble lady from Ostia; secondly, Manius Acilius V(erus) and his sister Acilia Priscilla, son and daughter of the consul of 186; thirdly, Claudius Acilius Valerius, son or grandson of Claudius Acilius Cleoboles, who lived in the first half of the third century; and, lastly, Acilius Rufinus, a descendant of Acilius Rufus, consul in 105 and 106.

All these noble Christians were buried in the *Γαμμα* crypt; the chapel and its altar tomb seem to have been exclusively consecrated to the memory of the first hero, the consul of 91. The date and the circumstances connected with the translation of his relics from the place of exile to Rome are not known.

There has been a prejudice among modern writers on the history of religion, to the effect that during the first three centuries the gospel spread in Rome only among the lowest classes of society. The theory may be true in a certain sense, but the exceptions to the rule are frequent; for, setting aside the Acilii, of whose conversion I have spoken at length, the annals of the early church boast many names illustrious in social as well as in political or military life. I may mention, in the first place, Flavius Sabinus and his sister Flavia Titiana. Their tombstone, seen and copied by Marangoni in 1741, in the catacombs of Domitilla, was rediscovered in 1875 by Comendatore de Rossi, who thinks the persons named were grandchildren or

descendants of Flavius Sabinus, brother of Vespasian. Sabinus was prefect of Rome during the persecution of the Christians by Nero; but Tacitus describes him as a gentle man, who hated violence, — *mitem virum abhorrentem a sanguine et cædibus* (Hist. iii. 65, 75). His second son, T. Flavius Clemens, consul A. D. 82, was murdered in 95 for the Christian faith, and Flavia Domitilla, his daughter-in-law, banished for the same cause to the island Pandataria. There is a record of the banishment of another Flavia Domitilla to the island of Pontia, but her genealogy and relationship with the former have not been yet clearly established. The small island where she spent many years in solitary confinement is described by S. Jerome as one of the leading places of pilgrimage in the fourth century of our era.

I may also cite the names of Liberalis, a consul *suffectus* and a martyr, whose remains were buried in one of the catacombs of the Via Salaria; of Urania, daughter of Herodes Atticus, sophist and preceptor of Marcus Aurelius, and of his second wife, Vibullia Alcia. Her epitaph was discovered in 1850 in the catacombs of Prætextatus, which are within or very near the border line of the villa of Herodes, between the Via Appia and the Via Latina.¹

A difficulty may arise here in the mind of the reader, namely, how was it possible for these magistrates, generals, consuls, to attend to their official duties without performing acts of idolatry? As regards the consulship and other high functions of a Roman magistrate, we may recall the constitution of Septimius Severus and Caracalla, described by Ulpianus, *De Officio Proconsulis*, l. iii., which opened to the

Jews the way to the highest honors, making it optional for them to perform or not such ceremonies as might not be in accordance with the principles of their faith. What was granted to the Jews by law of the empire may also have been granted to the Christians by personal benevolence of the Emperor, especially at a time in which the pagans saw or made no difference between the followers of the Old and those of the New Testament. Eusebius praises the kindness of the Emperors who entrusted the governorship of important provinces to Christians, excusing them from the duty of taking a share in idolatrous performances. Still, we cannot be blind to the fact that, for a Christian nobleman wishing to take part in public life, the position was extremely compromising. Hence very often we see baptism deferred until mature or old age, and strange situations created by mixed marriages, and by the bringing up of children in one or the other persuasion, and even acts of decided apostasy.

A curious monument connected with early Christian life in Rome, and illustrating a much-debated point, — that of mixed marriages, — was discovered in 1877, under the following circumstances: —

The Porta del Popolo was, at that time, flanked by two square towers, built about 1480 by Pope Francesco della Rovere (Sixtus IV.). The municipality of Rome, having decided to open an additional archway on each side of the gate, to improve the conditions of traffic, the consent of the archæological commission was asked for the demolition of the towers, which stood across the way. Consent was willingly given, because Sixtus IV.

¹ The remains of this noble estate cover many hundred acres of the farm of La Caffarella, and the adjoining vineyards, Grandi and Vidaschi. The graceful temple, now called S. Urbano alla Caffarella, was dedicated by Herodes to the memory of his first wife, An-

nia Regilla, A. D. 175. The *nymphæum*, mis-called of the Ægerian nymph, the cluster of trees called the *bosco sacro*, the porticoes and halls visible in the Vigna Grandi, and the circus of Maxentius are included.

was known to have built them with the spoils of a mausoleum which stood close by, on the site of the modern church of S. Maria dei Miracoli; and there was some probability of recovering a portion of that noble edifice.

The hopes of the commission were fully realized. It was ascertained, by a careful examination of each marble block, that Pope Sixtus had ransacked and put to use not only the mausoleum of S. Maria dei Miracoli, but many other tombs, the remains of which still lined the Flaminian road. One of them belonged to Lucius Nonius Asprenas, consul A. D. 29; another to a wealthy freedman, Numerius Valerius Nicias; a third to Quintus Marcus Turbo, governor of Pannonia, Dacia, and Mauritania, and prefect of the Prætorium under Hadrian; a fourth to Ælius Guttus Calpurnianus, the circus rider, and so forth. The best fragment recovered from the foundations of the towers is a block of travertine belonging to the pedestal of a tomb, and containing four lines of a Latin inscription. This inscription must have been very prolix, and must have occupied a considerable surface on the front of the tomb, not only above and below, but also on each side of the remaining four lines. The shape of the letters and the quality of the stone on which they are engraved made us believe, at first, that we had to deal with a tomb belonging to the pre-Augustan period; but, on a closer examination, the following strange and enigmatic words were read:

(Si quis) ALIQUIT VOLVERIT FACERE
IN SE . . . QVOD FILIA MEA INTER FE-
DELES FIDELIS FVIT INTER ALIENOS PA-
GANA FVIT QVOD SI QVIS VOLVERIT OSSA
MEA VEXARE

These lines contain portions of the *lex monumenti*; that is to say, of the rules and obligations set by the builder and owner of the tomb to provide for its preservation. The meaning of the words is this: "If any one dare to do

injury to the structure, or to disturb otherwise the peace of the one who is buried inside, because she (my daughter) has been (or has appeared to be) a pagan among the pagans, and a Christian among the Christians . . ." Here followed the specification of the penalties which the violator of the rules would have incurred.

It was thought, at first, by some learned men, that the curious phrase *quod inter fedeles fidelis fuit inter alienos pagana fuit* had been dictated by the father as a jocose hint to the religious inconsistency of the deceased; but such an explanation can hardly be accepted. Commendatore de Rossi, by recalling what Tertullian has written in connection with mixed marriages, has led us to the true understanding of that singular epitaph.

In his second book, *Ad Uxorem*, in trying to dissuade Christian girls from contracting marriages with Gentiles, Tertullian describes, with eloquent and grave words, the state of habitual apostasy to which they willingly exposed or submitted themselves, especially when the husband was kept in ignorance as regarded the Christianity of the bride. He mentions the risk they would incur of betraying their religion and their conscience by accompanying their husbands to state and civil ceremonies and celebrations, thus sanctioning by the simple fact of their presence acts of idolatry. In the book *De Corona* Tertullian concludes his argument with the following words: "These are the reasons why we do not marry infidels, because such marriages lead us back to superstition and idolatry." The same considerations are expressed by other early Christian writers.

Another difficulty against the conscientious practice of the faith has been found in the fact that many adepts, whose names or surnames (*cognomina*) sounded offensive to their new Christian brothers, would have been obliged to change them, thus making public the

secret of their conversion. This difficulty has been investigated by Cannegieter, Fassini, Amati, and De Rossi; and the conclusion arrived at is that the practice of imposing a new and Christian-like name upon the convert, on the occasion of his baptism, seems to have been brought into practice in the third century. Even then, it is a rare case to find names that betray openly the religious persuasion of the initiate. In the early Christian community at Ostia and Portus, by the mouth of the Tiber, we find many Ippolyti, Rufini, and Candidæ, which names, although of no special significance, were dear to the faithful, because they had been borne by the three leading martyrs of the place. The name of John (Johannes) does not appear before the fifth century. Paul is very common, but, being a genuine old Roman cognomen, does not necessarily imply that it was given in recollection of the Apostle. Peter (Petrus) is a decidedly Christian name, and Eusebius says that in his time it was very often given to children; still, it does not appear on the tombstones in the catacombs except under what seem to be special and local circumstances.

One of the most singular monuments connected with this controversy was discovered at Ostia in January, 1867, in a tomb on the Via Severiana, a few steps outside the Porta Laurentina. It is a marble slab, inscribed with the following legend:—

D(iis) M(anibus). M(arco) ANNEO PAVLO PETRO, M(arcus) ANNEVS PAVLVS FILIO CARISSIMO

(This tomb has been raised by Marcus Anneus Paul to his most beloved son, Marcus Anneus Paul Peter.)

Neither the inscription, nor the tomb itself, nor the neighboring ones on the Via Severiana show any suspicion of Christianity. The invocation "*Diis Manibus*" is a purely pagan one, and appears in Christian epitaphs only as

a rare exception to the rule. This being the case, how can we account for the two names, which taken separately give a great probability, taken together give an almost absolute certainty, of having been adopted in remembrance of the two Apostles? One observation may help us to explain the case, — the preference shown to the name of Paul over that of Peter: the former was borne by the father and the son; the latter appears only as a surname given to the son. This fact is not without importance, if we recollect that the two men who show such partiality for the name of Paul belong to the family of Anneus Seneca, the philosopher, whose friendship with the Apostle has been made famous all over the world by a tradition dating at least from the beginning of the fourth century. This friendship between Paul and Seneca is alluded to in many apocryphal documents, such as the acts attributed to Linus, and the twelve letters exchanged by the two friends; which letters, according to S. Jerome and S. Austin, were frequently consulted and quoted, as genuine documents, by their contemporaries. Although these deserve no credence, they prove, at all events, that the tradition so firmly believed must rest on a foundation of truth. In fact, the Apostle was tried and judged in Corinth by the proconsul, Marcus Anneus Gallio, brother of Seneca; in Rome, he was handed over to Afranius Burro, prefect of the Prætorium, and an intimate friend of Seneca, with whom he had shared the ungrateful task of directing the education of Nero. We know, also, that the presence of the Jewish prisoner, and his wonderful eloquence in preaching the new faith, created a profound sensation among the members of the Prætorium and of the imperial household. His case must have been inquired into by the philosopher himself, who happened to be consul suffectus at the time. The announcement of the new theories,

their social, political, and religious bearing, must have roused a deep interest in a mind like Seneca's, so used to the impartial investigation of truth. This explains why, in his moral works, we find, sometimes, phrases and ideas imbued with a strong flavoring of Christianity, and showing a striking analogy with some passages of the Epistles. No wonder that Tertullian calls him *Seneca saepe noster*, so often one of ours. The discovery of this remarkable tombstone at Ostia, in which the family name of Seneca is so unexpectedly connected with those of Paul and Peter, gives an additional value to the tradition, and proves that the descendants of the philosopher had embraced the Christian faith.¹

The catacombs of Priscilla contain other records associated with the first announcement of the gospel in Rome. Five names are mentioned in connection with the visit of the two Apostles to the capital of the empire, and two houses are pointed out as those in which they found hospitality and were able to preach the gospel. One of the houses, belonging to Pudens and his daughters Pudentiana and Praxedes, stood halfway up the Vicus Patricius (Via del Bambin Gesù), on the south slope of the Viminal; the other, belonging to Aquila and Prisca (or Priscilla), stood on the spur of the Aventine, which overlooks the Circus Maximus. Both of these have been represented through the course of centuries, and are represented now, by a church which bears the name of the first owner, *titulus Pudentis* and *titulus Priscæ*. Christian archæologists have tried to find out the genealogy of Pudens, the friend of the Apostles; but, although it seems probable that he belonged to the noble race of the Cornelii Æmilii, the fact has not been yet clearly established. Not less un-

certain are the origin and social condition of Aquila and his wife Prisca, whose names appear both in the Acts and in the Epistles. We know from these sacred documents that, in consequence of the decree issued by the Emperor Claudius against the Jews, they were obliged to leave Rome for a while, and that, on their return, they were able to open a small oratory (*ecclesiam domesticam*) in their own house. This oratory, one of the very first opened in Rome for divine worship, sanctified, according to all probability, by the presence of the prince of the Apostles, — these walls, which have echoed with the sound of his voice, were discovered in 1776, close to the modern church; but no attention whatever seems to have been paid to the find, in spite of its unrivaled importance. The only record left regarding it is a scrap of paper, in Codex 9697 of the National Library in Paris, in which a man named Carrara speaks of having found a subterranean chapel by S. Prisca, with paintings of the fourth century representing the Apostles. A copy of these frescoes appears to have been made, but no trace of it has yet been found. I cannot understand how, in an age like ours, in which archæological, historical, and religious research are so energetically pursued, the rediscovery of this unique oratory has not been attempted.

In the same excavations of 1776 a bronze tablet was found, offered to Gaius Marius Pudens Cornelianus by the inhabitants of the district of Clunia (near Palencia, Spain), as a token of gratitude for the services which he had rendered them during his governorship. This tablet, dated April 9, A. D. 222, shows that the house owned by Aquila and Prisca in apostolic times had, later on, passed into the hands of a Cornelius Pudens;² in other words,

¹ The connection between S. Paul and Seneca will be examined at length in a paper in the August Atlantic. — Ed.

² According to the rules of classic nomenclature, this patrician must have been named originally Cornelius Pudens. He became

that the connection formed between the two families during the sojourn of the Apostles in Rome had been faithfully kept up by their descendants. One thing is certain: that Pudens, Pudentiana, Praxedes, and Prisca were

all buried in the same cemetery on the Via Salaria, the recent excavation of which has revealed to us, for the first time, the secret of the Christianity of the Acilii Glabrones, the noblest among the noble in ancient Rome.¹

Rodolfo Lanciani.

THE OLD ROME AND THE NEW.

THERE is something in the fascination of Rome that escapes my power of analysis. A generation has passed, and a second is on its way, since I first came under its witchery; everything is changed in it that can be changed in a city; what can be done to break the antique charm has been done, as if in malice,—mutilation, renovation, desecration: and still it keeps the charm, like a masterpiece of Greek sculpture which has gone through the hands of barbarians, and come out shattered, maimed, and so defaced that only the eye of an artist can see what the artist meant by it. It is not its history nor its topography, neither its architecture nor its art, that makes it what it is: something of all these, perhaps, but beyond these something that defies definition,—a kind of spiritual polarity which made it from the beginning the point to which whatever there was of aspiration in the Old World turned, and, long before the first wall was built on either Aventine or Palatine, determined its history fatally; and that, time after time when an enemy had broken its strength and subjected its people, brought the remnant back to renew the struggle against time, and Marius Pudens Cornelianus by adoption into the Marian family.

¹ The Anician family, not less noble and proud than the Acilii Glabrones, inherited their fortune, estates, and name toward the end of the fourth century. If it be true that the Frangipani were the direct descendants of

make the declaration of eternity, “*Urbs Eterna.*” It is not by many the oldest imperial site, and it has absorbed cities centuries older than itself, and which were probably such when the *Ager Romanus* was being formed by the eruptions of the Alban volcanoes. For Rome is built on some of the newest land on the earth, and Father Tiber once found the sea at the northern edge of the plain. The wandering tribes of Latin shepherds who built their huts on the Aventine probably came down from their Sabine hills as soon as the cinders turned to soil, and goats found browsing and sheep grazing; and ever since men have obeyed this unique attraction.

In Hellas humanity found the expression of the virtues and qualities, weak and strong, of its youth: art, poetry, the perception of the beautiful, the first maturing of philosophic intuition, the harmony and the inspiration of a happy, healthy intellectual life, over which no shadow of oppression, spiritual or political, had come,—the perfect perception of the beautiful and the ideal which is the visible form of the spiritually true; and with these the defects of youth, this precocious humanity which was never to the Anicii, and indirectly of the Acilii, we can say that their last representative disappeared from the ranks not many years ago. His name was Baron Transmondo,—a name given to one of the branches of the Frangipani family after their return from the Crusades.

know a manhood, but which would never again be rivaled as youth. In Rome humanity "came of age," as we say of the youth of twenty-one; judgment and power and common sense, the strong hand of empery, the fixed determination of him who has found his vocation, — namely, to rule the world, — came to it. Here the civic virtues set up their school; heroism of the sterner vein, law, which brought the sacrifice of the impulse to principle and the individual to the state, and so evolved civilization and empire. What the Greek was in his bloom-time he remains, less the virtues which belong to youth, plus the vices of decay. So the Roman ran through the flush of manhood to its decline; youth he never had, and a serene and sublime old age he did not reach, but the manhood was long and tenacious, dying finally by the vices of manhood as the Greek by the vices of youth, yet dying hard and late. It was as if the Roman character were exhaled from the soil, and inhaled from birth a dogged vitality like that of some of the lower organisms, foreign to all ideality but that of the *Civis Romanus*; producing at no epoch the finer fruits of the human nature; borrowing its religion from Etruria, Greece, Egypt, Jerusalem, or Constantinople, its art from Athens or Tuscany; no great artist or poet ever to this day coming to the surface from the depths of that state-incrusted existence. All that was finest the Roman had to borrow, but he borrowed it as he learned to use it. Only one thing Rome created for humanity as Greece had created art, — the organization of the *res publica* and law, which is its logarithm.

But why Rome should have fallen where it did is to me inexplicable. Climb the Capitol tower, and you see below you a group of insignificant elevations in the midst of a wide plain, bounded on two sides by ranges of limestone hills, the nurseries of the Volscian, Hernican, Sabine, Umbrian, and Etruscan

powers; and on the other two the plain melts into the sea, some fifteen miles away. It is neither a sea site nor a hill site, this group of little hillocks, which the ancients called their seven *montes* and we call the "seven hills." Nor, puzzling my brains for years, have I ever been able to understand why, from physical causes, Rome should have been Rome, and Athens only Athens. I used to think, when reading the *Æneid* at school, that *Æneas* was a fiction of Roman vanity, envious of the demigod founders of other states; but, divested of some of the purely mythological elements, the Trojan migration to Latium is shown, by the most recent archaeological discoveries, to have some possible foundation in fact. To get at it, however, we must first understand that the Trojans were a race of the same stock as the Greeks, and that the feud which ended in a struggle that is known, or symbolized, as the siege of Troy was really the first recorded of the rivalries by which the Greeks committed racial suicide, not a war between Asia and Europe. The more I study the evidences of authenticity in the ancient traditions, even those which are so mingled with theistic mythology that we have generally considered them as inexplicable fable, the more I am convinced that usually these traditions contain a solid basis of historical fact. Through the series relating to the Greek and Italian civilizations there runs a thread indicating an extremely early community, and that the movement began in Italy and went eastward to Asia Minor, returning later through Greece to Italy. Of this movement, known in all the early traditions as Pelasgic, the Greek and Trojan agglomerations were coeval results. Amongst the traditions bearing directly on the Pelasgic origin of Troy is one recorded by Virgil, who says that Dardanus came from Italy. He is supposed to have gone from Cortona, which was the stronghold and latest refuge of the

Pelasgi, so far as we know, and we have the tradition of the building of the first walls of Troy by Hercules and Neptune, who were distinctly Pelasgic gods, of the stock of Saturn, whose realm was Italy. The worship of Athena, the patroness of Troy, and the protection offered by Juno, the patroness of the Argives, the heirs and descendants of the wall-building Pelasgi in the Peloponnesus, a protection so warm as to cool her friendship for the Argives themselves, are further arguments for the identity of the races; and the subsequent migrations of Trojans and Greeks together to Italy and Sicily bring us almost to historical tradition. Segestæ was settled by a band of Greeks with a Trojan leader, and the earliest traditions of Trojan movements mention the presence of Greeks. Virgil represents the settlement in the Tiber region of Æneas and his clan, while we have the corresponding tradition that Falerii was founded by a colony from Argos, who built there a copy of the great temple of Hera in the Argolid. The recent excavations on the site of that city show that though for centuries considered Etruscan, and really included in the Etruscan league against Rome, Falerii was never Etruscan, but for centuries preserved its Greek character, becoming Italicized only about the period of the great Roman movement northward, not far from the time when Veii came under the rule of Rome.

The systematic excavations now making in the country about Rome have had for one surprising result, besides showing that the Greek individuality of Falerii was preserved till the Roman conquest, the indication that the influence of the Greek colonization of that city, or something accompanying it, extended over the entire region, traces of the same arts being found at Antemnæ, Lanuvium, Alatri, and Veii. This does not apply to the ordinary art of Etruria, which was derived from the Greek, but took on a color of Etruscan temperament

in its development; for this Faliscan art is quite distinct in all its forms from anything Etruscan, and it maintains the type of the period just prior to the Roman dominion. The Faliscan finds, now in the new Roman museum of the Villa Julia, give us the history of that city from the earliest period of Italic civilization to the destruction by the Romans. The first pages of this record tell the universal story of all the Italic tribes from the southern shores to the Apennines, — a common civilization extending back to an epoch of immense antiquity, which the students of it think they can carry back beyond fifteen centuries B. C. The distinctive Greek contributions in the stratification of the deposits begin not later than the eighth century B. C., Attic pottery being found in the tombs, but of an extremely archaic type; and the evidence grows stronger till the sixth century, when the pottery is very largely of well-known Attic types, and, though always accompanied by home-made ware of a rude character, finally reaches the highest attainment of Greek ceramics. The tombs also give evidence of great riches and intimate commerce with Greece, the vases found bearing names of Attic painters. During the sixth and fifth centuries the Attic influence is supreme; with the fourth a change takes place, and the imported work appears no longer, but in its place a Faliscan art, which is in some cases of extreme beauty, though it is the beauty of the decay of art, which continues till the time of the destruction. The fragments of the statuary found in the temples are of a pure Greek art, and though of terra cotta as fine as anything of the fourth and third centuries discovered in Greece. The inscriptions which appear in the fourth century are in Latin, archaic but distinctly Latin, and one vase, which is an excellent copy of Greek work, bears the names of the Olympian deities in the Greek characters of the time, but in Latin, — “Minerva” for

"Athena," "Cupido" for "Eros," and "Zeus Pater" for "Zeus." The Italicization has become complete. The beginning of this change, and the severance from Greece and the loss of Greek commerce must have taken place about the time of the capture of Veii by the Romans.

The slight researches in the Ager Veientinus have given similar objects; and as we know that the patroness of Veii was Juno, shown by the legend of the taking of the city and the removal of the image of that goddess to the Aventine, we may expect that in the future systematic excavations we shall find the same evidences of the affinity of that city with Falerii which we find both nearer and farther away. Thus, the revelations of archæology confirm the Virgilian tradition, and that other which states that before Rome there was an Hellenic influence imposed on the development of the Tiber valley, and that, under the hypothesis that the Trojan and Greek were of the same stock, it may literally be true that a Trojan chief led a band of emigrants to the Latin shores; but the tradition of the foundation of Alba Longa, like that of every other foundation by the Greek migrations, must be taken as meaning that the emigrants occupied a city already in existence, and apparently united with the former population. When the same kind of researches which have been so productive at Falerii shall have been carried out at Ardea, Lavinium, and Laurentum, localities particularly identified with the traditions of the *Æneid*, and at which no excavations have been made, we shall know more about the general character and local variations of the so-called Trojan migration; but we know already there is the highest probability that they were all under the same influences, and that the line of demarkation of the region so influenced was somewhat to the north of Falerii, beyond which the immigration imposing itself on the original

Italic element was Etruscan, no evidence of which is found in Falerii or in the Latin towns; and as on both sides of this line appears the evidence of the earlier uniform Italic civilization, we have the right to assume that the Hellenic and Etruscan immigrations were so nearly coincident that the one excluded the other, and that they were both superposed on an uniform Italic population, which here we call Latin. Of this mingled stock, on the south the central point of gathering became Rome, and on the north Clusium.

From that time forward Rome has been the most powerful centre of attraction on the surface of the earth, first to the Old World, and later to the New. Even to-day, wreck as it is of its old glory, it is more peculiarly the "city of the soul" than any other that we visit. Account for it as we will, each in his own way, it is to me unaccounted for by any evident reason; neither the republic, nor the empire, nor the church can explain it, but rather this mysterious attraction explains them. When I first came to Rome there was a curious phenomenon which struck me, — the gathering together of peasants from the outlying villages, on festal days, at certain localities where there was no visible attraction, neither wine shop nor lottery office, and not even an open place for the gathering, but a narrow street and a narrower sidewalk. One of these spots, which I was in the habit of passing, I found, by reference to the map of the ancient city, to be in the old forum of Nerva; and the only solution of the problem that appears to me is that, in a remote epoch, this had been the marketing place of the ancestors of these peasants, who, by the unintelligent, hereditary habit, always gathered there to hear the news and meet their gossips or clients. Rome was then full of such survivals of ancient customs, some of which continue, as may be seen in the Piazza Montanara, where the agricultural labor-

ers still go in their picturesque costumes to make their engagements with the *padroni*.

In those days the Pope was king; life was cast in the mediæval mould; all progress was an offense, not only to the custom of the place, but to the fitness of it, and the new-comer had hardly ceased to be new when he became conservative and citizen of this imperial Lotophagitis. Existence was a dream, and almost as cheap as one; there was no daily paper to harry our serenity, or thrust the daily disaster of a distant and indifferent community on our tranquillity; we learned of most events when they had ceased to be startling. After the church, art was the theme of most thought, and the artist was the most important being after the priest. Roman life had its tides, — springtide at Christmas and Easter, and dead ebb at midsummer, — but there was never any bustle or fever of business; there was no growth; there were no new houses; there were no blocking the streets with building material, no laying of drains or disturbance of the soil, no enterprise, and no new trades. The head of the great hospital of S. Spirito was one of my friends, and in conjunction with him and two or three capitalists I organized a syndicate to supply the hospitals and city with American ice at the price, delivered at Civita Vecchia, of the snow, which was otherwise the only resource, delivered at the pits on the Alban hills, where it was stored for summer use. But the offer was refused; it would have disturbed the vested rights of the snow-harvesters. The sick in the hospitals had been so served for hundreds of years, and might be still. Every innovation was resisted as of the devil and the possible horse of Troy for stealthy invasion. Rome had so maintained its position for the centuries of the papal rule; why change?

Outside this compact, gray, silent city, in which the picturesqueness of the en-

semble was so in contradiction to the stiffness and general ugliness of the details, was a cordon of gardens and vineyards overlying ancient villa sites, abounding in the most interesting material; ruins in an almost infinite variety in their pathetic abandon to the dissolving influences of nature, — baths, tombs, temples, theatres, palaces, aqueducts; and outside them, and the most picturesque of all, the old Aurelian wall, which meandered across highway and through villa grounds, a simulacrum of defense, but a most eloquent record of dead empire, marking the recession of its inhabited region; then, beyond the debatable ground between occupation and desolation, came the Campagna. The Campagna of Rome has become the commonplace of poet and orator when they have to deal with fallen grandeur, but no poet or orator, unless he were a painter, ever saw more than a fraction of its beauty; few even of the landscape painters have seen it all. There were, in those years, some who passed day after day in the hunt for subjects; painting till the twilight came on; hurrying in to pass the gates before they closed for the night, reckless of the chill and the night-mists which even in midsummer follow the day, content to run the risks of malaria if so they might catch the intoxicating impressions of that unique and supreme nightfall, with its tremulous purple sky behind the purpler Alban hills at the east, and its mellow gold at the west; blinding the eyes more by the expanse of its glow than its brilliancy, more by the deep intensity of its light than by glare, by that luminous depth which is more the quality of the Italian atmosphere than the intensity of its blue, or the variety of intense color on the clouds. He who lived amidst this in the young enthusiasm of art and beautiful nature will remember the Campagna as he will remember no other landscape on earth; it is like a phrase of the noblest poetry, ineffaceable from

its unapproachable simplicity. In those days, the joyous fraternity of the brush were to be seen on every road that led into the Campagna, at almost every season of the year. Down the Tiber, even within the city walls, pictures made to hand met the eye at every turn of the river; one found Claude and Turner wherever one went.

That phase of Rome is gone forever, — gone as surely as the simplicity and stern morality of the republic, the splendor of the empire, or the moral authority of the papal rule. Rome can no more be the home of art again than it can be the seat of universal empire or the patrimony of S. Peter. What has come is not so clear. The Romans of to-day have none of the distinctive virtues of either preceding epoch, except military courage, which the Italians have never lacked, though they have not always been fortunate in the employment of it. Taste was never a characteristic of Rome at any age, but in the great days the Romans built well. This cannot be said now, and all that is most modern is most execrable; all that is oldest is most execrated and profaned. The new barbarians who, in the present dispensation, swoop down from cisalpine Gaul, reared in the civic ideals of Genoa and Turin, have no sympathy with the monumental records of Rome, and no conception of anything to replace them. The Rome of 1870 was dirty, but dignified; inconvenient for people with modern tastes, but most comfortable for those who had adapted themselves to its mediæval ways. The Rome of 1890 is comfortable for nobody; the acres of new palaces that were to be are mainly huge, ugly tenebrous houses, stuccoed flimsies, abhorrent without and inhospitable within, — a tasteless waste, where the highest virtue is fragility and the noblest destiny demolition. Of the delightful gardens which used to exist within the circuit of the wall of Aurelianus, the only considerable fragment remaining is that of

the English Embassy; and that too had been marked out in building lots, and has been saved only by the protest of her Majesty's government backed by the Times and the Italian archaeological authorities. The famous Ludovisi gardens, the pride of papal Rome, and amongst the most beautiful in Europe, have been built over, and the vengeful lover of Old Rome sees with a malignant satisfaction the long rows of untenanted windows of the huge apartment houses of the quarter, over whose portals, newest in stucco and whitewash, he reads the last remnant of the language of the Romans, "Est locanda." The Ludovisi gardens were offered to the municipality for \$600,000, and refused, while it spent \$740,000 in the purchase and demolition of a single palace on the Corso, to make a vacant space less than the hundredth part of the gardens. The transformation of Rome during the past twenty years is unique in the history of civilization for barbarism, extravagance, and corruption; never since the world began was so much money spent to do so much evil.

But Rome survives it, as it has survived the wrecking of the Goths, the Vandals, the Constable de Bourbon; survives even the Barbari and the Barberini. The Campagna still undulates into distance, if somewhat encroached on near the walls, and the arches of the Claudian aqueduct still measure off the space with their gigantic stride; the Appian Way is not made a modern cemetery, and there is left material for the artist who has the courage to return; Aricia, Nemi, Tivoli, and the far-off Olevano remain unchanged. The papal city has been comparatively little altered by the expropriations except along the Tiber, and nobody need go to the new quarter who does not choose so to do. Life is dear, too dear for the cosmopolitan artist folk who used to make one of the principal attractions of the city to westerners, and with very few nota-

ble exceptions they are succeeded by modern Italians, of whose art little is to be said. There is old Giovanni Costa, like Titian, outliving the school of poetic landscape, and generously teaching its traditions to such as will learn them; the Academy of France is still presided over by the veteran Hébert, the last of the school of healthy religious thought in painting, — that to which services were not enough, and who were more troubled as to what they should paint than how they should paint it: but neither the one nor the other has much influence on the younger men. There is still the *Café Greco* where it was in the day of *Salvator Rosa*, but men go to it only as to a reliquary, to see the place where once all the artists of Rome used to meet along with poets and the minor brood of the Muses, and it is hardly known to the general visitor. Details disappear, and the eternal city looms above them like *Mont Blanc* over the little intervening hills when seen from a distance, or like *S. Peter's* from the *Campagna*, and will do so when the present system is in ruins and ivy grows over the new quarter. All these crudities will disappear; this pinchbeck Paris is only another illusion which time will dissipate, and Rome will be again what it has always been from its republican days, even though the new republic comes and the papacy departs, a centre of attraction to a spiritual cosmopolitan population, never a centre of trade or business; and the people who know it are not those who are born in it, but those who are born to it and its liberties of thought.

In the cosmopolitan sense, it was a great misfortune that Rome became the capital of Italy, but it was fated. The same attraction that drew the Greek, the Sabine, the Gaul and the Carlovingian, the Etruscan Pontifex Maximus and *S. Paul*, has brought the Garibaldian and the house of Savoy. But, after all, the interference with the true enjoyment of Rome by the real citizen is not

great or material. It will be a place of pilgrimage to the Catholic when the Pope has gone, if he ever goes; the historian, the archæologist, the poet, and the artist will always be its citizens, though holding no allegiance to pope or king, subject neither to taxation nor conscription, and though disinterested in its real estate. He owns it who feels its spiritual (not ecclesiastical) attraction. To him there is no city on the earth which can content him after it. He may live in New York or London, Venice or Naples, but will always be more or less a stranger there, and be ready to go back to Rome. The new civilization, while it has done much to disfigure and degrade the city, has also done much to improve it: made it cleaner and healthier, expelled the highway robbers from the streets and the brigands from the *Campagna*, — matters of less importance to the true Roman than to the prosperous man of business, but to none indifferent. Life is dearer than it used to be, but the rate of insurance on it is lower and the ratio of the doctor's bill less, and the cost is not prohibitory to the man of small means. He who lives in his own house in Mayfair or Fifth Avenue is content in Rome with a small apartment in a crooked street, and on the third or fourth story, and does not so stand on state but that he has his dinner in from the nearest cook-shop and his wine by the flask; has one servant instead of three where he used to be on his social dignity; uses cabs, and thinks it no derogation not to keep a carriage, and so lives on the rent of his house in Mayfair. There are still quarters to be found in the old palaces in the papal city, but for people accustomed to fires there is sometimes a difficulty in keeping warm; for the Italians have a superstition about fires, and so it happens that instead of the cheerful grate one has to be content with a stove, whose pipe may go out at the window in one or two of the chambers, and be dependent on the

rarely absent sun for the rest. The fuel is dear, but then little is wanted, and there are few days when one cannot enjoy the outdoors and the sunshine.

Society there is none. The Romans are not a hospitable people, but one does not come to be with them. They are much divided into cliques and classes, and the great families content themselves in general with one great ball each year; very exclusive, and, if I may judge by hearsay of the foreigners who now and then attend, very dull. With two or three exceptions, the high nobility of Rome are as much of the Middle Ages as the old churches, and to the spiritual Roman they are mere shadows; we walk through and past them, and know not they are there. As a general thing, foreign society is organized apart. The old Roman aristocracy is divided into Blacks and Whites, Pope or King, and the two sections never mingle; the embassies from the same government to the Vatican and the Quirinal have no relations with each other, and the Blacks are not in the books of the embassies to the King, or the Whites invited to the receptions of those to the Pope. If the new-comer will see the world and can, he must choose under which color he will take it, but in any case he will not find what in western lands is known as hospitality.

One of the most prominent English statesmen said to me one day, in Rome, that the life of public men was getting to be so laborious in the new political conditions in England that it would soon be a necessity to take refuge abroad from the constant demands of one's constituents, and that Italy, as the only available place of rest and refuge, would be more and more resorted to by them. Switzerland was useful only for a portion of the year; France was not far enough or restful enough; and so it must happen that Italy would become, to an increasing extent, the refuge of overworked statesmen. And of Italian

cities, there is no question of the greater availability of Rome over all others. Florence is more interesting in the art of the Middle Ages; Venice holds the palm for its picturesqueness in the spring and early summer, but its winters are bleak and cheerless; Naples draws more from its surroundings, Sorrento and Capri, than it offers in itself; but Rome contains all that is most interesting in Italy. The superstition as to its sanitary condition is the bugbear which most militates against it. This runs back into the dark ages, but is unjustified by any statistics to which I can get access. In a residence of nearly a dozen years in the aggregate, and extending over a period of nearly thirty, I have never had in my family a single serious illness or a case of typhoid or malaria, and in my personal acquaintance I have never known half a dozen cases of intermittent or malarial fever, and not one of any gravity; while in a residence of five years in Florence we had eight cases of typhoid amongst six persons. I have repeatedly stayed in Rome through the entire summer without any discomfort or inconvenience, and the late English ambassador, Lord Saville, was accustomed to spend his summers at the Embassy, saying that he found no place so comfortable as Rome. I have never met with a case of the so-called pernicious fever, and the physicians whom I know, and who attend foreigners mostly, bear a like testimony. Dr. Drummond, who has practiced here for years, says that he never saw a case. The instances of malarial fever I have known were similar to the intermittents of our own country, — annoying, but not dangerous. The statistics of the Italian sanitary department are drawn up with the greatest care and exactitude, and for the purpose of improving the sanitary condition of the country, therefore with no reference to publication or to foreign opinion; and I have before me those of the deaths by malarial fevers for the commune of

Rome, including the Campagna and the outlying towns and villages, Ostia and its marshes, to the sea, with all the malarial districts in the Ager Romanus; the division of the city from these being impracticable, as the peasants all come to the Roman hospitals for treatment. In these returns, out of a population of over 500,000, the total of deaths by malarial fevers was, in 1890, 308. The amelioration of the condition of public health under the Italian government can be judged from the diminution in the deaths, which has been from 650 in 1881, gradually and regularly, to 308 in the past year. With a system of thermal establishments such as the ancient Romans had, the deaths by malarial fevers would be still less; for there is no agency more effective in extirpating malaria than the vapor bath, yet there is not a tolerable hot bath in Rome.

I am in continual receipt of letters asking if it is safe to come to Rome as early as October, or if it is safe to stay as late as May; and not unfrequently I meet people who think that the visit at any season is dangerous to life! Nothing is so invincible as superstition. If we leave Rome at all for the summer, it is only about the first of August, and we return by the end of September; not one tenth of the population leaves, and the death-rate is lower in summer than in winter. From the first of November till the August rains begin to fall, the worst parts of the Campagna may safely be visited, if the sunset hours are avoided, and even in the intervening months the midday is free from danger; but from the first rains of August to the time of the setting in of frost, it is not wise to be in most parts of the Campagna toward sunset, though there are sections in which it is not safe to go to sleep at night in any season. The whole question of malaria in Italy is one of exaggerated importance. I have traveled in the worst parts of the Maremme, which are regarded as deadly and the

most malarial of Italy, as late as the latter half of June, and have found the harvesters at work in gangs, and very few cases of fever anywhere; while at Grosseto, the capital of the Maremme, which the guidebooks tell us is abandoned by the inhabitants on the first of May, I found the entire population on the ramparts listening to the band till late into the evening, and none had as yet gone to the hills, which they do only to a limited extent the first of July. I had an introduction to one family, the mother of which, at the age of sixty, whose life had always been passed in Grosseto, had never known what intermittent fever was. I know of no district of Italy in which it is not practicable to travel ten months out of the twelve, if one takes the precautions not to sleep in a malarial locality, or drink water that is not known to be pure.

Typhoids are common in all great cities, but in Rome less so than in most cities of its size; and the returns to the sanitary authorities are a proof that their frequency is diminishing in proportion as the rigorous regulations are effective and evasion is prevented. The water supply of Rome is probably the best as to purity and the most abundant in quantity of any furnished to great cities. Typhoid very rarely occurs among the inhabitants of the better class except from drinking water at some way-side or temporarily infected spring. The main supply by the Acqua Marcia is secure against corruption, and is everywhere accessible, so that no house need be without it. In the month of November, 1890, not a single case of typhoid was reported in all Rome. The sanitary laws are inflexible, and the tenant of a neglected house has always the remedy in his own hands. I have no hesitation in saying that a person in moderate circumstances, able to choose his quarters, can pass the months between September and July in Rome under as favorable conditions of health and com-

fort as in any city in Europe; and with less precautions against the heat than in Boston one must take against the cold, he may pass the entire year.

In summer, too, we have excellent seaside resorts, — Anzio and Palo, and our hill country at Albano, Aricia, Nemi, Frascati, and the other *castelli*; and if there were a little enterprise in Italy, we should have summer resorts in the Abruzzi delightful in their sanitary and picturesque features, but this remains for future generations. Now a civilized man can hardly pass a day in any of the mountain villages or towns; filthy they are beyond exaggeration. It is

enough to insist on the advantages of Rome as a winter station, and as the fittest city of winter refuge for the exhausted and disabled, *hors de combat*, in the battle of life, to whom political affinities are immaterial; for the refugees from the nervous pressure of America, the social, political, and business burdens of England; from the immitigable boredom of German life, as well as the glittering superficiality of Parisian: all such may meet here on the neutral ground of traditions, memories, and associations that antedate all our national divisions, and even all existing nationalities. Quod est in votis.

W. J. Stillman.

PLANTATION LIFE IN ARKANSAS.

THE plantation that I know best lies in the heart of the cypress forest on the Black River. You may find the Black River (if you look for it on the larger maps of Arkansas; it has not sufficient rank to be named on the small maps) in the northeastern part of the State, a sinuous, evasive thread of a stream, that doubles on its track and twists and curves until it reaches the White River (which is large enough for all the maps), and so the Mississippi. There you have the route by which our cotton sails to Memphis.

The scene from my window, as I write, is like that to be seen, this February morning, on hundreds of Arkansas plantations. Willow-shaded river, where bare twigs already show the dull red blur that is the first harbinger of the forest pageantry of spring; a wide plain greening under the February sun; fields with mouse-colored fences and freshly turned black furrows; away in the distance, negroes and mules ploughing; down the lane, a belated cotton wagon crawling to the gin, a few cows among the trees, a black pig here and

there rooting under the fences, and a dozen horses, with ragged saddles, tied to the "hitching-bar" under the great willow oak in front of the store; white-washed houses in the fields; a big white store by the riverside; further down the bank, a big black mill; and everywhere the horizon blocked by the cypress wall, — this is a typical Arkansas landscape.

Not so typical, rather due to the planter's original scheme of color (and something to the accident of paints in stock), are the trig little blue, pink, and yellow houses scattered among the whitewashed cabins and farmhouses of an earlier day. For all their gay tints, they are as much less picturesque than their shabby comrades as they are more comfortable.

Ours, in a humble degree, is a historic plantation; it dates back to the old Spanish and French days, when Arkansas was the wild north of Louisiana. The old willow oak, that for at least a hundred years must have spread its giant limbs and expanded its huge trunk unhampered, may have sheltered gay French adventurers or solemn Span-

iards. Certainly the Spaniards passed us, if they did not land, since one corner of the plantation abuts a tract known as the "Spanish grant." It is in shape a quadrangle, with one side gnawed away by the river. The Spaniards came up the river in their pirogues, and, not taking the trouble to survey the land, or having no instruments with them, marked out the space they wanted from tree to tree. The original grant was kept in our safe for a long time: a queer old yellow parchment, sealed with the arms of Spain.

The Frenchmen came, too. A colony of them settled on land adjoining ours, and their descendants still own the property. A few of the settlers were cadets of noble families who had strayed to the New World, and names of gallants who danced and sparkled at the court of Louis le Grand are borne by ragged farmers whose single pair of stockings will be worn out tramping at the ploughtail or guiding the cotton planter.

At this period the plantation was a dense cane brake, full of bears and deer. Later, it was settled in spots by hardy backwoodsmen from North Carolina and Tennessee. From them, but principally from the United States government, the first planter acquired his title. He brought a troop of slaves; built the mill, the store, and the older houses; and maintained for years a rude and patriarchal pomp. His great house, adorning the knoll behind the cedars, was framed, not of any native wood, the gum or cypress or oak, but of pine that was rowed to him on the water highway, every board of which was dressed by hand. Not to slight his own forests too much, his fences were made of black walnut, sacrificing I know not how many noble trees.

The house faced the river, and, with its well-houses, ice-house, smoke-house, store-house, and all the medley of servants' quarters, reared an imposing front.

"In that mansion used to be
Free-hearted Hospitality;
His great fires up the chimney roared;
The stranger feasted at his board."

Before the house glowed a garden that was the wonder of the countryside, a brilliant fairyland of gorgeous exotics, and beds of native flowers laid out in the formal geometric shapes that our grandmothers loved. Shelley's wonderful garden could not look fairer than this must have looked to the inexperienced eyes of those who drifted past it on the boats and rafts. Also,

"There was a Power in this sweet place,
An Eve in this Eden; a ruling grace."

Whether poor Mattie R——'s charms would make any further quotation apposite one dare not decide, at this distance. She cherished flowers; she painted in oils; and half the young men of the county were in love with her. She is dead, now; dead, too, are her husband and children; and, long ago, her father, who had seen his other children fade and die, hid all earthly disappointments in the dark. Strangers rule the beautiful acres that he dreamed would descend to his children's children. The very house that he built caught fire one night, and burned to the ground. Not a brick of the huge chimney, not a shrub of the garden once so fondly tended, remains to appeal to the imagination in behalf of that vanished, half-barbaric state.

Some of the pious will have it that Colonel R——'s bereavements were a judgment because he was an infidel, a character of rare atrocity in those days, far more shocking to Arkansas morality than a murderer. Murderers, indeed, there were in plenty, right hand and left, but Colonel R—— was the first avowed atheist that any of his neighbors had ever seen. They used to tell in awed whispers of his godless library and his wicked eloquence defending his tenets, and how he raved when his favorite son was converted to Christianity, at college.

During the war the old pagan fared better than his neighbors. Back of the house was a dense thicket, where he hid his valuables, — silver, meat, and salt from the Federals, and cotton from the Confederates. This was at the time of Shelby's order to burn all the cotton, lest it fall into the hands of the Federals. Never was a bitterer secessionist than Colonel R——; but, assured that the Southern hopes were dead, he had no mind to waste his good cotton on a funeral pyre.

Tradition asserts that he buried large sums of money, in bright gold pieces, a treasure that his sudden death prevented his removing; and many a gold hunter has vainly digged the earth in every direction about the site of the old house.

The war has left other traces in the legends. Both armies marched down the river, on one bank or the other. But the tragedies of the war come from the free-lance warriors, the guerrillas or graybacks, who, whatever their titles and pretenses, were in reality mere outlaws, hunted down by both armies. There is no occasion to compassionate them; robbery, murder, torture, blasted their track through the valley. Across the river is a lonesome little cypress brake, where a few chimney bricks still recall how the guerrillas murdered a whole family for their scanty hoard of greenbacks, and burned their bones under their home.

Cruelty sometimes took ghastly, mediæval shapes. The outlaws tormented men by fire, pouring hot coals down their backs or slowly roasting them; twice they pulled out a man's nails; innumerable times they flogged people cruelly; while the worst of their deviltry cannot be described. The natural result was that they were hunted down and exterminated like wolves.

Do we come to blood-stained legends, there is an endless store, for the passions had free play during the turbulent years after the war. From every win-

dow in the house you can see spots where men have been killed. The trampled green in front of the store has been the arena of a dozen fights. Wherever you drive along the country roads, you pass the scene of violent death. I remember the planter's driving his New England sister and us to a little town, nine miles away. He stopped so often to relate how "a man was killed just here" that his sister finally exclaimed: "If Frank stops everywhere somebody was killed, we sha'n't get to Portia until dark! I never was in such a gory country!"

Yet to-day a more peaceful, law-abiding people than ours you will not find anywhere. Beyond a few harsh insinuations connecting chickens and the gypsies who camp every year down by the "slash," we have not a cloud on our honesty. Even our negroes do not steal. The only robbery that I know to have happened in the vicinity was the taking of Thomas Jefferson Peps's boat, and in that lone case the thieves came down the river, — wicked, professional thieves from Missouri, whose dishonesty must not be charged to the account of the State of Arkansas.

What an excitement it caused! Thomas Jefferson took command of a company of mill hands, farm hands, and tenants, and rowed in hot pursuit, returning in triumph with both thieves and booty. Then, how inspiring was the spectacle at the store, converted into a temple of justice: the miserable criminals tilting their chairs before the office stove; the ministers of justice leaning their guns against the glass partition that divides office from store; Justice, in the person of Squire Holmes, enthroned at the desk; the witnesses, like Milton's Samson, "lying at random, carelessly diffused" over the front doorsteps; and an interested audience, flattening their black and white noses against the other side of the partition, in the store beyond. The thieves were condemned, and packed off that same

day. They are now serving their country in the penitentiary; and, as heretofore, we go away in the evening, leaving our doors unlocked, with a tranquil mind.

A plantation, to-day, is generally an estate, a group of little farms, rented on shares. A fourth of the cotton or a third of the corn is the usual rental. The tenant, or, in our language, "the renter," has credit at the store for the probable amount of his crop. The store will supply him with all the necessities, from drugs to agricultural implements, including occasional advances of cash.

At first, to a Northerner, it is a little startling to hear a ragged fellow, who has just bought sugar and pork, add, in the most matter-of-fact way, "And I want five dollars." But generally the clerk makes no more ado about giving the money than is made over the asking. This is the much-abused truck system, which, like a good many other devices of a primitive social state, it is easier to abuse than to improve. Certain it is that no system gives the absolutely penniless man such an opportunity. Sometimes, the renter will have nothing beyond his grimy hands and the rags on his back. The planter finds him a house, some rude kind of furniture, a pair of mules, and the necessary farm tools, and enough coarse provision to feed him until he can market his crop. Wood is always free for the cutting. Frequently, a renter will be given the use of a cow. Pigs and chickens cost a mere trifle, and all stock hunts its own livelihood in the woods. Occasionally, a renter, in Arkansas idiom, "lights a shuck," or, more briefly, "lights out." He thus abandons his cotton; but he also leaves behind him his big debt on the store ledger.

Such abrupt departures are favored by the negroes, from a variety of domestic motives as well as from financial troubles; the African having a trick of slipping off the matrimonial

chains whenever they gall. Last year there was a notable instance; notable, not on account of the flitting, but for the lurid and complicated lie that the deserting husband concocted. He had come here from Tennessee, and was scarce a year married to a girl on the place. Tom — his name was Tom — went about among the negro renters in his part of the plantation representing that while in Tennessee, on Colonel De Bracey's plantation, he had most innocently brought himself within the compass of the law. Colonel De Bracey had given him a bottle of whiskey, "kase he ben chillin' terrible bad," and he took this whiskey with him to a house that he was helping to build, where they all wanted some of the whiskey; and he could n't give all of his whiskey away, but he did sell them four or five drinks, at ten cents a drink. And that was how they got a warrant out against him for selling whiskey without a license. So he ran away from Tennessee; and now he had just got a letter (which he actually had taken the pains to write to himself and post at the post office in the store) warning him that his place of refuge was known, and the constable was "a-pursuin' of him, and dey all would sho' send him to the penitentiary. If he ben a white man, dey might turn him loose; but a colored man never had no chance!"

Tom's complaints worked on his auditors' feelings to the extent that out of their poverty they raised a little purse for him; and good, thrifty Uncle Ned Looney lent him ten dollars, and John Etta (who is not a man, but a woman, John's Etta, Uncle Ned's daughter-in-law) drove him before sunrise to the Memphis railway station; and thus he departed with the sympathy of all. Previously, he had obtained another ten dollars "on account" at the store, to pay as "boot" for a mule of extraordinary virtues.

So plausible was the entire drama

that the planter himself was gulled. He sent word to Tom that he would protect him, dispatched Uncle Ned after the runaway to fetch him back, and wrote to Colonel De Bracey. Alas for Tom's good name! the grim facts appeared. Colonel De Bracey never gave Tom any whiskey, Tom never sold any whiskey, Tom never had any whiskey to sell, — in fine, it was a lie out of whole cloth; and the selfsame lie that Tom had used before, when he ran away from his crop, his wife, and his debts, in Tennessee.

Why Tom took so much trouble may be explained by the supposition that he found desertion cheaper than divorce or separation. A divorce is a costly convenience; one must pay twenty-five dollars to have Justice cleave the fetters. In consequence, the negro usually does one of two things: he runs away, as Tom did, or he peaceably "parts."

We had a little black maid who was once explaining her family relations: "Big sister, she's Aunt Fanny Packer's chile, but I'se mamma's chile. You see, papa an' Aunt Fanny, dey was married an' dey pahsted, an' den papa an' mamma was married."

Both "mamma," otherwise Mrs. James Ratcliffe, or "Sis Ma'y Ratcliffe," and "Aunt Fanny," or Mrs. Dick Packer, are persons of high standing in the colored community, wealthy people, who own cows and swine and mules and big "cook-stoves," and lead in the church.

A division of property is expected to accompany such amicable partings. The planter (who indeed officiates at most of the primitive functions of Justice) has a session at the store for the parting couple, and the property is divided with less formality than in the legal courts, but with quite as much equity.

The sequel to the parting is usually the choosing of a new partner. The women are not much more moral than the men, even the best of them. Aunt

Lucy, who cooks for the planter's family, never has been touched by the breath of scandal; but there is Aunt Lucy's eldest daughter, who has had two "misfortunes," the elder being now ten years old; and Susan Tweed, the best worker on the plantation, whose credit at the store will reach to a horse or a sewing-machine, has made mischief in a dozen dusky households, and is as callous about her sins as Catherine of Russia.

I cannot better illustrate this deplorable phase of the negro's transition state than by Ben Boker's comment on his latest baby. The wee Boker came into the world with a vast deal more disturbance than is usual here, where babies are considerate, making little fuss over their advent, and expecting little attention afterwards. "Ben up all night," grumbled Ben; "never did see sicher time. But hit's de las'! Never cotch me in sech a fix agin, — *least not at home!*"

The negro usually makes a very decent tenant. More than half of our "renters" (some hundreds in number) are black. I should say the same proportion maintains with our own servants. All of them have been amiable, one of them was industrious, one was moral; as a whole, they have mildly encouraged our hopes for the future of the man and the brother; but Brother Eustace Grinnell, who "waited on us" last, certainly was as "trifling" a black man as ever destroyed the Northern illusions or excused the Southern shotgun.

Eustace is so stupid that you would pity him for being born, if he were not so cruel to animals that you can't. It was a sight to make fear, as our Gallic friends would say, Eustace milking the cows. He always milked with two fingers, in the uncanny fashion of the country, and always stood — when he was n't chasing the cows. For some occult reason, connected with his abnormal intellect, I suppose, he never

fed the cows at milking-time, — no, that would give them too much to occupy their minds; he preferred to chase them over the back yard, making futile dives at them, the function commonly ending in a grand and lofty tumbling act, with a somersault by the milk pail.

But his happiest exploit was cleaning the turkey. We did not expect him, when he moved the stoves, to get them back again in safety, and it was no surprise to see the stovepipe towering above the hole, while Eustace stared, mouth agape, muttering, "It done *growed*!" But we did suppose that he, a farm dorky, knew how to clean a turkey. We had underrated his genius for blunders. He split the turkey laboriously up its breastbone, from the neck to the tip of the spine; and the appearance of that large fowl flopping palely over the platter is beyond words to describe!

The most repulsive trait in the negro's character is his atrocious relish of cruelty. It exceeds apathy over other creatures' pain; it is veritable enjoyment. Look at the flashing of teeth at the struggles of a broken-backed cat or a half-decapitated chicken! Hear the spectators laugh! They are as pleased as if you had given them a drink of whiskey. Yet in these brutal torturers of animals you may find not only ardent affections and a pathetic loyalty, but generosity, cheerfulness, sunny good humor, the social instincts, and an amazing meekness under provocation.

The paradox bewildered us; but my own notion of the explanation is that the cruelty of the negroes, like the cruelty of children, comes from a torpid imagination. They have not sense enough to realize the misery that they inflict. It is the grotesque antics, not the suffering, of the cat or chicken that delight them. Eustace, — here is a corroboration of the theory, — being the very stupidest negro that ever served us, was also the most cruel.

Our negroes are neither more nor less superstitious than their kind in the South generally. The conjurer makes a figure here as elsewhere. In Arkansas we are not voodooed, and we are rarely hoodooed, but we are frequently conjured. The conjurer is a homelier personage than the weird witch queen of Louisiana. He — or she — rents his land, makes a crop, and trades at the store, like any ordinary black mortal; the conjure business is a kind of side show. He sells herbs and potions and charms, and if custom lags he can scare it into activity by his baneful arts; for not only has he all the common stock in trade, mysterious sickness, blasted crops, and the like, but he of Arkansas owns the gift of throwing lizards into objectionable darkies! This has been done on our plantation more than once, as most respectable colored testimony will vouch, with fatal effect.

Happily, the planter has a strong "conjure medicine," known to the world as Epsom salts, the use of which is attended by the best results. We did have a conjure doctor, but he died. The most powerful conjurer in these regions is "old man Brown." Singularly enough, although this old scoundrel is suspected of two or three murders, he is a member of the church, "in good and regular standing."

"How can that be?" one of us asked our man Albert. — not Eustace, who knows no more about conjuring than he does about anything else; and Albert, grinning, answered: "Dunno; he say he got 'surance of salvation. Reckon dey all does n't das tu'n him out."

The trade in charms is always brisk. A rabbit's left hind foot has a steady value. The skin of the rabbit's stomach is of great use in helping babies to cut their teeth; it should be tied round the child's neck. A great deal depends on the moon. If you plant by the dark of the moon, expect trouble. You should never "kill" by the dark of the moon, either, for the meat will "all

erupt up in the pan," or, if you boil it, it will boil away. This lore is believed by whites and blacks alike. The whites have no fear of the direful conjurer, but ghosts or "ha'nts" scare them as readily as the negroes.

The plantation abounds in spirits of an uneasy turn of mind. A large white ghost haunts the lane; nobody seems to know why, since nothing tragic has ever happened there. Years ago, that long, smooth road was the racecourse on which the young fellows of the neighborhood used to run their horses. Those were the days when the barrel of whiskey rolled into the stores as regularly as the barrel of molasses. Saturday night revels were certain to follow the Saturday afternoon races; and it must be a poor white man that could not earn the right to a thumping headache for Sunday morning. There was not much ready money to stake, but horses, cows, saddles, guns, even houses and lands, used to change hands. A common challenge was, "I'll bet twenty dollars *in good property!*"

The answer would be, "Name your property!"

"My claybank colt. What you got against it?"

"My two heifers."

Thus the bet would be arranged. Wagers ran high, and in their excitement the gamblers would bet the very clothes off their backs. One poor spend-thrift lost his trousers—and paid on the spot.

But there was a side that was not ludicrous. It was only a step between an altercation and a brandished knife or lowered gun, in those days; there were quarrels and ruined men, and sobbing women at home. Perhaps the racecourse ghost has a title to his spectral beat under the gum-trees.

Albert met him, once. He (the ghost, not Albert, who has the warm tone of a stovepipe) was white, and he had no head. He was n't "doin' nary, jest sa'n'terin' along."

"And what did *you* do, Albert?" said the white listener.

"I p'intedly run, ma'am," said Albert.

There is a ghost at the store, living upstairs with the merchandise, and never making any trouble. There is the ugly-tempered ghost that at intervals slapped a poor murderer on the cheek with his cold and viewless hand, until the victim killed himself. There is an undoubted ghost that gibbers and shrieks and rolls in the mud before the empty cabin, which no renter is bold enough to take, since the last tenant died—close to that rotten pump—of the bite of a mad dog.

We ourselves have a "ha'nt" in the house.

There once lived on the plantation an erratic reformer, a sort of rural Artegall. I have tried elsewhere to describe him, giving little color of my own to his strange missionary work. His end came in the semblance that one would expect from the country and the time: he was shot and mortally wounded while walking out of our garden. He was carried into the room that is our dining-room. And ever since that boisterous March morning, when Whitsun Harp was borne across our threshold, never does the wind rise that his ghostly bearers do not come again with their burden. Night, or morning, or noon, they pass through the wide gallery on soundless feet; their invisible fingers lift the latch; we see it rise; the door swings open; it swings back; they are in the room!

What do they do there? How can I know? They do not show; probably they go out again.

George Rose's "ha'nt" ought not to be mentioned in the same breath with ours,—an ignominious pretender, that capered and hooted and pounded on the Roses' roof successfully enough to drive them out of the cabin and win a great name, and then had not the wit to keep hidden, when the planter explored its

haunts, but let him shoot it for a foolish owl!

Our best spectre however, may pass muster anywhere. It is the shade of old R—— in his habit as he lived; and it patrols his buried treasure. The planter told me the following tale. "We used," said he, "to have an old sailor on the estate, and one day, a little while after he came, he was out ploughing in the field just back of the old mansion, and I happened to come along. Says he, 'Did anybody pass you?' I answered, 'No.' 'Well,' he said, 'I saw a man.' Something had happened to the double-tree of his plough, and he was bending over it, adjusting it, and when he looked up there was a man standing there, watching him; but his mules began to prance, frightened of a sudden, and he turned to soothe them, and when he looked again the man had gone. I asked him how the man was dressed. He said he was very well dressed, but he did n't look like any of the people about here; he was an elderly man with a gray beard, wearing a white suit that looked just ironed, and a wide white straw hat, and he had a mighty pretty riding-whip in his hand. Well, there's the strange part of it,—he described old R—— exactly; and lots of people are sure it was the old fellow looking out for his money. I know the man never had heard the stories, and of course never had seen Colonel R——. It was the very place where they had hid the salt and the silver."

Now, if any one is expecting an explanation of this apparition from the present writer, I beg that gentle reader to undeceive himself at once. I do not propose to cast slurs on the fair fame of our ghosts; and my own surmises shall be forever locked in my own breast.

To return, however, from this excursion into the night side of Nature, as Mrs. Crowe would say, to the Arkansas renter. The Arkansans are a

mixed race, and their touch of Spanish and French ancestry has given a peculiar character to their physique. The native Arkansans commonly have olive skins, dark eyes, slender forms, and delicate features, like the Canadian *habitants*. Perhaps to their Spanish blood is due a grave imperturbability of demeanor that would not disgrace one of Cortez's soldiers; and, no matter how low his worldly fortunes may fall, the Arkansan keeps a rude courtesy. He is a stoical soul. Indeed, one finds him too stoical. The keynote of his existence is a patient endurance of avoidable evils. The old story is to the point still: when it rains we can't mend the roof, and when the sun shines the roof does not need mending.

As an illustration of plantation methods and the Arkansas character, we always remember our cowshed. The plantation carpenter being too busy with houses to condescend to cowsheds, we appealed to Thomas Jefferson Peps, who is indifferently carpenter, blacksmith, wood sawyer, butcher, or tinker, and between whiles makes a crop. Thomas Jefferson is amiability itself; he said that he would build a shed for us "jest *too* quick."

The interview was on Thursday. Friday it rained. Saturday was "pig-killing day." Sunday, of course, we could not expect him, but we were comforted to know that he was "studying 'bout" us. Monday he appeared in person with a "helper,"—it always takes two men to do anything in the South, if it be no more than mending a fence,—and they looked at the yard and talked together for half an hour. Tuesday he came again, and carried off our best hatchet. Wednesday he really set to work, and worked steadily, effectively, and, according to plantation standards, rapidly, until the shed was complete save for doors. Then he was called away to make a coffin. He said, very justly, that cows could wait on him better than "co'pses," and that

as soon as he "got Gather Robinson's coffin done he would fix our doors jest too quick."

I trust that he was not two months making the coffin, but two months did we wait doorless; meanwhile, Albert nailed the cows in every night, and unnailed them every morning.

The shed is one experience; the smoky chimney with which the plantation talent wrestled for a whole winter is another. Each wrestler made it smoke a trifle worse. Finally the chimney was built over, — as it should have been in the first place, — and we triumphed!

There was — But why enumerate? We have learned a lesson worth all our besetments; we might have learned it from old Ben Franklin, for it was he — was it not? — who said, "If you want a thing done well, do it yourself."

We came South three helpless women, accustomed to have men open the doors for us. One of us had a pretty conceit of her artistic cooking; and yet we were obliged to send for an old black woman to show our Northern cook — and us — how to make bread without compressed yeast. Now, thanks to Amy, our present waitress (from the North), we are accomplished paper hangers and house painters, and thanks to Christine, our cook (also from the North), we can spread whitewash artfully over our fences and outbuildings. Indeed, should need come (and Need, like a good neighbor, drops in without formality), we can show a variety of handicrafts. Constance is a good machinist, mending the broken locks and lamps; Madonna, who is the carpenter, makes beautiful furniture out of packing-boxes and cretonne. We are our own best glaziers, and once we built up a demoralized chimney with old bricks and an improvised mortar of sand and whitewash.

We are six miles, through the worst swamp in Arkansas, from the nearest railway; nevertheless, the ox team goes

two or three times a week to the station, we being but pusillanimous rustics who require ice and fresh beef, instead of slaying our own flocks and herds and cooling our milk and wines in a "well-house."

You can live very well on a plantation if, as the negroes say, "you understand yourself." Usually, there is plenty of game. In winter we eat our own mutton and beef; but when spring comes the beef cannot be kept, and we have the alternative of importing beef by express, or living on the diet of the country, pig, lamb, and fowl.

Pork is the principal article in the diet of the people, — fresh pork in winter, salt pork in summer. Every autumn there is a hog hunt down in the bottom, where the hogs run wild. The hunters camp out for a week, and return with hundreds of hogs.

Once, Constance and the writer rode to one of these hunts. It is a wild sport. The hogs look more like the boars that rend the dogs on Snyders' canvases than the sleek black porkers of Berkshire. They are chased with dogs; and what with the shrill clamor of the horns, the baying of the hounds, and the shouts of the men, what with the mad gallop through the forest, leaping the logs, beating down the cane, dodging the flying lassos of vines and the spiked branches of thorn-trees, the sport sets the pulses jumping. Indeed, if you add its spice of peril (for the hogs fight savagely), no sport in this country can rival it.

As I have said, pork is the dependence of the hungry Arkansan; but we keep flocks as well as herds, and kill lambs in the spring, while before the humblest cabin there is a cheerful cackling of fowls. Two dollars and a half a dozen we are expected to pay for "hens," and seventy-five cents for a turkey. Eggs are ten cents a dozen. Meat, by which, in Arkansas, pork is always understood, rates from four to

six cents a pound. Beef and mutton are only a cent or two higher.

The renter — at least our renter — has acquired a taste for flour, of late years, and flour is expensive compared with corn meal from his own corn, which he brings to the mill Saturday afternoons, and has ground for a primitive toll of a sixth of the meal. He has also taken to "store truck;" that is, canned vegetables, meats, and fruit. Did he choose, or rather did his wife choose, he could have a store of his own canned tomatoes, corn, and fruit. This is a wonderful country for vegetables: witness the hot-bed that Eustace made in the "way we does in Mississippi," and yet our sturdy lettuce and radishes are growing!

Three times a day the coffee-pot steams on an Arkansas "cook-stove." In passing, I may remark that poor indeed is the family in our country that does not have a cook-stove and a sewing-machine. Last year, the agent for an expensive range sold half a dozen eighty-dollar ranges to sundry farmers and renters (most of them black), while there is hardly a cabin so squalid that it has not a sixty or seventy-five dollar sewing-machine humming amid the beds and the children.

The coffee-pot and the frying-pan are sinners against the health of the people more inveterate and pernicious than the overflows or the damp air that are blamed for their ague. They cannot be charged at first hand with the other prevalent disease, pneumonia; but they aid and abet thin clothing and reckless exposure. A little prudence might save many lives, but prudence is not one of our virtues.

If he be not prudent, virtues of a different cast the Arkansas renter does possess. He has plenty of industry, although he may lack energy. He is brave, honest, hospitable as an Arab, and good-natured as an Irishman; and one feature of Arkansas character (for that matter, of Southern character) is

the absence of the hungry and merciless curiosity as to the affairs of others that one notices so often in Northern rural communities.

Said good Jeremy Taylor: "Every man hath in his own life sins enough, in his own mind trouble enough, and in the performance of his offices failings more than enough, to entertain his own inquiry; so that curiosity after the affairs of others cannot be without envy and an evil mind." Whatever our faults, we are not evil-minded. The white morality has, it must be admitted, a certain laxity as regards the family ties. Man and wife part easily, but they commonly observe the legal forms.

The Arkansas cracker has a shrewd sense of humor and plenty of imagination; both of which qualities are crystallized in his dialect, just as his mingled French and Spanish descent is visible in our common words. "Boydark" (bois d'arc), a hedge, "bateau," "pironne," "levee," "cache it," you may hear any day. A sort of rude poetry shows in such phrases as "mighty quick weather," meaning uncertain weather; "burn the wind," to run fast; "r'arin' and chargin'," a synonym for furious anger; "can't make a raffle" (ripple), a metaphor to express utter worthlessness; or "light out" for run away. The roads are "only muddy shoe mouth deep." Sometimes they are muddy enough "to mire a saddle blanket." The grim humor of primitive life peeps out of other phrases.

"You owed the devil a debt," says a strange old proverb, "and he paid you in sons-in-law!"

"Come to git a fire?" the hostess demands of a visitor making a brief stay, in hospitable sarcasm, alluding to old times when matches were rare, and a neighbor might run over to borrow a brand from the fireplace. To "bunch rags" is jocose for "to fight." "Got your name in the pot" means that you are expected to a meal. I am told

the same expression is current in those rural New England districts that the summer visitor has spared.

A pretty name for a child is the universal "little trick." Naughty children are "given the bud" or the "hickory;" sometimes they have the "hickory wrapped round" them.

"I ain't goin' to marry a wife won't work agin a cole collar," a man will say. He has in mind horses that will work only after they are warmed up by preliminary exercise.

A housewife says that her boiling water "ain't kicking yet," or *is* kicking, and certainly gives a very clear idea of a certain stage of ebullition. They shut up cattle "to gentle them."

What could express our good intentions better than the use of "aim" instead of "mean," or our too great intimacy with the thief of time than our everlasting "fixing," to do? "Has Coot harnessed the horses?" we ask. "No 'm, he 's fixin' to hitch 'em." Or Thomas the unready, engaged days ago to putter for us, is the party of the second part. "Mr. Peps, I thought you were coming to mend our pump." "Yes 'm, fixin' to do it right straight."

"The all overs" is a striking name for nervousness; and, somehow, "a fitted sheep" seems more to be pitied than a sheep "liable to fits." So "plumb" is a more forcible adjective than "quite," which has one meaning for the cultured, and an opposite intention for others.

"Triflin'" pictures a down-at-the-heel morality even better than the New England "shiftlessness." Besides, it is more versatile. Not only our minds and habits, but our health, our looks, our weather, may be "triflin'."

The dialect has in it the refraction of the life of the speakers; every figure borrowed from the forest and the brutes and the primitive arts tells the story. But a dialect is something more: it is the faithful custodian of the past.

You remember Sainte-Beuve's definition: "Je define un patois une ancienne langue qui a eu des malheurs." There is a curious kinship between the New England and the Southern dialects, plainly stamping their common origin. Take words like "fault" used as a verb, or "delft" for any sort of crockery, or "galluses" (suspenders), or "tucking comb," or "out" as a noun ("best out at preaching I ever heard"), or "unbeknown," or "no great" of anything: they are as common as on the shores of Cape Cod. Other old words survive here that have faded out of New England speech. "Ben" for "been" is the old English form, and so is the construction "I ben" for "I was;" you can find it on almost any page of Latimer's or Ridley's sermons. "I does plough, I did plough, I done ploughed," says an Arkansas dandy, but so said reverend divines and scholars when America was discovered. "Holp" is the old English form of "help." "Ax," says Bishop Latimer, for "ask." "Worse and worsen" Ben Jonson did not scruple to write. Old people here still say "persever" for "persevere." In all the old English writers one reads of "a great rich man;" and to this day it is a common expression. A "sparkle" for a "spark," we say, and, like our ancestors, we "put out a fire" when we kindle it. They said "a power," and "a heap," and "a great sort," and "a chance" of things, but I have not yet encountered our most common phrase of multitude, "a right smart." But they had the same use of "like," and said "seemeth like" when "as" would be used by a modern grammarian; while we use "skipped out" as seriously as Wyckliffe did when he wrote in his Bible, "Paul and Barnabas skipped out among the rabble."

To one element in the Arkansas rustic's composition I give a hearty respect, namely, his robust independence. He is no man's inferior, and every

black man's superior. For this very reason, because he is so secure in his self-respect, he has not an atom of the naturalized American's surly assertion; he does not "mutter in corners and grudge against the rich" any more than he truckles to them; and he never presumes a hair's breadth.

Our renters open their doors when we pass. Whatever the character of the occasion, be it wedding, or funeral, or neighborhood dance, one invariable formula is called to us: "Won't you all come by?" Yet their visits to us are a formal paying of their respects, as it were, once a year. The children come Saturdays to Constance's sewing-school and Mrs. Planter's Loyal Legion; the women attend the mothers' meetings, which we try to make amusing with a faint suggestion of helpfulness: but that is all. When the planter, who is greatly beloved, fell sick, some years ago, several of the neighboring farmers would ride miles through the mud, every day, to inquire about him. It is no lack of interest; it is their untaught delicacy of feeling. "I 'lowed you all was right busy, so I didn't come," says the Arkansas cracker; or, "I 'lowed you all had a right smart of folkses to the house, so I kep' away."

The pivot on which a cotton plantation turns is the cotton gin. The mill is a versatile and obliging provider of comforts. It saws up our logs into lumber, saws our firewood, sharpens our tools, grinds our corn, and gins our cotton. The same dusky hands help in all cases. We do have a different man to saw and to gin, but it would be considered sinful waste to use a fresh crew for each new kind of work. Ginning goes on like clockwork; but sawing is as thrilling as a circus, with the frequent hazards and the agility of the performers. Twice in two days of sawing, this week, have I seen a black athlete save his skin by his nimble legs. "There's a nigger just missed of being killed," said the leaper, with a grin.

The store is near the mill, on the river bank, with its gambrel roof shading the wide piazza, and conveniently covering the last convoy of groceries, or Shadrach Muzzle's new stove, which is rapidly acquiring the fashionable terracotta tint, "waiting on Shadrach." In the rear, facing the village, is another piazza, even more likely to hold a mob of booted and soft-hatted loungers. The store is the social centre. It has more occupations than the mill, even, being the grocery, the milliner's, the haberdasher's, the chemist's, the hardware store, the agricultural-implement depot, the gunsmith's, the meat market, and the jeweler's. It is also, on occasion, the temple of justice, and before the schoolhouse was built it was the church. It is the post office, of course. The post office is in the back part of the store, an unpretentious desk, the glass of the boxes decorated with announcements of the mail hours, stray notices, advertisements of any coming "concert" (which does not mean a musical entertainment, by any means; rather, reverting to the true definition of the word, it implies any amusement conducted in concert, usually the speaking of very moral little speeches, and the reading of very broadly humorous selections by the school-children), possibly intimations of church services and the sheriff's coming to collect taxes, and the proclamation of reward for the arrest of two murderers, with their respective portraits adorning the broadside. Our present two, it is pleasant to know, have "polished manners." Every morning except Sunday, the mail rider rides up to the store door and remarks that the roads are "just terrible." The head clerk, who is deputy postmaster, — the planter being the postmaster, — opens the mail, and reads the names of the owners of letters aloud. Next to the post office is the grocery, a little mixed, to be sure, with the crockery, and with a very choice assortment

of tinware and colored glass, among which a few bright blue owl jugs are conspicuous. Opposite is the dry goods department, and overhead dangles the millinery shop, in boxes and out. The pharmacy has the advantage of a window, and is near the stove. Just across the aisle is the large shoe case that represents the stationer's stand, the jeweler's, and the haberdasher's. At Christmas it is also the toy shop. Our jewelry is of the highest order of gilt plate and colored stones. On the left a door opens into another building, where great cypress blocks are the chief furniture of the meat market. Here the pigs and sheep and beeves are dealt out; here, too, are the saddles, the horse "gear," the guns, the furniture, and the stoves. The shed adjoining holds ploughs, cotton planters, and stalk cutters, and there is a smoke-house for the hams.

"Beneath that spreading oak the smithy stands," accommodating jack-at-all-trades, like the other buildings. A neat carpenter shop, a brickyard, the stables, the barns, the corn cribs, and the plantation boarding-house complete the list of public institutions on the river; but out in the fields, on the edge of the slash, stands the stanch little white schoolhouse, that is church and hall of entertainment as well, and has served the late Wheel and present Farmer's Alliance for a meeting-room. Here, one winter, a literary society gathered weekly, to discuss such exciting questions as, Which is of more value, a horse or a cow? or, Are political parties of more use or harm?

The school-teacher is paid fifty dollars a month, which represents as high a respect for learning here as three times the amount does in richer localities.

Every Sunday, the Sunday school meets in the schoolhouse; and after school Constance or Mrs. Planter holds a brief service and reads a sermon, a very short one.

Christmas time brings the festivity of the year. On Christmas Eve a huge fir will blaze, and spatter wax over the new platform, and be covered with gifts for old and young. The walls will be decked with holly and mistletoe and the flaming swamp berries; and all the country round will gather. To me this Christmas time has an infinite pathos. There, on the edge of the wilderness, sullenly hiding who knows what secrets of carnage and woe, stands the little schoolhouse, with its cheerful windows, a flicker of human comradeship in the darkness.

The audience come in families, — on horseback, on muleback, in rattling farm wagons, with patchwork quilts for robes and overcoats. Some of the clothes may be ragged, but they will all be clean; very likely the housewife has robbed her sleep the night before to wash and mend.

I used to wonder what became of the unsuccessful adventures in fashions of head gear or wraps, but now I understand. Every year one observes a number of startling experiments: frocks of an extraordinary cut and florid color; bonnets and hats that have made a bold claim on public favor, but missed the mark. They wear I know not what of an air of conscious failure, and one sees them forlornly flaunting themselves in shop windows, appealing to their last hope, the feminine weakness for bargains, by large black figures on small white cards, with "Marked down to —" above the figures. Then, not piecemeal, as would happen if a deluded public had fallen into the snare and carried them off, but suddenly, at a swoop, they disappear. Well, they have gone South! The planter meets them in St. Louis, — our contingent, that is, — and they are introduced to him as "an uncommonly cheap lot, in perfect condition." In nine cases out of ten the "uncommonly cheap lot" follows him home on a freight train.

Thus we observe a fashion of our

own. Last winter, all the women and children, black and white, blossomed out like a tulip bed with bright-hued toboggan caps, which they wore, defying age, looks, or weather, late into the spring. Half the petticoats of the plantation, another year, appeared in a "job lot" of striped cotton that had failed to impress the Northern fancy.

Christmas Eve, all our good clothes will come to the fore.

You, gentle reader, who have never really touched elbows with the poor, will smile over our grotesque finery. By the stove sits a man who, lacking a warm coat, has supplied its place with a quilt of many colors. But he is easy in his mind; does he not wear a shining new pair of rubber boots, and has not his wife new brass "breastpin and ear-bobs"? And if our shoes are ragged, you will see very few ragged gowns; and there are many men in the splendor of white linen as stiff as flour starch can make it.

The children are so happy over their toys that it gives the beholder a softened pang. Watching them; knowing their narrow lives; picturing the cabin left behind in the lonely clearing, where the wind whistles through the broken windows, and, outside, the lean kine are vainly nibbling at the cotton stalks, I feel the weight of the immemorial tragedy on my holiday mood.

Not they: one boy is winding a Waterbury watch, and his whole being is flooded with content; another is quite as happy over a pair of rubber boots; and little Johnnie Kargiss would not exchange that clumsy pocket knife for anything on the tree.

Besides the Christmas tree, other festivities have had the schoolhouse to thank. Here, on the teacher's platform, was once erected an imposing red-paper fireplace, wherein burned a lantern behind red tinsel, giving a life-like semblance of flame; and Box and Cox toasted their muffins and wrangled over their room, to the uproarious glee

of a large audience. Mrs. Jarley's Waxworks were wound up on the same platform. The Land of Nod was given by the school-children, and excited universal admiration. The question of costumes was solved in the briefest manner, by making them ourselves. We even manufactured shoes and armor; the latter out of pasteboard and tinfoil filched from tobacco packages at the store. We were somewhat appalled, however, at the discovery that eight little sleepy-heads, who should appear in the comely simplicity of nightgowns, must have costumes provided. The nightgown, it appeared, was an infrequent luxury. Fortunately, one little girl had several; so we managed, by borrowing, to fit out the crowd, — all but one little lad, and him we draped with a voluminous cheesecloth garment that had been made for an angel in a tableau. It was so long that he stumbled on it as he walked, and, being constructed solely with an eye to the view from the front, it opened behind, and had a trick of inflating and parting, giving his new blue jeans and red flannel shirt the appearance of being wafted along in a kind of broken balloon.

The planter on a plantation is expected to direct all undertakings of pleasure or profit. In most cases, he is postmaster, justice of the peace, free doctor, and matrimonial adviser for the neighborhood.

Such a scene as this is common: Scene, the store. Dramatis personæ, the planter and Jeff Laughlin, whose wife has been dead full two months.

Laughlin. "Well, no, sir, I ain't come for tradin' to-day; I aimed to ask you' advice."

Polite but inarticulate murmur from planter, who goes on posting up his ledger.

Laughlin (whistling abstractedly on the rim of the desk). "Well, you see, my mother-in-law, she's a mighty nice old lady, and she gits a pension of

eight dollars a month, and spends ever' cent on it fur the children; but, fact is, she's so old and so nigh-sighted she jest natchelly *cayn't* keep things up; and it's too hard for her, and it's jest breaking her down. And I jest 'lowed I'd ask you' advice."

Planter. "Well, Laughlin, I don't see anything for it but for you to marry again!"

Laughlin (brightening considerably). "Well, I don't see anything else I kin do. I hate to terribly; but looks like I jest natchelly ben obleeged to."

Planter. "Had you anybody in your mind, Laughlin?"

Laughlin. "I reckon Phonetta Rose would n't have me?"

Planter (with truthful frankness). "No, I don't reckon she would."

Laughlin. "I 'lowed she'd think I'd got too many children."

Planter. "Yes, I dare say."

Laughlin. "They're mighty nice, still children, and make a strong force for the cotton field."

Planter. "They seem nice children."

Laughlin (very agitated). "I—I—say, Mist' Planter, don't you guess you could write a letter to Miss Phonetta, and ask her for me?"

Planter. "Well, no, Mr. Laughlin. I don't think she would take kindly to having any other man do her sweet-heart's courting. You speak up for yourself!"

Laughlin (despondently). "Yes, sir, I'll turn it over in my mind; but you see I'd hate terrible for to have her say no to me right to my face, and twudn't be nigh so bad in a letter. And I ain't much in the habit of writin' letters myself" (which was strictly true, Laughlin being barely able to sign his name and "read writin'"), "so I did n't know but you," etc.

Unlucky Laughlin! he has reached the boundary line of the planter's amiability. "I won't write love letters and I won't pull teeth!" declares the planter; and Laughlin goes his way to

propose to Phonetta in form, on their way home from "playing games" at a neighbor's, to be rejected, and to feel ever afterward that if "Mist' Planter'd named it to her, instead, she'd of talked different."

But we foresee that he will be consoled. In this country, widowers spend no long time in mourning. Six months are all that the most decorous would ask; most widowers wait three months, two months, or only one. This haste does not imply hardness of heart so much as a hard life. What, indeed, shall a man do who has three or four little children, a big field waiting his hand outside, and no woman to guide things?

The early marriages that are a most prolific source of poverty and unhappiness have a kindred excuse. "Well," a young fellow says, "reckon I'll git married and make a crap!" His wife works in the field with him. If he have children, they can help. Boys of seventeen, girls of sixteen, are married here continually.

The women have a hard life, working in the fields and in the house; they age early, and die when, under happier chances, they would be in their prime. Thus it happens that so many men have three, or four, or five wives "without," as one honest fellow said, "never fighting with none of 'em." "I kep' 'em all decent, an' I buried 'em all in a store coffin," said he. An old planter, alluding to an unhealthy region, said, "Why, right down there I buried two or three wives, and four children, and a heap of niggers!"

They are very fond of their children and kind to them; unwisely kind, perhaps, as we Americans are inclined to be. To all the other hardships of a woman's life here is added her mourning for her little children; for the careless life bears hard on them, especially in overflow seasons. Sometimes we are reminded of this in a homely yet affecting way, as yesterday, when in

buying some chickens and asking for more, the little merchant said: "They ain't no more, only but one old rooster; and we don't aim to sell him, 'cause my little brother that died, he always claimed him, and maw sayed she never *would* sell him!"

A queer expression (which is nevertheless a common one here), used by a poor mother whose little girl was burned to death, sticks in my memory: "It ben ten years, now, but I ain't got *satisfied* with it yit."

And a poor man, who clung desperately to a wretched mortgaged little farm in the swamp, excused himself for unwisdom that even he could see by the plea that his two dead children were buried there, and "My woman, she hated terribly to have them die, and she cayn't git satisfied to leave 'em, nohow!"

"What a life!" our Northern friends say. Yet it is a life with huge ameliorations. In this country, every one has the climate, to begin with. There are only two months in the year when we can be said to have cold weather; and even through those months are scattered lovely days of truce, filled with sunshine. Neither need we pay for our mild winters with hot summers. There are but two months that are really uncomfortably warm for more than a few days at a time. These are August and September. They tell us that the nights are cool then; but I receive this statement with a degree of apathy, because I never was in any climate so torrid that I did not hear it, or that two blankets did not make a handsome figure in the story. We sleep under two blankets, like the dwellers in St. Augustine, Nice, Algiers, and I dare say all the citizens of the equator that respect themselves.

But what a garden does this sombre plain show before spring is well over the threshold! The forest has not only the splendor of its innumerable vines and shrubs to deck it; there is all the

sumptuous tinting of the trees; not only dogwood, redbud, buckeye, and bramble, but the brilliant sassafras-yellow, gorgeous tassels swinging above the cottonwood limbs, the rich velvet of oak and hickory, a golden flicker on the silver of the sycamores, fairy flames amid the swamp maples, and everywhere the delicate, fernlike cypress greenery.

When summer comes, our forest cloisters have a shade as dense and rich as the Black Forest. The poor man in this country, whatever he lacks, has air and space and beauty. He has, too, a rude plenty for his material wants. And is it not to be counted that one shall have the key to the fields; the right to live close to the grass, to miss the cankerfret of envy, the suffocation of merciless crowds, the sick despair of failure, and the untiring goad of fear?

Yes, we may weave our complacent plans to "elevate" this people; but I question, Do they need our pity? They are what Montaigne dubbed himself, "unpremeditated and accidental philosophers."

Neither need our kind friends of civilization pity our plight on "that forlorn plantation." We are amazingly comfortable, thank you. For one thing, — but there are many things! — to win the best out of life, one must live at least part of the time in the country, I mean the real country; not the country of Watteau and fêtes, where nature is but a splendid canvas on which to paint fine toilets and field sports.

A plantation has all the simple charm of a farm without its loneliness. Here there is always a small ripple of human interest to watch, — like that picture from my window at this moment, for instance: a stalwart black fellow breaking a colt. To wake in the morning to the country sounds, a cock crowing lustily, a mocking-bird singing, the ring of an axe, the whistle of the little black boy driving the cows to pasture, the swash of the river waves,

the soft stir of the wind in the cypress brake; at night, to watch the sunset burn out in the west, or the horsemen riding home with their bags of meal flung over their saddle-bow, or the herds winding along the woodland road, listening, at the same time, to the lowing of the cows and the bleat of the lambs, and now and again to a distant yodel or the boat song of Peps steering up a raft of logs, — here are simple pleasures, but they leave no sting.

Another thing that we enjoy is that we may be friends with the poor.

Perhaps it will be said that we may — and should — be friends with the poor everywhere. I will wager a basket of Arkansas roses against a handful of chips that the objector has not a single friend among the real poor. Do you call that woman with the six small children, who comes each morning for your skimmed milk, your friend; or the beneficiaries of your different most worthy societies, whom you barely know apart? If you do, you deceive yourself, and the truth is not in you. Your friend is himself, by his own name and person, interesting to you; the skimmed-milk woman is only a poor creature to you, that you help because you are benevolent, and from whom you expect vast gratitude or little, according to your temperament, O you unconscious inspirer of anarchists!

But to know the poor as individuals, not as "the poor," to be made free of their sorrows, to see their pitious little pleasures, to be friends, — that is different, that is to feel the eternal kinship. Bring your gift to a poor renter's wedding, or go for a few minutes to his merry-making, — spring, when windows and doors are open, is the preferable time; talk with him over your woodpile that he comes to chop, until you know all about the oldest girl, who "kin jest take up a book and read right spang off, — don't have to stop to spell nary," — and the baby, "the smartest little trick you ever *did*

see;" sit all night in the draughts of his cabin watching a dying child (nothing like such an experience to fetch the necessity for comfortable houses for your tenants home to your conscience!); and when the importunity of death to spare has failed, learn how alike are all mothers' hearts in their desolation, — and you will comprehend the difference. Such an intercourse brings a feeling that is nearer and more human than could come of years of perfunctory interest as a "kind lady."

To these people we are only their good neighbors; more generous — not more kind — than other neighbors, simply because we have more to give. They are attached to us as "mighty nice, pleasant, 'bliging folks." They feel no wound to their pride in accepting favors that they would return were it in their power; indeed, do return in other shapes. Surely, in this day and generation, when Samson strains at the pillars of the temple, it is a thing worth counting, this wholesome and gentle relation.

For myself, I count it a further mercy that we live among a people so honest, kindly, and unhasty. It is a rest to be out of the nineteenth century for a while, with people who will not hurry for money, who believe in Jonah and the whale (all the more stanchly that they have but the dimmest notion what a whale is), and consider theft worse than murder.

Soon it will all be changed. Already the shadow creeps over the dial.

Just as the ugly, comfortable new houses are replacing the picturesque old cabins, as the "heater" stove is crowding out the fireplace, so the new ways will push the old aside. The school-children do not talk dialect; only the old people are willing to plant corn by hand.

Some day a railway station will be the magnet for the loungers instead of the store, or — oh, heavy thought! — there will be no more loungers. We

shall all be civilized into stirring Philistines, with no time to waste in friendly gossip; farms will be tilled by tenants who expect to make money as well as a livelihood, and could not shoot a wild turkey to save their lives; the saw will buzz away our grand old forests that have sheltered the mound-builders; we shall become a syndicate, or a corporation, or a trust; and the country will be so well drained that it cannot even summon an old-time chill over its changed conditions.

Yes, the new civilization will come. I am enough a child of my age to feel that it is best it should come, but I am glad to be here before it comes. I hope that it may not come too fast!

"Touch us gently, Time!

We've not proud nor soaring wings;

Our ambition, our content,

Lies in simple things.

Humble voyagers are we

O'er Life's dim, unbounded sea,

Seeking only some calm clime;—

Touch us gently, gentle Time!"

Octave Thanet.

THE MALE RUBY-THROAT.

"Your fathers, where are they?" — ZECHARIAH i. 5.

WHILE keeping daily watch upon a nest of our common humming-bird, in the summer of 1890,¹ I was struck with the persistent absence of the head of the family. As week after week elapsed, this feature of the case excited more and more remark, and I turned to my out-of-door journal for such meagre notes as it contained of a similar nest found five years before. From these it appeared that at that time, also, the father bird was missing. Could such truancy be habitual with the male ruby-throat? I had never supposed that any of our land birds were given to behaving in this ill-mannered, unnatural way, and the matter seemed to call for investigation.

My first resort was, of course, to books. The language of Wilson and Audubon is somewhat ambiguous, but may fairly be taken as implying the male bird's presence throughout the period of nidification. Nuttall speaks explicitly to the same effect, though with no specification of the grounds on which his statement is based. The later systematic biographers — Brewer,

Samuels, Minot, and the authors of *New England Bird Life* — are silent in respect to the point. Mr. Burroughs, in *Wake-Robin*, mentions having found two nests, and gives us to understand that he saw only the female birds. Mrs. Treat, on the other hand, makes the father a conspicuous figure about the single nest concerning which she reports. Mr. James Russell Lowell, too, speaks of watching both parents as they fed the young ones: "The mother always alighted, while the father as uniformly remained upon the wing."

So far, then, the evidence was decidedly, not to say decisively, in the masculine ruby-throat's favor. But while I had no desire to make out a case against him, and in fact was beginning to feel half ashamed of my uncomplimentary surmises, I was still greatly impressed with what my own eyes had seen, or rather had not seen, and thought it worth while to push the inquiry a little further.

I wrote first to Mr. E. S. Hoar, in whose garden Mr. Brewster had made the observations cited in my previous article. He replied with great kindness, and upon the point in question

¹ See *Atlantic Monthly* for June, 1891.

said: "I watched the nest two or three times a day, from a time before the young were hatched till they departed; and *now you mention it*, it occurs to me that I never did see the male, but only the white-breasted female."

Next I sought the testimony of professional ornithologists; and here my worst suspicions seemed in a fair way to be confirmed, although the greater number of my correspondents were unhappily compelled to plead a want of knowledge. Dr. A. K. Fisher had found, as he believed, not less than twenty-five nests, and to the best of his recollection had never seen a male bird near one of them after it was completed. He had watched the female feeding her young, and, when the nests contained eggs, had waited for hours on purpose to secure the male, but always without result.

Mr. William Brewster wrote: "I have found, or seen *in situ*, twelve hummers' nests, all in Massachusetts. Of these I took nine, after watching each a short time, probably not more than an hour or two in any case. Of the remaining three, I visited one three or four times at various hours of the day, another only twice, the third but once. Two of the three contained young when found. The third was supposed to have young, also, but could not be examined without danger to its contents. I have never seen a male hummer anywhere near a nest, either before or after the eggs were laid, but, as you will gather from the above brief data, my experience has not been extensive; and in the old days, when most of my nests were found, the methods of close watching now in vogue were unthought of. In the light of the testimony to which you refer, I should conclude, with you, that the male hummer must occasionally assist in the care of the young, but I am very sure that this is not usually, if indeed often, the case."

Mr. H. W. Henshaw reported a

similar experience. He had found four nests of the ruby-throat, but had seen no male about any of them after nidification was begun. "I confess," he says, "that I had never thought of his absence as being other than accidental, and hence have never made any observations directly upon the point; so that my testimony is of comparatively little value. In at least one instance, when the female was building her nest, I remember to have seen the male fly with her and perch near by, while she was shaping the nest, and then fly off with her after more material. I don't like to believe that the little villain leaves the entire task of nidification to his better half (we may well call her better, if he does); but my memory is a blank so far as testimony affirmative of his devotion is concerned." Mr. Henshaw recalls an experience with a nest of the Rivoli humming-bird (*Eugenes fulgens*), in Arizona, — a nest which he spent two hours in getting. "I was particularly anxious to secure the male, but did not obtain a glimpse of him, and I remember thinking that it was very strange." He adds that Mr. C. W. Richmond has told him of finding a nest and taking the eggs without seeing the father bird, and sums up his own view of the matter thus:—

"Had any one asked me offhand, 'Does the male hummer help the female feed the young?' I am quite sure I should have answered, 'Of course he does.' As the case now stands, however, I am inclined to believe him a depraved wretch."

Up to this point the testimony of my correspondents had been unanimous, but the unanimity was broken by Dr. C. Hart Merriam, who remembers that on one occasion his attention was called to a nest (it proved to contain a set of fresh eggs) by the flying of both its owners about his head; and by Mr. W. A. Jeffries, who in one case saw the father bird in the vicinity of a

nest occupied by young ones, although he did not see him feed or visit them. This nest, Mr. Jeffries says, was one of five which he has found. In the four other instances no male birds were observed, notwithstanding three of the nests were taken,—a tragedy which might be expected to bring the father of the family upon the scene, if he were anywhere within call.

In view of the foregoing evidence, it appears to me reasonably certain that the male ruby-throat, as a rule, takes no considerable part in the care of eggs and young. The testimony covers not less than fifty nests. Some of them were watched assiduously, nearly all were examined, and the greater part were actually taken; yet of the fifty or more male proprietors, only two were seen; and concerning these exceptions, it is to be noticed that in one case the eggs were just laid, and in the other, while the hungry nestlings must have kept the mother bird extremely busy, her mate was not observed to do anything in the way of lightening her labors.

As against this preponderance of negative testimony, and in corroboration of Mr. Lowell's and Mrs. Treat's circumstantial narratives, there remain to be mentioned the fact communicated to me by Mr. Hoar, that a townsman of his had at different times had two hummers' nests in his grounds, the male owners of which were constant in their attentions, and the following very interesting and surprising story received from Mr. C. C. Darwin, of Washington, through the kindness of Mr. Henshaw. Some years ago, as it appears, a pair of ruby-throats built a nest within a few feet of Mr. Darwin's window and a little below it, so that they could be watched without fear of disturbing them. He remembers perfectly that the male fed the female during the entire period of incubation, "pumping the food down her throat." All this time, so far as

could be discovered, the mother did not once leave the nest (in wonderful contrast with my bird of a year ago), and of course the father was never seen to take her place. Mr. Darwin cannot say that the male ever fed the young ones, but is positive that he was frequently about the nest after they were hatched. While they were still too young to fly, a gardener, in pruning the tree, sawed off the limb on which the nest was built. Mr. Darwin's mother rescued the little ones and fed them with sweetened water, and on her son's return at night the branch was fixed in place again, as best it could be, by means of wires. Meanwhile the old birds had disappeared, having given up their children for lost; and it was not until the third day that they came back,—by chance, perhaps, or out of affection for the spot. At once they resumed the care of their offspring, who by this time, it is safe to say, had become more or less surfeited with sugar and water, and gladly returned to a diet of spiders and other such spicy and hearty comestibles.

Mr. Henshaw, with an evident satisfaction which does him honor, remarks upon the foregoing story as proving that, whatever may be true of male hummers in general, there are at least some faithful Benedicts among them. For myself, indeed, as I have already said, I hold no brief against the ruby-throat, and, notwithstanding the seemingly unfavorable result of my investigation into his habits as a husband and father, it is by no means clear to me that we must call him hard names. Before doing that, we ought to know not only that he stays away from his wife and children, but *why* he stays away; whether he is really a shirk, or absents himself unselfishly and for their better protection, at the risk of being misunderstood and traduced. My object in this paper is to raise that question about him, rather than to blacken his character; in a word, to call atten-

tion to him, not as a reprobate, but as a mystery. To that end I return to the story of my own observations.

In last month's article I set forth somewhat in detail (if the adverb seem inappropriate, as I fear it will, I can only commend it to the reader's mercy) the closeness of our watch upon the nest there described. For more than a month it was under the eye of one or other of two men almost from morning to night. We did not once detect the presence of the father, and yet I shall never feel absolutely sure that he did not one day pay us a visit. I mention the circumstance for what it may be worth, and because, whatever its import, it was at least a lively spectacle. It occurred upon this wise: On the 19th of July, the day when the first of the young birds bade good-by to its cradle, I had gone into the house, leaving my fellow-observer in the orchard, with a charge to call me if anything noteworthy should happen. I was hardly seated before he whistled loudly, and I hastened out again. Another hummer had been there, he said, and the mother had been chasing him (or her) about in a frantic manner; and even while we were talking, the scene was reenacted. The stranger had returned, and the two birds were shooting hither and thither through the trees, the widow squeaking and spreading her tail at a prodigious rate. The new-comer did not alight (it could n't), and there was no determining its sex. It may have been the recreant husband and father, unable longer to deny himself a look at his bairns, — who knows? Or it may have been some bachelor or widower who had come a-wooing. One thing is certain, — husband, lover, or inquisitive stranger, he had no encouragement to come again.

As if to heighten the dramatic interest of our studies (I come now to the promised mystery), we had already had the singular good fortune to find a

male humming-bird who seemed to be stationed permanently in a tall ash-tree, standing by itself in a recent clearing, at a distance of a mile or more from our widow's orchard. Day after day, for at least a fortnight (from the 2d to the 15th of July), he remained there. One or both of us went almost daily to call upon him, and, as far as we could make out, he seldom absented himself from his post for five minutes together! What was he doing? At first, in spite of his sex, it was hard not to believe that his nest was in the tree; and to satisfy himself, my companion "shinned" it, schoolboy fashion, — a frightful piece of work, which put me out of breath even to look at it, — while I surveyed the branches from all sides through an opera-glass. All was without avail. Nothing was to be seen, and it was as good as certain, the branches being well separated and easily overlooked, that there was nothing there.

Four days later I set out alone, to try my luck with the riddle. As I entered the clearing, the hummer was seen at his post, and my suspicions fastened upon a small wild apple-tree, perhaps twenty rods distant. I went to examine it, and presently the bird followed me. He perched in its top, but seemed not to be jealous of my proximity, and soon returned to his customary position; but when I came back to the apple-tree, after a visit to a clump of oaks at the top of the hill, he again came over. I could find no sign of a nest, however, nor did the female show herself, as she pretty confidently might have been expected to do had her nest been near by. After this I went to the edge of the wood, where I could keep an eye upon both trees without being myself conspicuous. The sentinel spent most of his time in the ash, visiting the apple-tree but once, and then for a few minutes only. I stayed an hour and a half, and came away no wiser than before. The nest,

if nest there was, must be elsewhere, I believed. But where? And what was the object of the male's watch?

My curiosity was fully roused. I had never seen or heard of such conduct on the part of any bird, and the next forenoon I spent another hour and a half in the clearing. The hummer was at his post, as he always was. We had never to wait for him. Soon after my arrival he flew to the apple-tree, the action seeming to have no connection with my presence. Presently he went back to the ash, and drove out of it two intruding birds. A moment later two humming-birds were there, and in another moment they flew away in a direction opposite to the apple-tree. Here, then, was a real clue. The birds were probably our sentinel and his mate. I made after them with all speed, pausing under such scattered trees as had been left standing in that quarter. Nothing was to be found, and on my return there sat the male, provokingly, at the top of the apple-tree, whence he soon returned to the ash. A warbler entered the tree, and after a while ventured upon the branch where the hummer was sitting. Instead of driving her away he took wing himself, and paid another visit to the apple-tree, — a visit of perhaps five minutes, — at the end of which he went back to the ash. Then two kingbirds happened to alight in the apple-tree. At once the hummer came dashing over and ordered them off, and in his excitement dropped for a moment into the leafy top of a birch sapling, — a most unnatural proceeding, — after which he resumed his station in the ash. What could I make of all this? Apparently he claimed the ownership of both trees, and yet his nest was in neither! He sat motionless for five minutes at a time upon certain dead twigs of the ash, precisely as our female was accustomed to sit in her apple-tree. For at least seven days he had been thus occupied. Where was

his mate? On the edge of the wood, perhaps. But, if so, why did I hear nothing from her, as I passed up and down? Again my hour and a half had been spent to no purpose.

Not yet discouraged, I returned the next morning. For the three quarters of an hour that I remained, the hummer was not once out of the ash-tree for five minutes. I am not sure that he left it for five minutes altogether. As usual, he perched almost without exception on one or other of two dead limbs, while a similar branch, on the opposite side of the trunk, he was never seen to touch. A Maryland yellow-throat alighted on one of his two branches and began to sing, but had repeated his strain only three or four times before the hummer, who had been absent for the moment, darted upon him and put him to flight. A little afterward, a red-eyed vireo alighted on his other favorite perch, and he showed no resentment. As I have said, a warbler had sat on the same branch which the yellow-throat now invaded, and the hummer not only did not offer to molest him, but flew away himself. These inconsistencies made it hard to draw any inference from his behavior. During my whole stay he did not once go to the apple-tree, although, for want of anything better to do, I again scrutinized its branches. This time I *was* discouraged, and gave over the search. His secret, whatever it might be, was "too dear for my possessing." But my fellow-observer kept up his visits, as I have said, and the hummer remained faithful to his task as late as July 15, at least.

Some reader may be prompted to ask, as one of my correspondents asked at the time, whether the mysterious sentry may not have been the mate of our home bird. I see no ground for such a suspicion. The two places were at least a mile apart, as I have already mentioned, and woods and hills, to say

nothing of the village, lay between. If he was our bird's mate, his choice of a picket station was indeed an enigma. He might almost as well have been on Mount Washington. Nor can I believe that he had any connection with a nest which I found two months afterward in a pitch-pine grove within a quarter of a mile, more or less, of his clearing. It was undoubtedly a nest of that season, and might have been his for aught I know, so far as the mere fact of distance was concerned; but here again an intervening wood must have cut off all visual communication. If his mate and nest were not within view from his ash-tree perch, what could be the meaning of his conduct? Without some specific constraining motive, no bird in his normal condition was likely to stay in one tree hour after hour, day after day, and week after week, so that one could never come in sight of it without see-

ing him. But even if his nest was in the immediate neighborhood, the closeness and persistency of his lookout are still, to my mind, an absolute mystery. Our female bird, whether she had eggs or offspring, made nothing of absenting herself by the half hour; but this male hardly gave himself time to eat his necessary food; indeed, I often wondered how he kept himself alive. Is such a course of action habitual with male hummers? If so, had our seemingly widowed or deserted mother a husband, who somewhere, unseen by us, was standing sentry after the same heroic, self-denying fashion? These and all similar questions I must leave to more fortunate observers, or postpone to a future summer. Meantime, my judgment as to the male ruby-throat's character remains in suspense. It is not plain to me whether we are to call him the worst or the best of husbands.

Bradford Torrey.

"WHEN WITH THY LIFE THOU DIDST ENCOMPASS MINE."

WHEN with thy life thou didst encompass mine,
 And I beheld, as from an infinite height,
 Thy love stretch pure and beautiful as light,
 Through utmost joy I hardly could divine
 Whether my love of thee it was, or thine,
 Which so my heart astonished with its might.
 But now at length familiar with the sight,
 So I can bear to look where planets shine,
 Ever more deep the wonder grows to be
 That thou shouldst love me; while my love of thee
 Does of my being seem a second part;
 Still often now as from a dream I start,
 To think that thou, even thou,—thou lovest me,
 I being what I am, thou what thou art.

Philip Bourke Marston.

THE HOUSE OF MARTHA.

XXXVII.

THE PERFORMANCE OF MY UNDER-STUDY.

ON the next day, when Walkirk came back, I received him coolly. To be sure, the time of his return was now of slight importance, but my manner showed him that on general principles I blamed his delay.

I did not care to hear his explanations, but proceeded at once to state the misfortunes which had befallen me. I told him in detail all that had happened since I left the floating grocery. I did not feel that it was at all necessary to do this, but there was a certain pleasure in talking of my mishaps and sorrows; I was so dreadfully tired of thinking of them.

As I told Walkirk of my interview with Mother Anastasia on the Maple Ridge Road, he laughed aloud. He instantly checked himself and begged my pardon, but assured me that never had he heard of a man doing anything so entirely out of the common as to make an appointment with a Mother Superior to meet him under a tree. At first I resented his laugh, but I could not help seeing for myself that the situation, as he presented it, was certainly an odd one, and that a man with his mind free to ordinary emotions might be excused for being amused at it.

When I had finished, and had related how Mother Anastasia had proved to me that all possible connection between myself and Sylvia Raynor was now at an end, Walkirk was not nearly so much depressed as I thought he ought to be. In fact, he endeavored to cheer me, and did not agree with Mother Anastasia that there was no hope. At this I lost patience.

"Confound it!" I cried, "what you say is not only preposterous, but unfeeling. I hate this eternal making the best of things, when there is no best. With me everything is at its worst, and it is cruel to try to make it appear otherwise."

"I am sorry to annoy you," he said, "but I must insist that to me the situation does not appear to be without some encouraging features. Let me tell you what has happened to me since we parted."

I resumed the seat from which I had risen to stride up and down the room, and Walkirk began his narrative.

"I do not know, sir," he said, "that I ever have been so surprised as when I went on deck of the grocery boat, a short time before breakfast, and found that you were not on board. Captain Jabe and his man were equally astonished, and I should have feared that you had fallen overboard, if a man, who had come on the boat at a little pier where we had stopped very early in the morning, had not assured us that he had seen you go ashore at that place, but had not thought it worth while to mention so commonplace an occurrence. I wished to put back to the pier, but it was then far behind us, and Captain Jabe positively refused to do so. Both wind and tide would be against us, he said; and if you chose to go ashore without saying anything to anybody, that was your affair, and not his. I thought it possible you might have become tired with the slow progress of his vessel, and had left it, to hire a horse, to get to Sanpritchit before we did."

"When we reached Sanpritchit and you were not there, I was utterly unable to understand the situation; but Mrs. Raynor's yacht was there, just on the point of sailing, and I considered

it my duty, as your representative, to hasten on board, and to apprise the lady that you were on your way to see her. Of course she wanted to know why you were coming, and all that; and as you were not there to do it yourself, I told her the nature of your errand, and impressed upon her the importance of delaying her departure until she had seen you and had heard what you had to say. She did not agree with me that the interview would be of importance to any one concerned, but she consented to wait for a time and see you. If you arrived, she agreed to meet you on shore; for she would not consent to your coming on board the yacht, where her daughter was. I went ashore, and waited there with great impatience until early in the afternoon, when a boy arrived, who said he had started to bring you to Sanpritchit, but that you had changed your mind, and he had conveyed you to a railroad station, where you had taken a western-bound train.

"I went to the yacht to report. I think Mrs. Raynor was relieved at your non-arrival; and as she knew I wished to join you as soon as possible, she invited me to sail with them to a little town on the coast, — I forget its name, — from which I could reach the railroad much quicker than from Sanpritchit."

"She did not object, then," said I, "to your being on the yacht with her daughter?"

"Oh, no," he answered, "for she found that Miss Raynor did not know me, or at least recognize me, and had no idea that I was in any way connected with you. Of course I accepted Mrs. Raynor's offer; but I did not save any time by it, for the wind fell off toward evening, and for hours there was no wind at all, and it was late the next afternoon when we reached the point where I went ashore."

"Did you see anything of Miss Raynor in all that time?" I inquired.

"Yes," he replied; "she was on deck a great deal, and I had several conversations with her."

"With her alone?" I asked.

"Yes," said he. "Mrs. Raynor is a great reader and fond of naps, and I think that the young lady was rather tired of the companionship of her uncle and the other gentleman, who were very much given to smoking, and was glad of the novelty of a new acquaintance. On my part, I felt it my duty to talk to her as much as possible, that I might faithfully report to you all that she said, and thus give you an idea of the state of her mind."

"Humph!" I exclaimed; "but what did she say?"

"Of course," continued Walkirk, "a great deal of our conversation was desultory and of no importance, but I endeavored, as circumspectly as I could, so to turn the conversation that she might say something which it would be worth while to report to you."

"Now, Walkirk," said I, "if I had known you were doing a thing of that sort, I should not have approved of it. But did she say anything that in any way referred to me?"

"Yes, she did," he answered, "and this is the way it came about. Something — I think it was the heat of the windless day — caused her to refer to the oppressive costume of the sisters of the House of Martha, and she then remarked that she supposed I knew she was one of that sisterhood. I replied that I had been so informed, and then betrayed as much natural interest in regard to the vocations and purposes of the organization as I thought would be prudent. I should have liked to bring up every possible argument against the folly of a young lady of her position and prospects extinguishing the very light of her existence in that hard, cold, soul-chilling house which I knew so well, but the circumstances did not warrant that. I was obliged to content myself with very simple questions.

"How do the sisters employ themselves?" I inquired.

"In all sorts of ways," she said. "Some nurse or teach, and others work for wages, like ordinary people, except that they do not have anything to do with the money they earn, which is paid directly to the House."

"I think," I then remarked, "that there are a good many employments which would give the sisters very pleasant occupation, such as decorative art or clerical work."

"At this her face brightened. "Clerical work is very nice. I tried that once, myself."

"Was it book-keeping?" I asked.

"Oh, no," she answered; "I should n't have liked that. It was writing from dictation. I worked regularly, so many hours every morning. It was a book which was dictated to me, — sketches of travel; that is, it was partly travel and partly fiction. It was very interesting."

"I should think it would be so," I answered. "To ladies of education and literary taste, I should say such employment would be highly congenial. Do you intend to devote yourself principally to that sort of thing?"

"Oh, no," said she, "not at all. I like the work very much, but, for various reasons, I shall not do any more of it."

"I endeavored mildly to remonstrate against such a decision, but she shook her head. 'I was not a full sister at the time,' she said, 'and this was an experiment. I shall do no more of it.'"

"Her manner was very decided, but I did not drop the subject. 'If you do not fancy writing from dictation,' I said, 'why don't you try typewriting? I should think that would be very interesting, and it could be done in your own room. The work would not require you to go out at all, if you object to that.' Now this was a slip, because she had not told me that she had gone out, but she did not notice it.

"A sister does not have a room of her own," she answered, "and I do not understand typewriting;" and with that she left me, and went below, looking very meditative.

"But my remark had had an effect. I think it was not half an hour afterward when she came to me.

"I have been thinking about your suggestion of typewriting," she said. "Is it difficult to learn? Do you understand it? What use could I make of a machine in the House of Martha?"

"I told her that I understood the art, and gave her all the information I could in regard to it, taking care to make the vocation as attractive as my conscience would allow. As to the use she could make of it, I said that at present there was a constant demand for typewritten copies of all sorts of writings, — legal, literary, scientific, everything."

"And people would send me things," she asked, "and I would copy them on the typewriter, and send them back, and that would be all?"

"You have put it exactly," I said. "If you do not choose, you need have no communication whatever with persons ordering the work."

"And do you know of any one who would want such work done?"

"Yes," I said; "I know people who would be very glad to send papers to be copied. I could procure you some work which would be in no hurry, and that would be an advantage to you in the beginning."

"Indeed it would," she said; and then her mother joined us, and the subject of typewriting was dropped. The only time that it was referred to again was at the very end of my trip, when Miss Raynor came to me, just as I was preparing to leave the yacht, and told me that she had made up her mind to get a typewriter and to learn to use it; and she asked me, if I were still willing to assist her in securing work, to send my address to the Mother Superior of

the House of Martha, which of course I assured her I would do."

"Why in the name of common sense," I cried, turning suddenly around in my chair and facing Walkirk, "did you put into Miss Raynor's head all that stuff about typewriting? Did you do it simply because you liked to talk to her?"

"By no means," he replied. "I did it solely on your account and for your benefit. If she learns to copy manuscripts on the typewriter, why should she not copy your manuscripts? Not immediately, perhaps, but in the natural course of business. If she should make me her agent, which I have no doubt she would be willing to do, I could easily manage all that. In this way you could establish regular communications with her. There would be no end to your opportunities, and I am sure you would know how to use them with such discretion and tact that they would be very effective."

I folded my arms, and looked at him. "Walkirk," said I, "you are positively, completely, and hopelessly off the track. Mother Anastasia has shown me exactly how I stand with Sylvia Raynor. She has vowed herself to that sisterhood because she thinks it is wrong to love me. She has made her decision, and has taken all the wretched steps which have rendered that decision final, and now I do not intend to try to make her do what she religiously believes is wrong."

"That is not my idea," answered Walkirk. "What I wish is that she shall get herself into such a state of mind that she shall think the sisterhood is wrong, and therefore leave it."

I gave a snort of despair and disgust, and began to stride up and down the room. Presently, however, I recovered my temper. "Walkirk," said I, "I am quite sure that you mean well, and I don't intend to find fault with you; but this sort of thing does not suit me; let us have no more of it."

XXXVIII.

A BROKEN TRACE.

As soon as my grandmother heard that I was at Arden, she terminated her visit abruptly, and returned home. When she saw me, she expressed the opinion that my holiday had not been of any service to me. She did not remember ever seeing me so greatly out of condition, and was of the opinion that I ought to see the doctor.

"These watering places and islands," she said, "are just as likely to be loaded down with malaria as any other place. In fact, I don't know but it is just as well for our health for us to stay at home. That is, if we live in a place like Arden."

I had no desire to conceal from this nearest and dearest friend and relative the real cause of my appearance, and I laid before her all the facts concerning Sylvia and myself.

She was not affected as I supposed she would be. In fact, my narrative appeared to relieve her mind of some of her anxieties.

"Any way," she remarked, after a moment or two of consideration, "this is better than malaria. If you get anything of that kind into your system, it is probable that you will never get it out, and it is at any time likely to affect your health, one way or another; but love affairs are different. They have a powerful influence upon a person, as I well know, but there is not about them that insidious poison, which, although you may think you have entirely expelled it from your system, is so likely to crop out again, especially in the spring and fall."

To this I made no answer but a sigh. What was the good of saying that, in my present state of mind, health was a matter of indifference to me?

"I am not altogether surprised," continued my grandmother, "that that

secretary business turned out in this way. If it had been any other young woman, I should have advised against it, but Sylvia Raynor is a good match, — good in every way; and I thought that if her working with you had made you like her, and had made her like you, it might be very well; but I am sure it never entered my mind that if you did come to like each other she should choose the sisterhood instead of you. I knew that she was not then a full sister, and I had n't the slightest doubt that if you two really did fall in love with each other she would leave the House of Martha as soon as her time was up. You must not think, my dear boy," she continued, "that I am anxious to get rid of you, but you know you must marry some day."

I solemnly shook my head. "All that," I said, "is at an end. We need speak no more of it."

My grandmother arose, and gently placed her hand upon my shoulder. "Come! come! Do not be so dreadfully cast down. You have yet one strong ground of hope."

"What is that?" I inquired.

My grandmother looked into my face and smiled. "The girl is n't dead yet," she answered.

I now found myself in a very unsettled and unpleasant state of mind. My business affairs, which had been a good deal neglected of late, I put into the charge of Walkirk, who attended to them with much interest and ability. My individual concerns — that is to say, the guidance and direction of myself — I took into my own hands, and a sorry business I made of it.

I spent a great deal of my time wondering whether or not Sylvia had returned to the House of Martha. I longed for her coming. The very thought of her living within a mile of me was a wild and uneasy pleasure. Then I would ask myself why I wished her to come. Her presence in the neighborhood would be of no good to me

unless I saw her, and of course I could not see her. And if this could be so, what would be worse for me, or for her, than our seeing each other? To these abstract questions I came to a more practical one: what should I do? To go away seemed to be a sensible thing, but I was tired of going away. I liked my home, and, besides, Sylvia would be in the neighborhood. It also seemed wise to stay, and endeavor to forget her. But how could I forget her, if she were in the neighborhood? If she were to go away, I might be willing to go away also; but the chances were that I should not know where she had gone, and how could I endure to go to any place where I was certain she was not?

During this mental tangle I confided in no one. There was no one who could sympathize with my varying view of the subject, and I knew there was no one with whose view of the subject I could agree. Sometimes it was almost impossible for me to sympathize with myself.

It suited my mood to take long walks in the surrounding country. One morning, returning from one of these, when about half a mile out of the village, I saw in the road, not very far from me, a carriage, which seemed to be in distress. It was a four-wheeled, curtained vehicle, of the kind to be had for hire at the railroad stations; and beside the rawboned horse which drew it stood a man and a woman, the latter in the gray garb of a sister of the House of Martha.

When I recognized this costume, my heart gave a jump, and I hastened toward the group; but the woman had perceived my approach, and to my surprise came toward me. I quickly saw that it was Mother Anastasia. My heart sank; without any good reason, it must be admitted, but still it sank.

The face of the Mother Superior was slightly flushed, as she walked rapidly in my direction. Saluting her, I inquired what had happened.

"Nothing of importance," she answered; "a trace has broken."

"I will go and look at it," I said. "Sometimes that sort of mishap can be easily remedied."

"Oh, no," said she, "don't trouble yourself. It's broken in the middle, and so you cannot cut a fresh hole in it, or do any of those things which men do to broken traces. I have told the boy that he must take out the horse, and ride it back to the stable and get another set of harness. That is the only thing to be done. I shall wait here for his return, and I am very glad to have met you."

Naturally I was pleased at this. "Then you have something to say to me?" I remarked.

"Yes," she answered, "I have a good deal to say. Let us walk on to a more shaded place."

"Now it strikes me," said I, "that the most pleasant place to wait will be in the carriage; there we can sit and talk quite comfortably."

"Oh, no," she said, with a sort of half laugh, "it is stuffy and horrid. I greatly prefer the fresh air. I have reason to suppose you do not object to conversing under a tree. I see a promising bit of shade a little farther on."

"Would it be wise to go so far from the carriage?" I asked. "Have you left in it anything of value?"

Mother Anastasia was more animated than I had ever seen her before when in the uniform of the house.

"Oh, pshaw!" she answered. "You know the people around here do not steal things out of carriages. Let us step on."

"But first," I said, "I will run down and pull the carriage out of the way of passing vehicles. It now stands almost across the road."

With a movement of impatience, she put her hand upon my arm. "Don't trouble yourself about that hack; let it stand where it is. I wish to speak with you, and do not let us waste our time."

I had no objection to speaking with Mother Anastasia, and, giving no further thought to the abandoned vehicle, I walked with her to a spot where a clump of straggling locust-trees threw a scanty shade upon the sidewalk. I could not but feel that my companion had something important to say to me, for she was evidently a good deal agitated. She stepped a little in front of me, and then turned and faced me.

"There is no place to sit down here," she said, "but I'm not tired, are you?"

I assured her that I was not, and would as soon talk standing as sitting.

"Now, then," she began, "tell me about yourself. What have you been doing? What are your plans?"

"My plans!" I cried. "Of what importance are my plans and actions? I thought you wished to speak to me of Sylvia."

She smiled. "There is really nothing to say about that young person, of whom, by the way, you should not speak as 'Sylvia.' She is now a full member of the sisterhood, and has accepted the name of 'Sister Hagar.' We found that the other sisters would not like it if an exception were made in her favor, in regard to her name."

"'Hagar!'" I groaned. "Horrible!"

"Oh, no," replied Mother Anastasia, "there is nothing horrible about it. 'Hagar' is a little harsh, perhaps, but one soon gets used to that sort of thing."

"I can never get used to it," I said.

"My dear Mr. Vanderley," said the Mother Superior, speaking very earnestly, but with a gentleness that was almost affectionate, "I wish I could impress upon your mind that there is no need of your getting used to the name of our young sister, or of your liking it or disliking it. You ought thoroughly to understand, from what she has told you, and from what I have told you, that she never can be anything to you, and that, out of regard to yourself, if to no one else, you should

cease to think of her as I see you do think."

"As long as I live in this world," I replied, "I shall continue to think of her as I do think."

Mother Anastasia gave a sigh. "The unreasonableness of men is something inexplicable. Perhaps you think I am not old enough to give you advice, but I will say that, for your own sake, you ought to crush and obliterate the feelings you have toward our sister; and if you do not choose to do it for your own sake, you ought to do it for her sake and that of our sisterhood. It makes it extremely awkward for us, to say the least of it, to know that there is a gentleman in the village who is in love with one of the sisters of the House of Martha."

"I suppose you would have me exile myself," I replied, "leave forever my home, my grandmother, everything that is dear to me, and all for the sake of the peace and quiet of your sisterhood. Let me assure you I do not care enough for your sisterhood to do that."

The Mother Superior smiled ironically, but not ill-naturedly. "I am very much afraid," she remarked, "that in this matter you care for no one but yourself. There is nothing so selfish as a man in love."

"He needs to be," I answered. "But tell me, is Sylvia here?"

"Sylvia again," said she, half laughing. "Yes, she has returned to the House of Martha, and you can see for yourself that, if you continue in your present state of mind, it will be impossible for her ever to go outside of the house."

"I shall not hurt her," I answered.

"Yes, you will hurt her," quickly replied Mother Anastasia. "You will hurt her very much, if you meet her, and show by your words, looks, or actions that your former attitude toward her is not changed." She came nearer to me, looking into my face with her eyes full of an earnest tenderness, and

as she spoke she laid the tips of her fingers gently upon my shoulder. She had a very pleasant way of doing this. "I do wish," she said, "that you would let me prevail upon you to do what your conscience must tell you is right. If you have ever loved the girl who was once Sylvia Raynor, that is the best of reasons why you should cease to love her now. You owe it to her to cease to love her."

I looked steadily into the face of the Mother Superior.

"You promise me that you will do that?" she said, with a smile upon her lips and a light in her eyes which might have won over almost any man to do almost anything. "You promise me that you will allow our young sister, who has hardships enough to bear without any more being thrust upon her, to try to be happy in the way she has chosen, and that you will try to be happy in the way you should have chosen; that you will go out into the world and act your part in life; that you will look upon this affair as something which has vanished into the past; and that you will say to your heart, 'You are free, if not by my will, by the irresistible force of circumstances'?"

I looked at her a few moments in silence, and then answered, very quietly, "I shall do nothing of the kind."

She gave her head a little toss and stepped backward, and then, with a half laugh which seemed to indicate an amused hopelessness, she said: "You are utterly impracticable, and I am certain I do not know what is to be done about it. But I see that the boy has returned with the horse, and I must continue my journey. I am going to the Iron Furnace to see a sick woman. I wish you would think of what I have said, and remember that it was spoken from the depth of my soul. And do not think," she continued, as I turned and accompanied her toward the carriage, "that I do not appreciate the state of your feelings. I under-

stand them thoroughly, and I sympathize with you as perhaps only a woman can sympathize; but still I say to you that there are some things in this world which we must give up, and which we ought to give up promptly and willingly."

"Do you think," said I, "that if Sylvia were to learn typewriting there would be any objection to her copying manuscript for me?"

Mother Anastasia burst into a laugh. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself for making a person of my position behave so giddily in the presence of a hack-driver."

We now reached the carriage, and I assisted her to enter it.

"Good-morning," she said, her face still perturbed by her suddenly checked merriment, "and do not forget the counsels I have given you."

I bowed and stepped back, but the driver did not start. He sat for a moment irresolute, and then, turning toward Mother Anastasia, asked, "Shall I wait for the other sister?"

"Oh, bother on you!" cried the Mother Superior. "Go on; there is no other sister."

The boy, startled by her tone, gave his horse a cut, and the equipage rattled away. I walked slowly homeward, meditating earnestly upon Mother Anastasia's words and upon Mother Anastasia.

XXXIX.

A SOUL WHISPER?

My meditations upon the Mother Superior of the House of Martha were not concluded during my homeward walk; the subject occupied my mind for the greater part of the rest of the day. I do not call myself a philosopher, but I am in the habit of looking into the nature and import of what happens about me. My reflections on Mother Anastasia gradually produced in me the

conviction that there was something more in her words, her manner, and her actions than would appear to the ordinary observer.

In considering this matter, I went back to the very first of my intercourse with this beautiful woman, who, divested of the dismal disguise of her sisterhood, had produced upon my memory an impression which was so strong that, whenever I now thought of Mother Anastasia, she appeared before my mental vision in a white dress, with a broad hat and a bunch of flowers in her belt. In the character of a beautiful and sensible woman, and not at all in that of a Mother Superior, she had warmly commended my suit of Sylvia Raynor. With our regard for Sylvia as a basis, we had consulted, we had confided, we had shown ourselves to each other in a most frank and friendly manner.

Suddenly she had changed, she had deserted me without a word of explanation, and the next time I saw her she was totally opposed to my maintaining any connection whatever with Sylvia.

But there had been more than this. This woman, beautiful even in her gray garb, had shown an increasing interest in the subject, which could not be altogether explained by her interest in Sylvia. If she truly believed that that young sister would devote her life to the service of the House of Martha, that matter might be considered as settled; and what was her object in so earnestly endeavoring to impress upon my mind the fact that I could not marry Sylvia? It might be supposed that, in the ordinary course of events, I should be compelled to admit this point. But not only did she continually bring up this view of the subject, but she showed such a growing interest in me and my welfare that it made me uneasy.

It is almost impossible truly to understand a woman; most men will admit this. I could not say that I un-

derstood Mother Anastasia. At times I hoped I did not understand her. From what I knew of the constitution of the sisterhood, some of its members were vowed to it for life, and others for a stated period. Putting together this and that which Mother Anastasia had said to me about the organization, it did not appear to me that she felt that devotion to it which a sister for life would naturally feel. She had used all the art of a logician to impress upon me the conviction that Sylvia was a life sister, and could be nothing else. Was it possible—I scarcely dared to ask myself the question—that she had used the arts of a woman to intimate to me that she might be something else? It did not cross my mind for an instant that anything that Mother Anastasia had said to me, or anything that could be deduced from her manner, was in the slightest degree out of the way. A woman has a right to indicate her position in regard to a fellow-being, and in this age she generally does indicate it. If the true nature of Mother Anastasia had so far exerted itself as to impel her, perhaps involuntarily, to let me know that she was as much a woman as she was a Mother Superior, and that in time she would be all of the first and not any of the latter, she had truly done this with a delicate ingenuousness beyond compare. It had not been the exhalation by the flower of inviting perfume or its show of color; it had been the simple opening of the blossom to the free sun and air before my eyes.

My last interview with Mother Anastasia had crystallized in my mind a mist of suppositions and fancies which had vaguely floated there for some time. It is not surprising that I was greatly moved at the form the crystal took.

When Walkirk came, the next day, to make his usual reports, I talked to him of Mother Anastasia. Of course I did not intimate to him how I had been thinking of her, but I gave him

as many facts as possible, in order that I might discover what he would think of her. When I had finished my account of the interview of the morning before, I could see that a very decided impression had been made upon him. His countenance twitched, he smiled, he looked upon the floor. For a moment I thought he was going to laugh.

"This amuses you," I remarked.

"Yes," he replied, his face having recovered its ordinary composure, "it is a little funny. Mother Anastasia seems to be a good deal of a manager."

"Yes," I said reflectively, "that is true. It is quite plain that, perceiving an opportunity of a private conference with me, she took advantage of the circumstances. We could have had an ordinary chat just as well in one place as another, but it was easy to see that she did not wish the boy who was unhitching the horse to hear even the first words of our conversation. As you say, she is a good manager, and I had my suspicions of that before you mentioned it." As I said this I could not help smiling, as I thought how surprised he would be if he knew in what direction my suspicions pointed. "Do you know," I continued, "if it is necessary that the head of a sisterhood should be a life member of it?"

"I have never heard," he answered, "but I have been informed that the organization of the House of Martha is a very independent one, and does not attempt to conform itself to that of any other sisterhood. The women who founded it had ideas of their own, and what rules and laws they made I do not know."

For a few moments I walked up and down the room; then I asked, "How did Mother Anastasia come to be the Mother Superior?"

"I have been told," said Walkirk, "that she gave most of the money for the founding of the institution, and it was natural enough that she should be placed at the head. I have an idea

that she would not have been willing to enter the House except as its head."

"It is about four years since it was established, is it not?" I asked; and Walkirk assured me that I was correct.

All this information ranged itself on the side of conviction. She was just the woman to try a thing of this kind for a stated time; she was just the woman not to like it; and she was just the woman whose soul could not be prevented from whispering that the gates of the bright world were opening before her. But why should her soul whisper this to me? The whole matter troubled me very much.

I determined not to base any action upon what had thus forced itself upon my mind. I would wait. I would see what would happen next. I would persist in my determination never to give up Sylvia. And I will mention that there was a little point in connection with her which at this time greatly annoyed me: whenever I thought of her, she appeared before me in the gray dress of a sister, and not as I had seen her on the island. I wished very much that this were not the case.

XL.

AN INSPIRATION.

I now found myself in an embarrassing situation. All my plans and hopes of tidings from Sylvia, or of any possible connection with her, were based upon Mother Anastasia. But would it be wise for me to continue my very friendly relations with the Mother Superior? On my side these relations were extremely pleasant, though that did not matter, one way or another. But would it be kind and just to her to meet with her on the footing I had enjoyed? In every point of this affair I wished to be honorable and considerate. Acting on these principles, I went away for two weeks. It was

very hard for me to absent myself for so long a period from Arden, but it was my duty. To take the chances of another meeting with Mother Anastasia, following close upon the recent one, which had made so forcible an impression upon me, would be imprudent. A moderate absence might be of great advantage.

On my return I took to strolling about the village, especially in the neighborhood of the House of Martha; and if, in these strolls, I had met the Mother Superior, I should not have hesitated to accost her and ask news of Sylvia. For more reasons than one, I felt it was highly desirable that I should impress it on the mind of Mother Anastasia that my interest in Sylvia had not in the least abated.

But several days passed, and I met no one clad in gray bonnet and gown. I was disappointed; there were a good many questions about Sylvia which I wished to ask, and a good many things in regard to her that I wished to say. I might go to the House of Martha and boldly ask to see the Mother Superior; but a step like that might produce an undesirable impression, and naturally the position in which I had placed myself regarding Sylvia would prevent my going to visit her.

As I could do nothing for myself in this matter, I must ask some one to help me, and there was no one so willing and able to do this as my grandmother. She could go to the House of Martha and ask what questions she pleased. I went to the dear old lady and made known my desires. She laid down her knitting and gave me her whole attention.

"Now tell me exactly what it is you want," she said. "You cannot expect to be asked to take tea with the sisters, you know, though I see no reason why you should not. Say what they will, they are not nuns."

"What I want," I replied, "is to know how Sylvia is, what she is doing,

all about her. I do not even know that she is still there."

"My dear boy," said my grandmother, very tenderly, "I suppose that even if you are obliged to give up all hope of ever having Sylvia for your own, you will want to know every day for the rest of your life just how she is getting on."

"Yes," I answered, "that is true."

"Poor fellow," said the old lady, her eyes a little dimmed as she spoke, "the fates have not been using you well. Is there anything else you want me to inquire about?"

"Oh, yes," I answered. "I take a great interest in the institution."

"Which is natural enough, since Sylvia is there," interpolated my grandmother.

"And I should be glad," I continued, "to know anything of interest regarding the sisterhood, from the Mother Superior down."

"Mother Anastasia is a very fine woman," said my grandmother, "and I should think you would be likely to be greatly interested in her. I am going to make some inquiries about the rules of the House of Martha. I see no reason why the sisters should not occasionally accept invitations to tea."

This remark startled me, and I was prompted to make a cautionary observation. But I restrained myself; in cases like this interference would be likely to provoke comment, and by my grandmother's desire I went to order the carriage.

In less than an hour she returned. I was promptly at hand to receive her report.

"Well," said she, "I have visited the sisters, but I am sorry I did not see Mother Anastasia. She was away."

"Away!" I exclaimed. "Where has she gone?"

"She went to Washington more than a week ago," was the answer.

"For a long stay?" I asked quickly.

"The sisters did not know," con-

tinued my grandmother, "but their impression is that she will return in a few days."

I knitted my brows.

"You are disappointed, and so am I. I intended to ask her here to tea next Friday, and to urge her, if she did not too greatly object, to bring Sylvia with her. There is nothing like quiet intercourse of that kind to break down obstacles."

"Alas," I said, "I am afraid there are obstacles" —

"But do not let us talk about them," she interrupted. "Nobody knows what will happen, and let us be as happy as we can."

"Did you see Sylvia?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," she answered, "and I had some talk with her, but it did not amount to much. She is trying to make a regular nun of herself, — that is, if a Protestant can be a nun, — but I do not think she will ever succeed. She admitted that she greatly disliked the ordinary work of the sisters, and wished to employ herself in some way which would be just as lucrative to the institution, and yet not so repugnant to her. Now you can see for yourself that that will not do. If she intends to be a sister of the House of Martha, she must do as the other sisters do. She cannot always expect to be an exception. At present she is learning typewriting."

I gave a great start. "Typewriting!" I exclaimed.

"Yes," said my grandmother. "Is it not odd that she should have taken up that? She has a machine, and practices steadily on it. She showed me some of her printed sheets, and I must say, so far as I am concerned, that I should prefer plain handwriting, where the letters are not so likely to get on top of one another. She wanted to know if I could give her any advice about getting work, when she thought she could do it well enough; but of course I know nothing about such things. My

hope is that she will get to dislike that as much as she does nursing and apothecary work, and to find out that her real duty is to live like an ordinary human being, and so make herself and other people truly happy."

I do not know that there is any inherent connection between a typewriting machine and the emotions and sentiments of love, but in this case such a connection instantly established itself in my mind. It seemed plain to me that Walkirk's suggestion to Sylvia had taken root; and why did she wish to typewrite, if she did not wish to typewrite for me? Was this an endeavor of her tender heart to keep up a thread of connection with me which should not be inconsistent with the duties, the vows, and the purposes of her life? Dear girl! If the thing could be managed, she should typewrite for me as much as she wished, even if she piled the letters on one another as high as the Great Pyramid.

With much enthusiasm, I communicated to Walkirk my intention to employ Sylvia in typewriting, and requested his assistance in regard to the details of the business. I could easily furnish her material enough. I had lots of things I should like to have copied, and I was ready to prepare a great deal more. My understudy made no allusion to my previous reception of his suggestion about typewriting, but brought his practical mind to bear upon the matter, and advised that preliminary arrangements should be made immediately. In a case like this it was well to be in time, and to secure the services of Miss Raynor at once. I agreed with Walkirk that it was very wise to take time by the forelock, but Mother Anastasia was the only person who could properly regulate this affair, which should be instantly laid before her; and as it was impossible to find out when she would return to Arden, I felt that it was my duty to go to her. When I mentioned this plan to Wal-

kirk, he offered to go in my place, but I declined. This was a very delicate affair, to which no one could attend as well as I could myself.

"Walkirk," said I, "do you suppose that the Mother Superior will appear in Washington under her real name, or as Mother Anastasia? And, by the way, what is her real name?"

"Is it possible," exclaimed Walkirk, "that you do not know it? It is Raynor,—Miss Marcia Raynor. She is a cousin of the younger lady."

"Oh, yes, I know that," I replied; "but it never occurred to me to inquire what name Mother Anastasia bore before she entered the House of Martha. The first thing for me to do is to get her Washington address."

"And may I ask," continued Walkirk, "how you are going to do that?"

I was not prepared to give an immediate answer to this question.

"I suppose," I remarked presently, "that it would not do to ask for the address at the House of Martha, but I could go to Sylvia's mother. I should like to call there, any way, and I have no doubt she would know where Mother Anastasia would be likely to stop."

My understudy shook his head. "Pardon me," he said, "but I do not think it would be wise to go to Mrs. Raynor. She would be sure to connect her daughter with your urgent desire to see Mother Anastasia, and she would not hesitate to question you on the matter. I think I understand her disposition in regard to you and Miss Raynor, and I am very certain that when she heard of the typewriting scheme she would instantly put her foot on it; and if I am not mistaken," he continued, with a noticeable deference in his tone, "that is the only reason you can give for your wish to confer with Mother Anastasia."

I strode impatiently up and down the room. "Certainly it is," said I, "and although it is reason enough, I suppose you are right, and it would not

do to offer it to Mrs. Raynor; and, for the matter of that, Mother Anastasia may think it a very little thing to take me down to Washington."

"I had thought of that," said Walkirk, "and that was one reason why I proposed to go in your stead."

I made no answer to this remark. My mind was filled with annoying reflections about the unreasonableness of people who insist upon knowing people's reasons for doing things, and my annoyance was increased by the conviction, now that I looked more closely into the matter, that the only reason I could give for hastening after Mother Anastasia in this way was indeed a very little one.

"Walkirk," I exclaimed, "can't you think of some other reason for my seeing the Mother Superior without delay?"

"Truly," he replied, smiling, "it is rather difficult. You might offer to build an annex to the House of Martha, but such a matter could surely wait until the return of the Mother Superior."

I sniffed, and continued to stride. I must see Mother Anastasia in Washington, because there I might have a chance of speaking to her freely, which I could not expect to have anywhere else; and yet how was I going to explain to her, or to any one else, my desire to speak with her at all? It might have been difficult to explain this to myself; at all events, I did not try to do it. Suddenly an idea struck me.

"Annex!" I cried, — "capital!"

"My dear sir," said Walkirk, rising in much agitation, "I hope you do not think that I seriously proposed your building an annex to" —

"Building!" I interrupted. "Nonsense! The annex I am thinking of is quite different; and yet not altogether so, either. Walkirk, don't you think that a man in my position could do a great deal to help those sisters in their good work? Don't you think that he

could act as an outside collaborator? I am sure there are many things he could do which might not be suitable for them to do, or which they might not want to do. For instance, this business that has taken Mother Anastasia to Washington. Perhaps it is something that she hates to do, and I might have done as well as not. I have a mind to propose to her to go in and take all this sort of thing off the hands of the sisters. I think that is a good practical idea, and it is very natural that I should wish to propose it to her at the very time she is engaged in this outside business."

"In a word," remarked Walkirk, "you would make yourself a brother of the House of Martha."

I laughed. "That is not a bad notion," I said; "in fact, it is a very good one. I do not know that I shall put the matter exactly in that light, but a brother of the House of Martha is what I should like to be. Then I should be free to discuss all sorts of things, and to do all sorts of things. And I could be of a lot of service, I am sure. But I shall approach the matter cautiously. I shall begin with a simple offer of service, and at the proper point shall bring in the type-writing plan. Now for Mother Anastasia's address. I must get that without delay."

Walkirk did not seem to have paid attention to this last remark. His mind appeared occupied with amusing reflections.

"I beg your pardon," he said, in apologizing for his abstraction, "but I was thinking what a funny thing it would be to be a brother of the House of Martha. As to the address — let me see. Do you remember that lady who was staying with Mrs. Raynor, at her island, who called herself a Person, — Miss Laniston?"

"Of course I remember her," I answered, "and with the greatest disgust."

"I happen to know her address," said Walkirk, "and I think she is more likely to give you the information you want than Mrs. Raynor. If you do not care to confer with her, I can go to the city" —

"No, no, no!" I exclaimed. "She might object to giving you the address; I shall insist that she give it to me. I think I can manage the mat-

ter. She owes me something, and she knows it."

In fact, I did not care to trust Walkirk with this affair. It was plain that he did not thoroughly sympathize with me in the project. I was afraid he might make a blunder, or in some way fail me. Any way, this was a matter which I wished to attend to myself.

Frank R. Stockton.

THE STORY OF A LONG INHERITANCE.

ON the 26th of July, last summer, there was a destructive tornado at Lawrence, Massachusetts. It arrived there about nine o'clock in the morning, advancing from the southwest at a rate of forty or fifty miles an hour, and rapidly passing on to the northeast. In its momentary passage, it tore down trees, wrecked buildings, killed or injured a number of persons, and left general desolation in its narrow path. It came with so little warning and passed so quickly that we have only insufficient accounts of its appearance and behavior. One man happened to be somewhat north of its path and facing it as it came, so that he had a sight of its approach. He said he saw a great quantity of rubbish of all kinds borne up into the centre of the storm, where two clouds were chasing each other around in such a way that the eastern or front cloud moved north; that is, whirling from right to left.

These local storms are, fortunately, rare in New England, but when they visit us they manifest all the characteristic features of their class. They are peculiar in their excessive violence, and in the narrow limits within which the violent winds rush around; and from this, as well as from their sudden coming and short stay, there has been more mystery attached to them than

they deserve. The theory by which they are now generally explained ascribes them to the whirling ascent of a mass of inflowing air from all sides; for repeated observation demonstrates that they possess truly vorticular motion. The evidence of their whirling was found in the displacement of buildings and overturning of trees, but these effects are complicated by the combination of the whirling with the progressive advance of the vortex. At Lawrence, for example, where the tornado was turning from right to left as it moved swiftly northeastward, the overturning of trees to the northeast on the southern side of its central track was very general; for here the two motions of progression and whirling agreed, and the wind felt by the trees was the sum of both. But on the north side of the track, while a number of trees were blown over to the west or backward, as if by the whirling component of the motion, and the little house in which the gate-tender stood at the railroad crossing was carried westward across the street and broken, killing the poor man inside of it, yet there were many other trees on the same side of the central path that were thrown down to the southeast or east, as if by the exaggerated indraught in the rear of the whirl; for on the northern or left side

of the track the motion of advance would in part neutralize the whirling, particularly at a moderate distance away from the centre, where the whirl is less violent. All this has been carefully investigated at Lawrence by Mr. H. F. Mills, whose experience as an engineer gives his statements about the tornado an especial value. A careful survey was made, under his direction, of a park through which the tornado passed, and it is evident from his account, and from the positions of the overturned trees, that the destructive winds whirled about, and in the same direction as the observer on the northern side of the track saw them turning.

Nearly the whole violence of a tornado depends on its whirling. If the inflowing air moved straight inwards on radial lines, directly to the centre, there is every reason for thinking that the velocity gained would seldom be destructive, and would never be of the terrific violence seen in the whirling storms. This may be simply illustrated by watching the downward escape of water from a basin through a vent at the bottom, where exactly the same mechanical principles are at work as in the upward escape of the air in a tornado. Fill the basin to a certain depth, and let the water come to rest; carefully remove the stopper, and notice the velocity attained by the current in running out, no whirl occurring. Fill the basin to the same depth again, and set the water slowly rotating by a motion with the hand; then open the vent, and see how greatly the velocity of the current is increased. But it is significant that the high velocity now gained is not directed radially inwards, but circularly around the central vortex. The whirling may be so rapid as to produce a centrifugal force much in excess of gravity; for, when the vortex is well formed, an open core or eddy may be seen at the centre, where the free surface of the water does not stand level, as it would under the action of

gravity alone, but nearly vertical, under the combined action of gravity and the local centrifugal force of the whirl. The surface of water stands at right angles to the forces acting on it; and therefore, in the eddy, the centrifugal force, acting outwards horizontally, must be many times greater than gravity, acting downwards, in order that the resultant of the two shall be so nearly in the direction of the former. Indeed, as a result of this active whirling, the rate of radial inflow is actually diminished, as may be seen by noting that a longer time is required for the basin to be emptied when the water possesses an initial rotary motion than when it stands still. All this is undoubtedly true of tornadoes; they would be weaker and shorter-lived if they did not whirl.

We must give a few moments' consideration to the increased velocity of the whirl as the centre is approached, for a general principle is involved here, of great importance and wide application. Tie one end of a string around a small stone or weight, and draw the other end through a small tube. Hold the tube in one hand, and the free end of the string in the other; set the stone whirling, and then draw the string through the tube, so as to shorten the radius of rotation. As the centre is approached, the stone whirls faster; and if the experiment could be performed without friction, it would be found that the linear velocity of the stone in its whirl increases as fast as the radius decreases. The two quantities, velocity and radius, vary inversely: consequently, the triangular area swept over by the string in a given brief interval of time is constant; for the area equals half the product of the distance moved over by the stone multiplied by the length of the string, and as these quantities vary inversely their product must be a constant. For this reason the mechanical principle here involved is called the "conservation of

areas." Kepler showed that the velocities of the planets in their elliptical orbits follow this law, being accelerated as they draw nearer to the sun, and retarded as they move away. Newton proved that this variation of velocity must follow from the simple laws of motion. Like the stone on the string, so the water in an eddy or the air in a tornado whirls with increasing rapidity as it is drawn in toward the centre; and there are many other examples of the same process.

If it is now clearly understood that the violent blast of the tornado is a whirling wind, and that the tornado indraught would attain only a moderate velocity if its currents were directly radial, we may seriously regret that tornadoes whirl; they would lose their terrors if they did not. But they all do. Here, for example, is the account of an eye-witness of a tornado that happened two hundred years ago in England. The Rev. Mr. A. de la Pryme records, in the twenty-third volume of the *London Philosophical Transactions*, that, on August 15, 1687, at two o'clock in the afternoon, there was a destructive storm at Hatfield, in Yorkshire, in which the wind "soon created a great vortex, giration and whirling among the clouds, the centre of which ever now and then dropt down in the shape of a thick long black pipe commonly called a spout; in which I could plainly and most distinctly behold a motion, like that of a screw, continually drawing upwards, or screwing up (as it were) whatever it touched." Coming at once to modern times, we may refer to an account of tornadoes in our Southern States by H. S. Whitfield, professor of mathematics in the University of Alabama, who tells of the clear view that he had of an approaching tornado (*American Journal of Science*, 1871). When first seen it was about five miles away, and, judging by the angular altitude of its top, the height of its

great funnel cloud must have been about forty-five hundred feet. It approached and passed south of him, about nine hundred feet away. "The gyratory motion was distinctly visible. When about a mile distant, I saw that it would go south of me, and at this time I first observed the surface drift [rubbish], which appeared like an innumerable flock of birds flying around the summit of the column;" and at about the same time the observer saw "a pine-tree, sixteen inches in diameter and sixty feet long, float out from the black vortex, at the height of a quarter of a mile, and sail round, to all appearance, as light as a feather." Such language from a professor of mathematics is directly to the point. There are many other accounts of the same thing. The cloudy column that marks the storm has been over and over again described as a "whirling vortex," or as "whirling most violently upon its centre," or in some such phrase. A number of my students have told me of tornadoes that they have seen in the West, all agreeing as to the whirling of the vicious funnel cloud.

Tornadoes not only all whirl: they nearly all whirl in the same direction; that is, from right to left, as the tornado at Lawrence did. It appears that a few are reported to have turned the other way, but by far the greater number of them exhibit a strong family likeness in this respect, and turn "against the sun." Their whirling, therefore, cannot be accidental: it must be controlled by some prevailing antecedent; it must be an inheritance from some preceding condition. We must look into this.

What are the conditions that give rise to tornadoes? A few years ago this question could not have been answered satisfactorily, and there is indeed still much to be learned about it; but, thanks to the weather maps of Europe and this country, it is now

clear that most tornadoes are generated within the area of one of the large cyclonic storms,¹ to which we owe our spells of cloudy, rainy weather. The weather maps are so widely distributed, and publicly exhibited at so many places in our cities, that the phenomena of the larger cyclonic storms must be in a rough way familiar to many persons who have perhaps little other knowledge of meteorology. They are seen to be areas of low barometric pressure, prevailingly cloudy and rainy or snowy near the centre, with their winds moving in great inward spiral circuits, and always, in our hemisphere, turning from right to left. There has never been found an exception to this rule. These cyclonic storms are so large that they may cover nearly all the States east of the Mississippi at once; they move across country on their general eastward track at an average rate of nearly thirty miles an hour, thus determining a general succession of weather changes from west to east. They usually require from one to three days for their passage; giving us southeasterly winds with increasing dampness and cloudiness as they draw near; rain beginning as the centre approaches, and the wind increasing in strength at the same time; and as they pass on, the wind shifts, veering through the south if the centre passes north of the observer, as is generally the case, or backing through the north if the centre passes to the south, and leaving cooling and clearing westerly and northwesterly winds in their rear. Nearly all our weather changes depend upon the passage of these cyclonic storms; and the problem of weather prediction is to foresee their movements and their changes in intensity. It is an easy matter to predict on the general rule that such stormy areas move eastward at a cer-

tain rate; but such predictions often fail, for the storms have an arbitrary way of departing from average velocities. The weather prophet who discovers how to foretell the departures of single storms from the average behavior of many has a large future awaiting him.

Now, returning to tornadoes, it is found that they nearly always occur in the southeastern quadrant of cyclonic storms, and from two hundred to six hundred miles from the low-pressure centre around which the cyclonic winds turn. The reason for so well defined a habitat of the tornado in the cyclone is undoubtedly to be found in the presence there of warm and damp southerly winds, over which there is good reason to think the cooler high-level westerly winds have advanced; thus inducing a condition of instability from which an upsetting follows, and hence the indraught at the bottom by which the tornado is always characterized. But why should the indraught take on a whirling motion, and why should the whirl prevailingly turn one way, and why should that way be the same as the turning of the winds in the much larger cyclonic storm? There is a simple and sufficient mechanical answer for this. When a subordinate whirl is set up in a larger whirl, the little one will begin to turn the same way as the larger one has been turning. They must turn the same way. In any small part of a large cyclonic storm, no one would perceive that it was possessed of a rotary motion with respect to its centre, several hundred miles away; and yet the entire whirl of a cyclonic storm is made up of such parts, every one of which has truly a slight rotation about the cyclonic centre of low pressure. If the lower air in any one such part is drawn toward its local centre, as would occur in the

which are storms of very different nature and dimensions.

¹ The reader will see that the words *cyclone* and *cyclonic* are used here in the sense properly given to them, and not to refer to tornadoes,

case of an upsetting consequent on an unstable arrangement of warm, damp lower air under cooler, drier upper air, the imperceptible cyclonic rotation will become apparent as the indraught currents move toward the centre of ascent; and when the centre is closely approached, the whirling may become very violent. The connection of one of these rotary motions with the other is so natural and so direct that we need not doubt the inheritance of the prevalent right-to-left whirling of our tornadoes from the invariably left-handed turning of our cyclonic storms. The tornadoes that turn from left to right are of rare occurrence, and for the present have no adequate explanation; their direction of turning must be called "accidental." They hardly enter our story, for they have lost their inheritance. It is not my intention to present here an exposition of the theory of tornadoes; if any reader wishes that, he may find it as given by its master, Professor William Ferrel, in his recent *Popular Treatise on the Winds*. Much that is here omitted is there stated in full, and with a completeness of argument and demonstration that has placed its author at the head of American meteorologists.

It appears, then, that our tornadoes whirl because the parent cyclones, in which the tornadoes are bred, also whirl; the whirling in both being in the same direction. So far, so good; it is a clear case of inheritance, the offspring taking after the parent. But it must now be asked, Why do the cyclones turn? They have been described as areas of low barometric pressure at the centre, toward which the winds move inward, but obliquely, so that as a whole they sidle around the centre in an incurving spiral. Why do the winds not flow in directly to the centre of low pressure on radial paths? It is a most natural expectation that the mobile air should move from where the pressure is high to

where it is low; and yet every weather map which includes a cyclonic storm — and this will be nearly every map in winter time — shows that the winds turn in the most persistent way aside from the direct path to the centre of low pressure, and always to the right, so as to form, as a whole, an inward left-handed spiral circulation. Not an exception to this rule of right-to-left cyclonic turning is known; and if the objector to this wholesale statement would bring up the case of cyclonic storms in the southern hemisphere, which turn from left to right, he must remember that, while it is true that they are there said to turn in a reversed direction, this change is only because they are there looked at from the southern side instead of from the northern. It is as if two persons were looking at a transparent watch, one seeing the face and the other the back. It would hardly be worth while for them to dispute about the direction in which the hands rotate, because one sees them turning from left to right, and the other from right to left.

It appears, therefore, that the cyclonic storms are even more closely alike than the tornadoes, in this feature of rotation. Whence have they received so persistent a habit? If the tornadoes have inherited the habit of turning from the cyclones, from what ancestor have the cyclones received it? Just as we examined conditions in which tornadoes are formed, so must we now look to see where the cyclonic storms are bred. Those that we know in this country are affairs of the temperate zone, for the most part; some of them come from the torrid zone, but only a few, about five in a hundred. The daily international synchronous weather maps, published by our Signal Service from data gathered in all parts of the world, present the striking fact that our cyclonic storms march in an irregular procession around the north pole, along with the great

north polar whirl of the terrestrial winds. From latitude 30° north, the prevailing winds of our hemisphere may be described as forming a gigantic whirl from west to east around the north pole; and it is in this gigantic whirl that our cyclonic storms are generated. It is then manifest that there is the same relation between the great polar whirl and the cyclonic storms that there is between the latter and the little tornadoes. The cyclonic storms arise in a whirling atmosphere, and they must turn in the same direction that it does. It is not necessary that they should occur at the centre of the great hemi-atmospheric whirl, that is at the pole; it is enough if their centripetal motion is excited anywhere in the area of the whirl, for reasons already given in explaining the origin of the tornado whirl within the cyclone. No new special process need be called in to explain this well-marked relationship; the same general principle applies throughout, and in the southern hemisphere as well as in the northern.

If the great polar whirls should stop, the cyclonic storms also would almost disappear; for they, like the tornadoes, gain most of their distinctive features from their whirling. Our tornadoes would become rare, at the same time; for their essential antecedent conditions, namely, those found in the southeastern quadrant of our larger rotating cyclonic storms, where tornadoes for the most part occur, would also be unusual.

It is, therefore, hopeless for us to expect to get rid of the dangerous whirl of the tornadoes as long as the great parental cyclonic storms are required to turn around, because they are generated in the still greater general whirl around the north pole; and there is no reason to think that the polar whirl will stop in our day. Consider the firmness of its foundation. The sun shines strongest on our torrid zone, and warms the air there, in contrast

to that which is cooled in the polar regions. The warm expanded equatorial air flows away aloft toward either pole; and for this reason we should expect, at the first glance, to find a belt of low atmospheric pressure around the equator, and caps of high pressure at the poles, where the air, being cool and somewhat compressed, would accumulate in greater amount. But, curiously, there is lowest pressure at the poles: and this because the equatorial overflow, as it runs poleward, approaching the axis around which it rotates with the earth, is accelerated in its rotary motion, in accordance with the principle of the conservation of areas, even to such an extent as to generate a centrifugal force that holds the air somewhat away from the polar regions, and reverses the high pressure that we expected there as a result of the low polar temperatures into a low pressure, the result of high centrifugal forces. The case is closely analogous to that of the empty eddy in the basin of whirling water, where the centrifugal force held out the water from the centre. The same mechanical principle is known to be in part responsible for the moderately low pressure observed about the centre of cyclonic storms, and is supposed, on very reasonable grounds, to produce extremely low pressure in the spinning vortex of tornadoes. No direct observations can be expected of the latter; the nearest one of value is from an autographic barometer at Owensboro', Kentucky, about a mile and a half from the track of the severe Louisville tornado of March, 1890; but even this was too far away from the vortex to show the central low pressure, just as it was too far away to be destroyed by the central whirling winds. The evidence of doors and windows burst open in houses over which tornadoes have passed is more directly to the point. For example, we have the account of a sufferer in the Lawrence tornado, — a woman who

was building a fire in her kitchen as the storm approached. Her brief story as given in the *Boston Herald* at the time tells us: "While caring for the fire, I heard it raining outside. It seemed to be pouring in torrents. Suddenly I heard a terrific noise and the breaking of glass behind me. Turning around, I saw that the blinds and windows had been blown out. I started toward the windows, but I guess I never got there. I heard one crash, and that was all. When I came to, I was lying in the ruins." So direct a narrative has every appearance of truth, and one can hardly help regarding the blowing *out* of the windows as evidence of the decrease of pressure outside as the vortex came over the house. Another account of the effects of the apparent explosion of a building may be found in the memoir accompanying the remarkable map, prepared under the direction of H. L. Eustis, professor of engineering in the Lawrence Scientific School of Harvard University, of the destruction caused by the tornado at West Cambridge (now Arlington), Massachusetts, on August 22, 1851. The map is doubtless the most extensive survey of the track of a tornado ever made. Professor Eustis generally refrained from theorizing, but made the following statement: "In one case, particularly, of a factory near the West Cambridge road, the whole effect produced, and to my mind well and clearly defined, was precisely what we should have if we could suddenly place in a vacuum a building filled with atmospheric air of ordinary tension. Even the foundation walls were inclined outwards, and there was every evidence of a force acting from the interior to the exterior." This report is to be found in the *Memoirs of the American Academy of Boston* for 1853.

To review: The relentless violence of tornadoes is a direct result of their whirling, and the whirling is a habit

which they have inherited from the rotation of the cyclonic storms in which they are bred. The cyclones have not of themselves originated the rotation that so universally characterizes them, but in turn have received the habit from the great polar whirl of the general atmospheric circulation in which they are formed; and this has come by immediate inheritance from the rotation of that persistent and inveterate spinner, old Mother Earth. The whirling that characterizes our tornadoes is therefore passed down to them in direct line of inheritance from the rotation of their great-grandparent, and you may ask any astronomer if he thinks that will soon cease. To be sure, there would be no polar whirl if there were no equatorial overflow, but there will be an overflow as long as the sun shines on the equator; and the permanence of this may also be referred to the astronomers. They will indeed tell you that the duration of sunshine cannot be expected to reach as far into the future as the endurance of the earth's rotation; but both are enduring enough for all practical purposes.

It may be well to mention that most cyclones have no tornado offspring, for which we may be duly thankful; but others have a rather large family. Consider the extraordinarily fruitful cyclonic storm that traversed our country on the 19th of February, 1884; as its centre moved from Illinois into Canada, it gave birth to some forty or fifty vicious tornadoes in the Southern States. Most happily for us, these little whirls are short-lived: they seldom live more than half an hour, sometimes an hour, advancing in this brief time from ten to forty miles, although their parents may go on for a week or two, and cross a continent and an ocean; indeed, one cyclonic storm has been traced in apparently continuous progress all around the world. Again, just as it is not every cyclonic storm that gives birth to tornadoes,

so even the tornado-breeders do not generate these violent offspring at all points on their course, but have their breeding-grounds; and alas! the favorite ground is our fruitful Mississippi Valley. As they cross over that superb stretch of country, particularly in the spring and early summer, the cyclonic indraught brings together the unlike elements from which the tornadoes arise: the warm, damp lower winds from the Gulf, and the cool, dry upper winds from the western or northwestern interior where the temperature is still low. Nowhere else in the world is there a like opportunity for the crossing of winds so strongly contrasted, and nowhere else do cyclonic storms so often give birth to tornadoes.

The same relation of short-lived offspring and long-lived parent appears between the cyclonic storms, whose life-history we measure in days or in weeks, and the great polar whirl, whose duration we may almost call immortal. The polar whirl has times of greater activity in winter, when the contrast of temperature between equator and pole is at its maximum, and at this season the most and the strongest cyclones are generated in it. In summer time, when the difference of temperature between equator and pole is least, the whirl runs slower, and its cyclones are fewer and weaker; but it is chiefly in these latter that the tornadoes are produced. The earth must therefore already have been, and continue to be for ages and ages to come, subject to cyclones and tornadoes; yet if we take a very long view of the matter, it might be allowable to say that the polar whirl is not immortal, for it presumably was not at work when the earth was glowing with its own heat; nor will it remain in operation when the heat of the sun, on which it now depends, is exhausted. The polar whirl lives all through that immensity of time in which the sun determines our climate, but the rotation of the earth,

on which the whirling of the atmosphere depends, is more enduring still. In the ardent youth of the world, long past, as well as in the cold old age, in the distant future, its rotation prevails; we must conceive of the turning being as long-lived as the earth itself. Whence did it come by this persistent habit?

The earth turns on its axis from west to east, or, as seen from the North-Star side, from right to left. So do the moon and the sun, and Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn, the only other members of the solar system whose rotation is certainly known. They all turn one way. Again the same strong family likeness. Not only so: the moon revolves around the earth in the same direction as both turn on their axes, and the planets all revolve around the sun in the same direction as they rotate day after day. Saturn's rings turn in the same direction. Everywhere the same well-marked habit of turning from west to east, from right to left. The earth is by no means an isolated, lonesome old body, but one of a family of planets; the members are scattered, to be sure, but they all bear a strong resemblance to one another. Can we venture so far back in the family history as to find the ancestor from which this resemblance has come down?

A clue to guide us in this search may be found in the case of Saturn's rings, which are believed to consist of innumerable small separate bodies crowding around the planet in closely placed orbits. Imagine that at one part of a ring its material should be collected or clotted somewhat more compactly than elsewhere. The little bodies next west of the clot would be hurried along by its attraction and drawn nearer to it, thus accelerating their revolution around Saturn; the bodies next east of it would be held back or retarded in their revolution. Those lying on the outer margin of the ring, near the clot, would be drawn in

toward it, and those on the inner margin would be drawn out; and after a long time, all the material of the rings might, in this way, be gathered about the clot, — not by any sudden disruption of the ring, but by a slow process of segregation. Throughout all this process, the conditions of the formation of a tornado in a cyclone, or of a cyclone in a polar whirl, are essentially repeated; and the mass formed by the coalescence of the parts must inevitably rotate on its axis in the same direction as it revolves around Saturn.

The more ingenious and daring astronomical speculators have supposed that all the planets once existed as rings of thinly scattered matter around the sun, and that by a process of segregation like that just described the material in each ring gradually settled together and formed a planet. During the early stage of the planets, it is thought that rings may have been formed around their coalescing masses, and from these their moons have segregated. If this is admitted, we must go a step further, and say that, of all these rings, those of Saturn must have been the most regularly built, for they have not even yet broken up. They must be wonderfully well balanced.

It is, then, from the very ancient time when the planets were rings, all turning one way around the sun, that they inherit the common impulse that gives them all the same direction of axial rotation. But why did all the rings revolve the same way? Why not some one way, and some the other? Is there, possibly, a primeval ancestor from which all the rings inherited their uniform revolution? The most venturesome theorists have dared to search even further into the past than the time of the rings, and they think that the rings were only annular segregations from a vague, irregularly scattered nebular mass, that, as a whole, turned one way in spiral courses; and

that this slow turning of the primeval nebula determined the direction in which the rings revolved, and all the rest from this.

But why did the nebula turn? Why did it not stand still? It grew from chaos; but the elemental parts of chaos possessed, presumably, some motion, unlike in its various regions; and as their mutual attractions brought them nearer together, forming the primeval nebula, we cannot suppose that they could have avoided some slow rotation. The antecedent motions of the chaotic parts would have had to be most particularly and especially adjusted to escape this result; and chaos knew nothing of particular adjustments. Hence we may infer that when the North Star looked upon our patch of chaos, and watched its segregation into the primeval nebula, he probably noticed that it took on a rotation, a slow spiral inflow of its parts, turning so as to pass from Aries to Taurus, Gemini, and the rest, from west to east, from right to left; and from that time to this, through sun, planets, and moons, winds, cyclones, and tornadoes, the habit then gained has never been lost. Literally, this is a universal habit; and what an example of the importance of forming good habits in early youth!

It is not entirely to the imagination that we must trust for pictures of these past conditions. The earth is cold, having long ago lost its surface heat; but the sun, being much larger, is still luminous, and preserves even to these late times an image of what the glowing earth was in its youth. The planetary rings are all outgrown, but from the well-balanced rings of Saturn, those extraordinary examples of retarded development, we may infer what the planetary rings once were. The primeval nebula is vastly ancient, but in some parts of the universe the nebulous phase of development is not yet passed. Look at Andromeda's belt in the winter sky, and there a

little misty object may be seen near the faintest of the three belt stars. When examined with a telescope, this is found to be a vast nebula. A magnificent photograph of the nebula has been taken by Roberts, of London. A large lens, a sensitive plate, a perfect clockwork to make the telescope follow the turning of the sky, and a four-hour exposure have brought to sight many details not visible to the eye alone; and, most wonderful to behold, there are the spiral incurvings of the nebulous streaks, such as the North Star might have seen while watching our early growth. There is the warrant for believing that our primitive nebula turned in its spiral courses, and gradually settled into revolving rings, from which the planets grew; while the sun represents the great central mass into which most of the nebulous matter was drawn.

But what a long inheritance is this! You have heard of the glacial invasion from which New England and other northern countries have lately escaped, and of which we have witnesses in the many scattered boulders on our hills: that was prehistoric, and yet it should not be regarded as ancient; it may be placed about two inches back on a line that represents the scale of time. You have seen the splendid gorge of the Hudson through the Highlands: that was begun perhaps ten feet back on the scale. You have heard of those strange reptilian tracks in the sandstones of the Connecticut Valley: those are decidedly older, possibly fifty feet back. You know the coal from the mines down in Pennsylvania: the coal plants grew in the Pennsylvania marshes long before the reptiles made tracks in the Connecticut sand flats, may be eighty or a hundred feet ago. You may have been down to Braintree, near Boston, and seen the trilobites in the slate quarry there: those are vastly more antique than the coal plants, two, or three, or four hundred feet distant

on the time scale. But these examples are to be dated after the earth had taken on, practically, all its modern habits. It was then, as now, accompanied by a moon that ran around it in the same way as both bodies turned on their axes. It must then, as now, have had its lands and oceans; its tides, currents, and winds; its storms, with their clouds and rain. How much further back should we have to go to find the earth only just segregated from its ancestral ring, and how much earlier still were the nebulous rings forming from chaos? No one can say. And yet, through all this time we trace the persistent inheritance of a primeval habit that was learned in the childhood of time. If that old nebula had taken on the habit of turning the other way, the sun would rise over our western hills and set on the Atlantic; if that old nebula had turned the other way, the moon would work its way westward through the stars, and its first quarter would show us the left half illuminated, not the right; if that old nebula had turned the other way, we should here receive the tempered breezes from the ocean for our habitual winds, while western Europe would suffer under harsh easterly winds from the interior of the vast Eurasian continent; the seat of modern civilization in the Old World would be well-nigh uninhabitable, and bleak Labrador would enjoy a tempered climate. If that old nebula had turned the other way, the Lawrence tornado would have come from the east, not from the west; it would have turned from left to right, not from right to left; and the house in which the gate-tender was killed would have been dashed eastward, not westward, on the north side of the track.

When we speak of inheritance, we think generally of the inheritance of property from a parent; and this means that we live in a country of established laws. Established laws give

us security in the transmission of inheritance. But how local, how short-lived, how vacillating, are our human laws of inheritance compared with these eternal laws of physical inheritance, persistently in operation since the first

segregation of chaos! The lesson of tornadoes would, at first sight, seem to be one of danger; but the larger lesson is one of safety, — safety under the constant operation of fixed natural laws.

William M. Davis.

ENGLISH RAILWAY FICTION.

SANDWICHES, oranges, and penny novelettes are the three great requisites for English traveling, — for third-class traveling, at least; and, of the three, the novelette is by far the most imperative, a pleasant proof of how our intellectual needs outstrip our bodily requirements. The clerks and artisans, shopgirls, dress-makers, and milliners, who pour into London every morning by the early trains, have, each and every one, a choice specimen of penny fiction with which to beguile the short journey, and perhaps the few spare minutes of a busy day. The workingman who slouches up and down the platform, waiting for the moment of departure, is absorbed in some crumpled bit of pink-covered romance. The girl who lounges opposite to us in the carriage, and who would be a very pretty girl in any other conceivable hat, sucks mysterious sticky lozenges, and reads a story called *Mariage à la Mode*, or *Getting into Society*, which she subsequently lends to me, — seeing, I think, the covetous looks I cast in its direction, — and which I find gives as vivid and startling a picture of high life as one could reasonably expect for a penny. Should I fail to provide myself with one of these popular journals at the book-stall, another chance is generally afforded me before the train moves off; and I am startled out of a sleepy reverie by a small boy's thrusting *A Black Business* alarmingly into my face, while a second

diminutive lad on the platform holds out to me enticingly *Fettered for Life*, *Neranya's Revenge*, and *Ruby*. The last has on the cover an alluring picture of a circus girl jumping through a hoop, which tempts me to the rashness of a purchase, circus riders being my literary weakness. I remember, myself, trying to write a story about one, when I was fourteen, and experiencing great difficulty from a comprehensive and all-embracing ignorance of my subject. It is but fair to the author of *Ruby* to say that he was too practiced a workman to be disconcerted or turned from his course by any such trivial disadvantage.

I should hardly like to confess how many coins of the realm I dissipated before learning the melancholy truth, that the seductive titles and cuts which form the *tours de force* of penny fiction bear but a feeble affinity to the tales themselves, which are like vials of skimmed milk, labeled absinthe, but warranted to be wholly without flavor. Mr. James Payn, who has written very amusingly about the mysterious weekly journals which lie "thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks in Vallombrosa" upon the counters of small, dark shops, "in the company of cheap tobacco, hard-bake, and, at the proper season, valentines," laments with frank asperity that he can find in them neither dramatic interest nor even impropriety. He has

searched them patiently for something wrong, and his quest has been wholly unrewarded. Mr. Thomas Wright, in a paper published some years ago in the *Nineteenth Century*, makes a similar complaint. The lovely heroines of these stories are "virtuous even to insipidity," and their heroes are so blamably blameless as to be absolutely revolting. Yet it has been my fate to encounter some very pretty villains in the course of my penny readings, and at least one specimen of the sinful gilded youth who has "handsome blonde hair parted in the middle, a discontented mustache, a pale face and apathetic expression." This scion of the aristocracy, I am grieved to say, keeps beautiful Jewesses on board his sumptuous yacht, and otherwise misbehaves himself after a fashion calculated to make his relatives and well-wishers more discontented even than his mustache. He has a lovely sister, Alma, with whom, we are assured, the Prince of Wales danced three times in one night, "and was also heard to express his admiration of her looks and her *esprit* in some very emphatic superlatives, exciting a variety of comment and criticism." Naturally, and all the more naturally because the fair Alma discreetly reserves her *esprit* for royal ears and royal commendation, and is exceedingly chary of revealing any of it to interested readers, who are fain to know what kind of conversation the Prince found so diverting. From the specimens presented to our consideration, we are forced to conclude either that his Highness is easily satisfied in the matter of *esprit*, or that he has an almost superhuman power of detecting it when hidden from ordinary observation.

The wonderful dullness of penny fiction is not really due to the absence of incidents of vice, or even of dramatic situations, but to the placidity with which these incidents or situations are presented and received. How can we reasonably be expected to excite our-

selves over a catastrophe which makes little or no impression on the people most deeply concerned in it? When Bonny Adair engages herself, with guileless alacrity, to a man who has a wife already, the circumstance is narrated with a coolness which hardly allows of a tremor. The wife herself is not the hidden, mysterious, veiled creature with whom we are all familiar; not an actress, or a ballet girl, or an adventuress; but a highly respectable young lady, going into society, and drinking tea with poor Bonny at afternoon receptions. This would seem like a startling innovation, but as nobody else expresses any surprise at the matter, why should we? Bonny herself, it is explained, put no embarrassing questions to her suitor. "She was only a simple country maid. She knew that he loved her, and that was all she cared for." Still, to drink tea amicably with the wife of her *prétendu* is too much even for a simple country maid; and when Bonny is formally introduced to "Mrs. Alec Doyle," she feels it time to withdraw from the scene and become a hospital nurse, until a convenient accident in the hunting-field removes the intrusive spouse, and re-establishes her claim to the husband.

The same well-bred indifference is revealed in a more sensational story called *Elfrida's Wooing*, where we have a villainous uncle foiled in his base plots; a father supposed to be drowned, but turning up just at the critical moment; a wicked lover baffled, a virtuous lover rewarded. This sounds promising, but in reality everything is taken with such wonderful calm that not a ripple of excitement breaks over the smooth surface of the tale. There is even an abduction, which surely cannot be an everyday occurrence in English clerical life, — I do not remember anything like it in one of Trollope's novels, — and by mistake the wrong girl, the vicar's daughter, is carried off by the rogues. But no matron of feudal times could have

betrayed less annoyance at the incident than does the vicar's wife. "Rupert," she remarks placidly to her son, "it is your place to go and look for your sister." "Where shall I go?" is the brother's languid query. To which his mother retorts, with some fretfulness: "How can I tell you? If I knew, I should be able to send for her myself," — a very simple and a very sensible way of stating the case; but it sounds as if the pet dog, rather than the only daughter of the family, had been spirited suddenly away.

The most striking instance, however, of that repose of mien which 'stamps the caste of penny-fiction characters I found in a delightful little romance entitled *Golden Chains*, where the heroine marries the villain to oblige a friend, and is rewarded for her amiability by being imprisoned in a ruined castle, situated vaguely "on a lonely hillside looking down upon the blue Mediterranean." Apparently, nothing can be easier than to dispose of superfluous wives in this particular locality of Italy, for no impertinent questions are asked; and Ernestine, proving intractable, is left by her husband, Captain Beamish, an English officer of a type not yet elucidated by Rudyard Kipling, to starve quietly in her dungeon. She is prevented from fulfilling this agreeable destiny by the accidental drowning of the captain, and the accidental arrival of her lover, — the virtuous hero, — who is traveling providentially in the south of Europe, and who has a taste for exploring ruins. This gentlemanly instinct leads to the discovery of his beloved in a comatose condition, "but beautiful still," though "her youthful roundness was gone forever." Surely now, the reader thinks, there will be a scene of transport, of fierce wrath, of mingled agony and rapture. Nothing of the sort. Linden merely "lifts the fair head upon his arm," and administers a dose of brandy. Then, as Ernestine's eyes open, he

murmurs, "'Dearest, do you know me?'" "Yes," she faintly answered. "All is well, Nessa. You have been cruelly used, but all is well. You are safe with me. Tell me, dear one, you are glad to see me.'" "

If she were not glad to see him, under the circumstances, it would indicate an extraordinary indifference, not so much to love as to life; and the modesty which, in such a case, could doubt a hearty welcome seems like an exaggerated emotion. But the hero of penny fiction is the least arrogant of mortals. He worships from afar, and expresses his affection in language which at times is almost obsequious in its timidity. He is never passionate, never exultant, never the least bit foolish, and never for a single moment relapses into humanity. Yet millions of people believe in him, love him, cherish him, and hail his weekly reappearance with sincere and unwearied applause.

The Unknown Public, that huge body of readers who meddle not with Ruskin, nor with Browning, nor with Herbert Spencer, who have no acquaintance with George Eliot, and to whom even Thackeray and Scott are as recondite as George Meredith and Walter Pater, has been an object of interest and curiosity to its neighbor, the Known Public, ever since Wilkie Collins formally introduced it into good society, more than thirty years ago. This interest is mingled with philanthropy, and is apt to be a little didactic in the expression of its regard. Wilkie Collins, indeed, after the easy-going fashion of his generation, was content to take the Unknown Public as he found it, and to wonder vaguely whether the same man wrote all the stories that were so fearfully and wonderfully alike: "a combination of fierce melodrama and meek domestic sentiment; short dialogues and paragraphs on the French pattern, with moral English reflections of the sort that occur on the top lines of children's copy-books; descriptions and conversations for

the beginning of the number, and a 'strong situation' dragged in by the neck and shoulders for the end." It was in the Answers to Correspondents, however, that the distinguished novelist confesses he took the keenest delight,—in the punctilious reader, who is anxious to know the correct hour at which to visit a newly married couple; in the practical reader, who asks how to make crum-pets and liquid blacking; in the sentimental reader, who has received presents from a gentleman to whom she is not engaged, and desires the editor's sanction for the deed; in the timorous reader, who is afraid of a French invasion and of dragonflies. The scraps of editorial wisdom doled out to these benighted beings were, in Wilkie Collins's opinion, well worth the journal's modest price. He was rejoiced to know that "a sensible and honorable man never flirts himself, and ever despises flirts of the other sex." He was still more pleased to be told, "When you have a sad trick of blushing, on being introduced to a young lady, and when you want to correct the habit, summon to your aid a serene and manly confidence."

Members of the Known Public who explore the wilds and deeps of penny fiction to-day are less satisfied with what they see, less flippant in their methods of criticism, and less disposed to permit mankind to be amused after its own dull fashion. "Let us raise the tone of these popular journals," is their cry, "and we shall soon have millions of readers taking rational delight in wholesome literature. Let us publish good stories at a penny apiece,—in fact, it is our plain duty to do so,—and these millions of readers will, with grateful hearts, rise up and call us blessed." To which Mr. Payn responds mirthfully that the Unknown Public is every whit as sure of what it wants as the Known Public that aspires to teach it, and perhaps even a little surer. The Count of Monte Cristo,

The Wandering Jew, Ivanhoe, and White Lies were all offered in turn at a penny apiece, and were in turn rejected. That it does occasionally accept better fiction, if it can get it cheap, we have the word of Mr. Wright, who claims to have been for years a member of this mysterious body, and to have an inner knowledge of what it likes and dislikes. The Woman in White, Lady Audley's Secret, and It is Never Too Late to Mend are, he asserts, familiar names with a certain stratum of the Unknown Public; Midshipman Easy is an old friend, and The Pathfinder and The Last of the Mohicans enjoy a fitful popularity. But its real favorite, its admitted pride and delight, is Ouida. The "genteel young ladies of the counter," and their hard-working sisterhood of dressmakers and milliners and lodging-house keepers, all accept Ouida as a literary oracle. "They quite agree with herself that she is a woman of genius. They recognize in her the embodiment of their own inexpressible imaginings of aristocratic people and things. They believe in her Byronic characters, and their Arabian-Nights-like wealth and power; in her titanic and delightfully wicked guardsmen; in her erratic or ferocious but always gorgeous princes, her surpassingly lovely but more or less immoral grand dames, and her wonderful Bohemians of both sexes. They believe, too, in her sheer 'fine writing.' Its jingle is pleasant to their senses, even though they fail to catch its meaning. Ouida's work is essentially the acme of penny-serial style. The novelists of the penny prints toil after her in vain, but they do toil after her. They aim at the same gorgeousness of effect, though they lack her powers to produce it, to impress it vividly upon readers."

It has not been my experience to find in these weeklies—and I have read many of them—even a dim reflection of Ouida's meretricious glitter. A gentle and unobtrusive dullness; a smooth flu-

ency of style, suggestive of the author's having written several hundreds of such stories before, and turning them out with no more intellectual effort than an organ-grinder uses in turning the crank of his organ; an air of absolute unreality about the characters, not so much from overdrawing as from their deadly sameness; conversations of vapid sprightliness and an atmosphere of oppressive respectability, — these are the characteristics of penny fiction, if I may judge from the varied specimens that have fallen into my hands. The foreign scoundrels and secret poisoners, the sumptuous wealth and lavish bloodshed, that thrilled the boyhood of Mr. Wright have, I greatly fear, been refined out of existence. There is an occasional promise of this sort of thing, but never any adequate fulfillment. I once hoped much from the opening paragraph of a tale describing the virtuous heroine's wicked husband in language which seemed to me full of bright auspices for his future: —

"The speaker was a fair, well-dressed man, in appearance about three-and-thirty. A yellow mustache increased the languid, *insouciant* expression of his long, well-cut features, which were handsome, but, despite their delicacy, had a singular animal resemblance in them, — God's image in the possession of a cool, unprincipled fiend, which now and then peered out of the pale blue eyes, half veiled by the yellow lashes."

Yet, with all his advantages of physiognomy, the utmost this pale-eyed person achieves is to hang around in his wife's way until she shoots him, — accidentally, of course, — and secures herself from any further annoyance.

In a taste for aristocracy, however, and a splendid contempt for trade, and "the city," and the objectionable middle classes, our penny novelist surpasses even Ouida, and approaches more nearly to that enamored exponent of high life, Lord Beaconsfield. He will dance his

puppets, as Tony Lumpkin's boon companion danced his bear, "only to the very genteelst of tunes." Mr. Edward Salmon, who has written with amazing seriousness on *What the Working Classes Read*, and who thinks it a pity "more energy is not exerted in bringing home to the people the inherent attractions of Shakespeare, Scott, Marryat, Dickens, Lytton, and George Eliot," makes the distinct assertion that socialism and a hatred of the fashionable world are fostered by the penny serials, and by the pictures they draw of a luxurious and depraved nobility. "The stories," he says gravely, "are utterly contemptible in literary execution. They thrive on the wicked baronet, the faithless but handsome peeress, and find their chief supporters among shopgirls, seamstresses, and domestic servants. It is hardly surprising that there should exist in the impressionable minds of the masses an aversion more or less deep to the upper classes. If one of their own order, man or woman, appears in the pages of these unwholesome prints, it is only as a paragon of virtue, who is probably ruined, or at least wronged, by that incarnation of evil, the sensuous aristocrat, standing six feet, with his dark eyes, heavy mustache, pearl-like teeth, and black hair. Throughout the story the keynote struck is high-born scoundrelism. Every social misdemeanor is called in to assist the progress of the slipshod narrative. Crime and love are the essential ingredients, and the influence exercised over the feminine reader, often unenlightened by any close contact with the classes whom the novelist pretends to portray, crystallizes into an irremovable dislike of the upper strata of society."¹

It is hard, after reading this extract, to believe that Mr. Salmon ever examined any of these "slipshod narratives" for himself, or he would know that the aristocrat of penny fiction is always fair.

¹ *The Nineteenth Century*.

The stalwart young farmer, the aspiring artist, the sailor lover, may rival each other in dark clustering curls, but the peer, as befits his rank, is monotonously blonde.

"The dark was dowered with beauty,
The fair was nobly born.
In the face of the one was hatred;
In the face of the other, scorn."

Mr. Hamilton Aidé probably does not design his graceful verses as illustrations of weekly novelettes, but he understands better than Mr. Salmon the subtle sympathy between birth and coloring.

Neither have I discovered any socialistic tendency in these stories, nor any disposition to exalt the lower orders at the expense of the upper. The Clara Vere de Veres who smiled on me in the course of my researches were all as virtuous as they were beautiful, and their noble lovers were models of chivalry and truth. It was the scheming lawyer, the base-born, self-made man of business, who crept as a serpent into their patrician Eden, and was treated with the contempt and contumely he deserved. In one instance, such an upstart, Mr. John Farlow by name, ventures to urge upon an impoverished landholder his offers of friendship and assistance, and this is the spirit in which his advances are received:—

"The colonel shudders, as he gazes, half wearily, half scornfully, at the shapeless, squat figure of the Caliban-like creature before him. That he, Courtenay St. Leger Walterton, late in command of her Majesty's Lancers, should have to listen respectfully to the hectoring of this low city rascal, while a horsepond awaits without, and a collection of horsewhips hang ready for instant application on the hunting-rack in the hall within! Yet it is so; he is wholly at this man's mercy, and the colonel, like the humblest of mankind, is obliged to succumb to the inevitable."

Now, since I turned the last page of *Ten Thousand a Year*, a long, long time

ago, I have hardly met with a finer instance of aristocratic feeling than this, or a more crushing disdain for the ignoble creature known as a solicitor. Mr. John Farlow is of course a villain, but Courtenay St. Leger Walterton is not aware of this fact, and neither, in the beginning of the tale, is the reader. What we do know, however, is that, being a "low city rascal," he naturally merits horsewhipping at the hands of a blue-blooded country squire. He would have deserved hanging, had the colonel been a duke; and perhaps that punishment might have been meted triumphantly out to him, for the penny novelist, with all his faults, still "loves his House of Peers."

The task of providing literature for the Unknown Public is not the easy thing it seems to critics like Mr. Wright and Mr. Salmon. The Unknown Public has its literature already,—a literature which enjoys an enormous circulation, and gives absolute satisfaction. One publishing company alone, "for the people," claims that its penny novelettes, issued weekly, reach seven millions of readers, and these seven millions are evidently content with what they receive. Mr. Andrew Lang is responsible for the statement that a story about a mill girl, which was printed in a Glasgow penny journal, so delighted the subscribers that they demanded it should be several times repeated in its columns. "There could not," says Mr. Lang somewhat wistfully, "be a more perfect and gratifying success;" and publishers of ambitious and high-toned periodicals may well be forgiven for envying such a master stroke. When were they ever asked to reprint a story, however vaunted its perfections, however popular it seemed to be? The heroine of this magic tale is defrauded of her inheritance by villains who possess sumptuous subterranean palaces and torture chambers in "her own romantic town" of Glasgow, the last place in the world

where we should reasonably expect to find them. "The one essential feature," Mr. Lang observes, "in a truly successful tale is that there should be an *ingénue*, as pure as poor, who is debarred by conspiracies from the enjoyment of a prodigious fortune." This is a favorite device with weekly papers at home, and the serial story, on either side of the Atlantic, is perforce a little more stirring in its character than that presented to us in finished form through the medium of the penny novelette. With the first, the "strong situation" is serviceable as a decoy to lure the reader into purchasing the following number. With the second, no such artifice is needed or employed. The buyer has his pennyworth already in hand; and a very good pennyworth it is, judged by quantity alone. Wilkie Collins tells us how he tried vainly to extract from a shopman an opinion as to which was the best journal to select, and how the shopman persisted very naturally in saying that there was no choice, — one was every bit as long as another. "Well, you see some likes one, and some the next. Take 'em all the year around, and there ain't a pin, as I knows of, to choose between them. There's just about as much in one as there is in its neighbor. All good penn'orths. Bless my soul! Just take 'em up and look for yourself! All good penn'orths, choose where you like."

Exactly as if they were shrimps or periwinkles! Very good measure, if you chance to like the stuff! Dorothy, a Home Journal for Ladies, in a rather attractive pale green cover, gives you every week a complete story, nearly half the length of an average English novel, and fairly well illustrated with full-page cuts. Each number contains, in addition, Dorothy's Letter-Box, where all reasonable questions are answered, and Dorothy's Drawing-Room, with items of fashionable news, — the whereabouts of the Queen, and the interesting fact

that "the Duke and Duchess of Portland have been living quietly and giving no parties at Langwell, the Duke being desirous of affording the Duchess every chance of better regaining her health." Also Hints for Practical Dressmaking, by "Busy Bee;" Our Homes, by "Lady Bird;" an occasional poem; and Notes on Handwriting, where you may learn that you have "ambition, an ardent, tender, affectionate, and sensitive nature, easily impressed, and inclined to jealousy. There is also some sense of beauty, vivid fancy, and sequence of ideas." Now and then a doubting maid sends a scrap of her lover's penmanship to be deciphered, and receives the following gentle encouragement: —

"LOVE LIES BLEEDING. — I hardly like to say whether the writer of the morsel you inclose would make a good husband; but I should imagine him as thoughtful for others, romantic and loving, very orderly in his habits, and fairly well educated; rather hot-tempered, but forgives and forgets quickly."

All this for a penny, — two cents of American money! No wonder Dorothy reaches her millions of readers. No wonder the little green books lie in great heaps on the counters of every railway station in England. She is, perhaps, the most high-toned of such weekly issues; but The Princess, in a bright blue cover, follows closely in her wake, with a complete story, illustrated, and Boudoir Gossip about Prince George of Wales, and Mrs. Mackay, and the Earl and Countess of Jersey. Bow Bells and The Wide World Novelettes are on a distinctly lower scale: the fiction more sensational, the cuts coarser, and the pink cover of Bow Bells flaunting and vulgar. A Magazine of Short Stories aims at being lively and vivacious in the style of Rhoda Broughton, and gives a good pennyworth of tales, verses, Answers to Correspondents, and a column of Familiar Quotations Verified that alone is worth the money. But the final triumph

of quantity over quality, of matter over mind, is in the *Book for All*, published weekly at the price of one penny, and containing five separate departments, for women, girls, men, boys, and children. Each of these departments has a short illustrated story, poetry, anecdotes, puzzles, confidential talks with the editor, advice on every subject and information of every description. Here you can learn "how to preserve your beauty" and how to make "royal Battenberg" lace, how to run a Texas ranch and how to go into mourning for your mother, how to cure stammering and how to rid a dog of fleas. Here you may acquire knowledge upon the most varied topics, from lung diseases in animals to Catherine of Russia's watch, from the aborigines of Australia to scientific notes on the Lithuanian language. The Unknown Public must indeed be athirst for knowledge, if it can absorb such quantities week after week with unabated zeal; and, from the *Answers to Correspondents*, we are led to suppose it is ever eager for more. One inquiring mind is comforted by the assurance that "narrative monophone will appear in its turn," and an ambitious but elderly reader is gently warned that "a person aged fifty might learn to play on the guitar, and perhaps be able to sing; but the chances are that, in both instances, the performance will not be likely to captivate those who are compelled to listen to it." On the whole, after an exhaustive study of penny weeklies, I should say that, were I expected to provide a large family with reading matter and encyclopædic information at the modest rate of one dollar and four cents a year, the *Book for All* would be the journal of my choice.

It is not in penny fiction alone, however, that the railway bookstalls do a thriving trade. The shilling novels stand in goodly rows, inviting you to a purchase you are sure afterwards to regret. The average shilling novel in

England differs from the average penny novel in size only; and, judged by measurement, the sole standard it is possible to apply, it should, to warrant its price, be about six times the length. *Lord Elwyn's Daughter* and *The Nun's Curse*, at a shilling each, bear such a strong family resemblance to their penny cousins, *Golden Chains* and *Her Bitter Burden*, that it needs their outward dress to distinguish them; and *Haunted* and *The Man who Vanished* carry their finest thrills in their titles. Quite early in my search, I noticed at the Waterloo station three shilling novels, — *Weaker than Woman*, *Lady Hutton's Ward*, and *Diana's Discipline*, all advertised conspicuously as being by the author of *Dora Thorne*. Feeling that my ignorance of *Dora Thorne* herself was a matter for regret and enlightenment, I asked for her at once, to be told she was not in stock, but I might, if I liked, have *Lady Gwendolen's Dream*, by the same writer. I declined *Lady Gwendolen*, and at the next station once more demanded *Dora Thorne*. In vain! The young man in attendance glanced over his volumes, shook his head, and offered me *Diana's Discipline*, and a fresh book, *The Fatal Lilies*, also by the author of *Dora Thorne*. Another stall at another station had all five of these novels, and a sixth one in addition, *A Golden Heart*, by the author of *Dora Thorne*, but still no *Dora*. Elsewhere I encountered *Her Martyrdom* and *Which Loved Him Best*, both stamped with the cabalistic words "By the Author of *Dora Thorne*;" and so it continued to the end. New stories without number, all from the same pen, and all countersigned "By the Author of *Dora Thorne*," but never *Dora*. From first to last she remained elusive, invisible, unattainable, — a *Mrs. Harris* among books, a name and nothing more.

Comedy is very popular at railway bookstalls: *My Churchwardens*, by a Vicar, and *My Rectors*, by a Quondam

Curate; a weekly pennyworth of mild jokes called Pick-Me-Up, and a still cheaper and still milder collection for a half-penny called Funny Cuts; an occasional shabby copy of Innocents Abroad, which stands as the representative of American humor, and that most mysterious of journals, Ally Sloper's Half Holiday, which always conveys the impression of being exceedingly amusing if one could only understand the fun. Everybody — I mean, of course, everybody who rides in third-class carriages — buys this paper, and studies it soberly, industriously, almost sadly; but I have never yet seen anybody laugh over it. Mrs. Pennell, indeed, with a most heroic devotion to the cause of humor, and a catholic appreciation of its highways and byways, has analyzed Ally Sloper for the benefit of the Known Public which reads the Contemporary Review, and claims that he is a modern brother of old-time jesters, — of Pierrot, and Pulcinello, and Pantalone; reflecting national vices and follies with caustic but good-natured fidelity. "While the cultured of the present generation have been busy proving their powers of imitation," says Mrs. Pennell, "this unconscious evolution of a popular type has established the pretensions of the people to originality." But, alas! it is not given to the moderately cultivated to understand such types without a good deal of interpretation; and merely buying and reading the paper are of very little service. Here are the pictures, which I am told are clever; here is the text, which is probably clever, too; but their combined brilliancy conveys no light to my mind. Ally Sloper leading "a local German band" at Tenby, Ally Sloper interviewing distinguished people, may, like Mr. F.'s aunt, be "ingenious and even subtle," but the key to his subtlety is lacking. As for Tootsie, and The Dook Snook, and Lord Bob, and The Hon. Billy, and all the other members of his interesting family who play

their weekly part in the recurring comedy, they would be quite as amusing to the uninitiated reader if they followed the example of the erudite Oxonian, and conversed in "the Ostiak dialect of Tungusian."

By way of contrast, I suppose, the other comic weeklies preserve a simplicity of character which is equaled only by their placid and soothing dullness. It is easy to understand the amount of humor conveyed in such jests as these, both of which are deemed worthy of half-page illustrations.

"*Aunt Kate* (in the park). Tell me, Ethel, when any of the men look at me.

"*Little Ethel*. It's me they look at, aunty. You're too old."

"Dear friends again. *Madge* (rather elderly). What do you think of my new hat, Lily?

"*Lily*. It's rather old-fashioned, dear, but it suits you."

This is the very meekest of funning, and feminine tartness and juvenile precocity must be at a low ebb with the Unknown Public when it can relish such shadowy thrusts, even at increasing years, which, from the days of the prophet to the days of Mr. Gladstone, have ever been esteemed a fitting subject for mirth. The distance between the penny dreadful and Lorna Doone is not vaster than the distance between these hopeless jests and the fine cynicism, the arrowy humor, of Du Maurier. Mrs. Pennell says very truly that Cimabue Brown and Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns would have no meaning whatever for the British workman, — would probably be as great a mystery to him as The Dook Snook and The Hon. Billy are to me. But Punch's dear little lad who, on a holiday afternoon, has caught only one fish, "and that was so young it didn't know how to hold on," and the charitable but near-sighted old lady who drops a penny into the hat of a meditative peer, come within the scope of every-

body's comprehension. If more energy is to be exerted "in bringing home to the people the inherent attractions of Shakespeare, Scott, Marryat, Dickens, Lytton, and George Eliot," according to the comprehensive programme laid out by Mr. Salmon, why not, as a first step, bring home to them the attractions of a bright, clean, merry jest? It might enable them, perhaps, to recognize the gap between the humor of George Eliot and the humor of Captain Marryat, and would serve to prick their dormant critical faculties into life.

The one sad sight at an English railway bookstall is the little array of solid writers, who stand neglected, shabby, and apart, pleading dumbly out of their dusty shame for recognition and release. I have seen Baxter's *Saint's Rest* jostled contemptuously into a corner. I have seen *The Apostolic Fathers* hanging their hoary heads with dignified humility, and *The Popes of Rome* lingering in inglorious bondage. I have seen our own Emerson broken-backed and spiritless; and, harder still, *The Autocrat of the*

Breakfast-Table shorn of his gay supremacy, frayed, and worn, and exiled from his friends. I have seen Sartor Resartus skulking on a dark shelf with a yellow-covered neighbor more gaudy than respectable, and I have seen Buckle's boasted *Civilization* in a condition that would have disgraced a savage. These Titans, disrowned and discredited, these captives, honorable in their rags, stirred my heart with sympathy and compassion. I wanted to gather them up and carry them away to respectability and the long-forgotten shelter of library walls. But light-weight luggage precluded philanthropy, and, steeling my reluctant soul, I left them to their fate. Still they stand, I know, unsought, neglected, and scorned, while thousands of *Dorothys* and *Ally Slopers* are daily sold around them. "How had the star of this daughter of Gomer waxed, while the star of these Cymry, his sons, had waned!" How shall genius be revered and honored when buried without decent rites in the bleak graveyard of a railway bookstall?

Agnes Repplier.

THE NEUTRALITY OF SWITZERLAND.

DURING those dark days, at the beginning of the century, when Switzerland had become the battlefield of Europe, and her independence was trampled underfoot alike by Napoleon and the Allies, Wordsworth broke forth in that noble lament which is entitled, in the collection of his poems, *Thought of a Briton on the Subjugation of Switzerland*. Coupling the fall of Venice with that of Switzerland in his mind, he thus apostrophizes Liberty:—

"Two voices are there: one is of the sea,
One of the mountains; each a mighty voice.
In both from age to age thou didst rejoice;
They were thy chosen music, Liberty!"

Happily, that time of national degradation is now only an evil memory, for soon after these words were uttered Switzerland arose from the state of complete prostration into which she had fallen, collected her forces during many succeeding years of peace, and, after various vicissitudes, finally won her present position of honor and usefulness amongst the nations.

It is surprising to notice how this country, with whose name we associate some of our noblest conceptions of liberty, has run up and down the gamut of self-government, striking all the intervening notes between complete subju-

gation and unquestioned independence. From the time when Switzerland first appeared in history, at the beginning of the Christian era, until the close of the Swabian war in 1499, she was always subject to an outside power; from that date until toward the end of the seventeenth century she was an independent, sovereign state; but, after that, France succeeded in persuading her into alliances which almost imperceptibly assumed the proportions of protectorates: so that, after the rise of Napoleon, and before the Congress of Vienna, Switzerland had sunk to the position of a mere vassal of France.

It was at this point, when the lowest degree in the scale had been reached, that the signatory powers at the Congress of Vienna, on the 20th of March, 1815, announced their intention of drawing up an act which should guarantee the perpetual neutrality of Switzerland. On the 27th of May the Swiss Diet accepted this offer, but there was a delay of several months before the pledge given by the powers was fulfilled; for the great struggle at Waterloo, which took place in the mean time, overshadowed every other phase of the European situation. Finally, on the 20th of November, the document which was to exert so potent an influence upon the destinies of the Swiss people was approved by the Congress. "The signatory powers of the declaration made at Vienna on the 20th of March," says the text, "by the present act make a formal and authentic acknowledgment of the perpetual neutrality of Switzerland, and they guarantee to her the integrity and inviolability of her territory within her new boundaries." This agreement is further on declared to be "in the true interests of the politics of all Europe."

If any one should be tempted to say that even these solemn promises were insufficient to establish the neutrality of Switzerland upon an unquestioned legal basis, surely the array of great names

appended to this document ought to remove all doubts. Amongst them, there was Metternich for Austria, Richelieu for France, Wellington for England, Humboldt for Prussia, and Capo d'Istria for Russia. It would be a strange forgetfulness of the past which could make the powers declare null and void an act signed by historic names such as these. The person who actually prepared the text was the Swiss representative at the Congress, Charles Pictet de Rochemont, a Genevese; the task having been first assigned to Stratford Canning, who preferred to leave it to Pictet.

There was no condition appended to this declaration of neutrality beyond the natural one that the Swiss Diet should agree to the terms of the proposed transaction, a duty which that body promptly performed. At least one of these accepted terms deserves to be noticed, on account of the negotiations to which it has since given rise, and the dangers to European peace with which it is still fraught. The so-called "question of Savoy" resulted from a compromise effected at this time among the conflicting interests of France, Switzerland, and the king of Sardinia. During the discussions of the Congress, it was proposed, and very properly, to give Switzerland the whole of the geographical basin between the Jura and the Alps, in order that she might have a natural and logical frontier; but, instead of this simple solution of the difficulty, the representatives at the Congress ended by setting up a complicated and irrational system of apportionment. France was allowed to retain parts of this basin, and a zone was created in northern Savoy which should be included in the neutrality of Switzerland, "in the same manner as though it belonged to her." In 1859, the cession of Nice and Savoy to France brought this curious state of affairs to the notice of Europe. Napoleon III. offered to concede certain further rights

to Switzerland; but they were refused as insufficient, and, during an interchange of notes between the two governments in 1883, it was acknowledged that the conditions created by the act of 1815 were still in force. The zone presents, therefore, the strange anomaly of being French territory, and yet enjoying the same sort of neutrality as Switzerland; of furnishing soldiers for the French army, and, in the event of a European war, being forbidden ground for contending armies. Moreover, any interference of Switzerland in that quarter, to which she is legally entitled, according to the terms of the act of 1815, would now undoubtedly produce grave international complications; so that the whole question may be considered to be in a very unsatisfactory state, and to be prevented from endangering peace only by the especially friendly relations which exist between the Swiss and the French.

It is one thing to be endowed with this privilege of perpetual neutrality, and quite another matter to maintain it inviolate, as Switzerland has found on more than one occasion. Her last opportunity to assert her neutrality by a show of armed force occurred in 1871, during the closing months of the Franco-German war. In January of that critical year, the French army of the East, under Bourbaki, had retreated from Belfort upon the Swiss frontier, and then, surrounded by the Germans, decimated by cold and hunger, had taken refuge upon Swiss soil to the number of about 85,000 men, with 10,000 horses and 200 guns. A body of 20,000 Swiss troops promptly disarmed them, and distributed them over Switzerland, where for something like seven weeks they were cared for in a manner which has always been remembered with gratitude by the French nation, and is still frequently mentioned upon public occasions.

Twenty years have passed since Bourbaki's soldiers made their entry into

Switzerland, but it seems to me only the other day that my brother and I went out upon the highway that skirts the Lake of Geneva from Lausanne to Vevey, where we were living at the time, to see a detachment of this ill-fated army straggle into town. Swiss guards marched ahead, exemplifying the blessings of peace; then came their captives, illustrating the horrors of war. Poor fellows! Amongst them were mere boys, hastily recruited in the hour of peril, now disarmed, and weary with a hopeless struggle against an enemy far superior to them in leadership and discipline. Worn with terrible privations from being so long cut off from their base of supplies, their uniforms torn, and the gay red, so dear to the French heart, sadly discolored, they stumbled into the little Swiss town: some silent with the weight of their national shame; others plaintively talkative, full of ghastly tales.

It is somewhat remarkable that the Swiss name is still connected with an institution which might be classed as an infraction of the principles of neutrality, if it were not so very harmless and theatrical. Visitors to the Vatican will remember the Pope's Swiss Guard, those picturesque but antiquated soldiers, clad in their yellow, black, and red uniforms, said to have been designed by Michael Angelo. It is to be hoped that the time will never come when these Swiss soldiers will be brought into conflict with the Italian populace, for Switzerland would be placed in a very embarrassing situation by any such contingency. Fortunately, there is little chance of any armed interference on the part of the Italian government, for the latter has learned not to take the papal pretensions too seriously.

But in the past this mercenary system was a source of great danger to the Swiss Confederation in her foreign relations, and of demoralization in her internal affairs. There was a time

when fighting for pay was considered a perfectly legitimate and honorable means of gaining a living. During the Italian campaigns at the end of the fifteenth and beginning of the sixteenth century, Swiss mercenaries performed prodigies of valor, and earned the reputation of being the most desirable soldiers in Europe; so that the chief towns of the cantons were full of foreign ambassadors intriguing to secure fresh levies for their sovereigns. "Pas d'argent, pas de Suisses," was the saying which then arose, and has ever since been made a cause of reproach to the Confederation, although an explanation of the origin of this sentence has been given, which, if correct, makes it rebound to the honor rather than to the shame of the mercenaries. It appears that, while in the service of France, some Swiss troops were unable to obtain their pay, and they therefore declared their intention of returning home. They were urged, however, to live by brigandage, like other bands of mercenaries out of employment, until they could be reëngaged; and when they refused to do this, a French general is said to have exclaimed, "Pas d'argent, pas de Suisses," in impatience at their scruples. Even if this explanation is far fetched and improbable, there is a good deal to be said in excuse of the Swiss: the barrenness of their mountains, the hard struggle for existence in the face of the contending elements, and their early training in the use of arms must all be taken as extenuating circumstances. Perhaps the best answer which has ever been given to this reproach was that made by a Swiss to a Frenchman. "We fight for honor, you for money," said the Frenchman. "Yes," replied the Swiss, "we both fight for what we have not got."

It is the right of asylum which has given Switzerland the greatest trouble in the exercise of her neutrality. The late Sir F. O. Adams, minister of Great Britain at Bern, says in regard

to this point, in his book *The Swiss Confederation*: "The question of the right of asylum has been at times a difficult one for Swiss statesmen; but the invariable principle that has guided them, even when there has been pressure from abroad, is stated to be that Switzerland, whilst maintaining that right in its integrity, cannot allow foreigners who have taken refuge upon her soil to abuse her hospitality by organizing conspiracies against foreign governments; still less to lay plans for the commission of crimes against individuals, or for injuring their property." As may be imagined, it is no easy matter to apply these principles impartially, and to distinguish between purely political crimes and offenses against common law; but at all times the little Confederation has shown the greatest courage in ignoring foreign threats, and in interpreting her duty according to her own standards. In 1838, she preferred to mobilize her troops rather than to submit to the demand of the French government to give up Louis Napoleon, the subsequent Emperor, who had taken refuge at Arenenberg, on the Lake of Constance. Only lately, in the summer of 1889, a ripple of excitement passed over the surface of the diplomatic world on account of what was known as the Wohlgemuth affair. A German police officer of that name was detected practicing the arts of an *agent provocateur* amongst the German socialist and anarchist fugitives in Switzerland; that is, he was engaged in ingratiating himself into their good will by pretending to be one of them, and was caught urging them to commit open acts of violence which would lead to their arrest. It is almost incredible that the great powers should stoop to such baseness, but the history of the last few years in Europe is full of the doings of these official spies. Our friend Wohlgemuth was promptly clapped into prison, on the

accusation of inciting to a breach of the peace, and later politely conducted to the frontier, after repeated remonstrances from Bismarck, at that time still in the heyday of his glory as Chancellor of the empire. There may have been some irregularities in the manner in which the police officer was treated, but every impartial person was delighted at the fearlessness displayed by the local Swiss authorities. The incident did not, however, end with Wohlgemuth's expulsion, for Bismarck took this occasion to try to bully Switzerland after his most approved method. He made the impossible request that the Swiss government should hereafter refuse the right of asylum to every German subject not provided with papers signed by the officials of his native country, denounced the treaty of settlement which existed between Germany and Switzerland, and, what was more serious, threatened to withdraw the guarantee of his government to Switzerland's perpetual neutrality. In 1870, a few days after the declaration of war against France, Bismarck had written, in answer to a circular letter sent by the Swiss Federal Council, "Germany will scrupulously respect the neutrality of Switzerland guaranteed by the treaties;" but in 1889 he professed to consider this promise as no longer binding.

I happened to be spending the summer of 1889 in Switzerland, and found popular feeling running very high against these Bismarckian methods. Of course the newspapers of both countries made much of the incident, with that peculiar abandon which characterizes all press wars; but the height of recklessness and disregard of established rights was reached by a German paper, which went so far as to suggest the partition of Swiss territory amongst Germany, France, Austria, and Italy, as the simplest solution of the great European problem. After boiling up ominously for a while, the waters sub-

sided, but not before Bismarck had succeeded in persuading the Russian government to remonstrate against Switzerland's lenient attitude toward the nihilist fugitives on her soil. In connection with this, it is interesting to recall a conversation which the Archduke John of Austria related to Pietet as having taken place between himself and Czar Alexander I. in 1815, upon this very subject of the Swiss right of asylum. "I said to him" (the Czar), said the archduke to Pietet, "'How can Switzerland be really neutral, if she has not a military frontier? Is it not necessary that there should be some place where honest men under persecution, where suppressed thought, can find an asylum?'" He took my hands with emotion, and said to me, "Ah! how I like to hear you speak thus!" The upshot of the Wohlgemuth affair was that the Swiss authorities instituted an extra force of police to watch the doings of foreign agitators, another treaty of settlement was concluded with Germany, and the threats made by Bismarck were followed by assurances of good will. At the present time the question is of course closed, but a feeling of distrust has remained amongst the Swiss, and a deepened conviction that they must learn to depend more and more upon their own exertions to maintain their much-prized neutrality.

It must be remembered, in treating of this subject, that there is a distinction between a case of ordinary neutrality, which is the state of any country preserving an impartial bearing while its neighbors are engaged in war, and the perpetual or guaranteed neutrality which belongs to Switzerland by virtue of international agreements. The latter is a special privilege, accorded only under exceptional circumstances. It is unquestionably the strategic importance of the little Confederation, out of all proportion to the extent of her territory, which has made her the recip-

ient of such a favor; for Switzerland's position and topographical features are such as to render her the great natural fortress of central Europe, and the key to the military situation. In fact, her importance, from this point of view, has steadily increased in modern times, as the balance of power between the rival nations has approached nearer and nearer to an equilibrium. At the present moment, it may be said that the power which could operate with Switzerland as a basis could dictate the terms of peace; so that the absolute neutrality of this territory is essential to the very existence of modern Europe.

To examine the situation from a purely military standpoint, what are the chances of Swiss territory being invaded during the next great war? It seems to me that the advantages which certain powers would find in pushing troops through Switzerland, in order to attack their rivals upon the flank, would be so great that the temptation could not possibly be resisted, if only military considerations were allowed to have the upper hand. In case of a duel between France and Germany, the likelihood of such a violation is not great, for the invading nation would immediately find Switzerland making common cause with the enemy, and, in the present state of affairs, this slight advantage might decide the issue; but since the formation of the Triple Alliance the risk has measurably increased. A glance at the map reveals Germany on the north, Austria on the east, and Italy on the south, leagued together against France on the west. Switzerland is, therefore, completely surrounded by a cordon of armies, eager to attack each other across her territory. Austria, perhaps, would not need to make use of Swiss soil, for, according to present indications, all her available troops would be engaged in a struggle with Russia; nor would Germany, apparently, gain very much by

such a move, for, after crossing Switzerland, she would be confronted by a strong line in France, Belfort-Besançon and Lyons. But the right of passage would undoubtedly be of inestimable value to France and Italy. The former could, in twenty-four hours, throw a large force upon Germany's unprotected flank, the line Basel-Schaffhausen-Constance; while the latter could reach France by the undefended Swiss passes of the Simplon and the Great St. Bernard, and by the Lake of Geneva. The chances are, consequently, that if Swiss neutrality were violated at all it would be by the French and the Italians; and there seems to be no doubt that, whichever of these powers made the first move, the other would immediately follow suit by hastily throwing forward an army to check the enemy's advance. Switzerland would then again become the seat of war, as in 1814.

In view of this military situation, what resistance could the Swiss offer to the invaders? Of course no one pretends that they could hold their own single-handed, even against an isolated European power, for any length of time, but the necessity for such action is scarcely imaginable. If the Swiss were called upon to fight at all, it would be only to hold certain positions until the friendly powers could come to their aid, and not to carry on great offensive operations. For defensive purposes, the Swiss have organized a militia force which, comprising all the reserves, in 1889 numbered no less than 475,795 men, although the total population of the country falls below 3,000,000 inhabitants. This army is not a parade force; it has certain weaknesses which are inseparable from militias everywhere, but it is complete in every detail, can be rapidly mobilized, and does not drain the resources of the nation like a standing army. If the Swiss soldier is slovenly, he is at the same time the best average shot in the world, and yields to no one in his

readiness to sacrifice his life in the holy cause of liberty. On the whole, the chances of Switzerland's performing her part creditably in the next war would be favorable; she would do her duty.

So much for the purely military side of the question; but, fortunately, there is another and a higher aspect of the case. A moral principle is involved, which is of far greater importance to the European powers, and is therefore more likely to triumph in the end. For it must be remembered that Europe, at the Congress of Vienna, gave her word to Switzerland that her neutrality should be respected; so that, as a matter of fact, the trustworthiness of international agreements in general is at stake. It seems hardly likely that any of the rival powers would be willing to incur the odium of being the first to break this engagement with a small but highly respected and useful state. Public opinion the world over would promptly turn against that nation; and even Bismarck was forced to acknowledge that it is worth something to have the moral support of outsiders, in a great contest.

There is another consideration which would have weight in determining the conduct of the powers toward Swiss neutrality. As no one can suspect Switzerland of seeking territorial conquests or laying plans for self-aggrandizement, she has, in these days, become a centre for many international unions, and the powers have acquired the habit of referring some of their disputes to her for arbitration. This movement was inaugurated in 1864, by the memorable convention for the protection of the wounded, held in Geneva. Soon after that date, Bern was selected as the centre for the permanent administration of the International Telegraph Union; in 1871 followed the settlement of the Alabama Claims by a tribunal of arbitration assembled at Geneva,—an act which gave a wonderful moral impulse

to the cause of international arbitration. Since then a number of central offices have been constituted at Bern, such as those for the International Postal Union, for the regulation of freight transport upon the Continent, and for the protection of industrial, literary, and artistic property. When we take into consideration that these international offices are the only ones in existence, except the purely scientific Bureau du Mètre in Paris, it becomes evident how highly the use of this neutral meeting-ground is valued by the European powers, and how loath they would be to part with it.

The following significant words upon this subject occur in a report¹ made to the English government in 1885 by one of its agents abroad: "It is difficult, when passing through the quiet streets of Bern, to realize the importance of the operations which are being unobtrusively carried on, or the world-wide scope of the interests involved. Yet it cannot be doubted that these interests form a more effectual guarantee for the preservation of Switzerland as an independent state than any other that could be devised. . . . No one, finally, who has lived for even a few years in Switzerland, and has learnt to appreciate the practical good sense so largely prevailing in that energetic little country, will hesitate to rejoice at the destiny which now, more than ever before, seems assured to it, of retaining an honored place among the nations."

It may be that the example of Switzerland is destined to accomplish great results in the world's history, for, in truth, there are tremendous possibilities in this principle of perpetual neutrality. If I mistake not, it supplies a means of arriving at a semblance, if nothing better, of permanent international peace. There are at present several other neutral states, and it only remains for the

¹ Reports from her Majesty's Diplomatic and Consular Officers Abroad: Part IV., Commercial, No. 26 (1885).

powers to extend this privilege gradually to all the contested points on the map of Europe in order to make war unnecessary, and in time impossible. Belgium's neutrality is guaranteed by England, and the little duchy of Luxembourg is also neutral territory, according to international treaty. It will be seen by looking into an atlas that, if Alsace-Lorraine could be declared neutral, there would be an unbroken band of neutral soil from Belgium to Switzerland, effectually shutting off all approach from France to Germany. Is it too much to expect sensible counsels to prevail yet awhile in this much-vexed question? If so, perhaps in a few years, when the two nations have begun to feel that the weight of their enormous armaments is too great for endurance, and have drunk to the depths the bitterness of this enforced peace, they will resort to some such compromise, rather than prolong an impossible situation. In other parts of Europe there are little independencies whose neutrality is carefully respected by the powers, such as San Marino in Italy, Andorra in Spain, Liechtenstein in Austria, and Monaco on the boundary between France and Italy; they are all witnesses to the fact that neutralities can be maintained even in the very midst of great nations. Only the other day, the powers united in a sort of joint protectorate over the Congo Basin, and established the principle of optional arbitration in cases of dispute; while England, Germany, and the United States have, since then, made certain agreements as regards the Samoan Islands. Think how the stability of peace would gain by the neutralization of such debatable ground as the Balkan peninsula and Egypt! Not long ago, it was proposed in the parliaments of Sweden and Denmark to labor for

the perpetual neutralization of those two countries. And so the movement might grow, until all over the earth there would be neutral zones from which war would be ostracized as a thing unclean.

Look at Switzerland as she is even now. Does she not stand for a representation — on a small scale and imperfectly, it may be — of what poets and philosophers have pictured to themselves the world might some day become? Is she not already, in her way, a miniature parliament of man? For she is not a national unit, like France or Spain, existing as such in spite of herself; the nucleus of the Swiss Confederation was perhaps formed by nature to be free and independent, but the outlying districts joined the Union of their own accord; in other words, it is the will of the Swiss people and their fixed determination which keep them united. Consider the mixture of races and religions which they represent. Of the twenty-two cantons, thirteen are German speaking, four are French; in three German and French both are spoken, in one Italian, and in another Romansch. The population of German Switzerland is almost purely Teutonic; that of French Switzerland about half and half Teutonic and Celto-Roman; while Italian and Romansch Switzerland can boast of Celto-Roman, Ostro-Gothic, and even Etruscan elements. Some of these cantons are Protestant, others Roman Catholic, and others, again, have a mixed population of both faiths. If these incongruous, often antagonistic cantons can meet upon some common plane and conform to some common standard, can live side by side in peace and prosperity, surely the task of some day uniting the nations of the world upon a similar basis is not altogether hopeless and chimerical.

W. D. McCrackan.

COLLEGE EXAMINATIONS.

THE greatest of the many difficulties that the professional teacher has to encounter in his work are those which concern examinations. To every natural educator, the labor of presenting the matter to the pupil, however serious it may be, has a very great charm. The task of understanding the learning which a thoroughly equipped and sympathetic instructor offers to him is a source of a certain pleasure even to the dull-minded youth. But these pleasurable and therefore profitable relations vanish in the process of accounting; in their place come others which are generally unpleasant, and often so far irritating as to break the bonds which the previous happy intercourse had established. I have never known a good and successful teacher, one who had the masterful art of opening and shaping the minds of his pupils, who did not recognize and deplore the evil influence of the prevailing examination system. Those who have in any measure analyzed the effect of the work upon their own minds have uniformly agreed with me in the persuasion that it was, in a certain way, degrading to their status; and all have expressed the opinion that the inevitable influence of the conditions which attend an ordinary examination is against the spirit which should prevail in a school.

These and other evils connected with the matter of examinations have been so clearly recognized in England and some other European countries that the task of gauging the knowledge of a subject which a student acquires in a college is usually taken from the hands of his teachers, and committed to a body of assessors, who have nothing whatever to do with the instruction of the youths whom they examine. Another and more passive way of meeting the difficulties is adopted by the German uni-

versities, where the proof of the knowledge which the student has attained rests mainly upon a single oral examination at the close of his period of higher study, and upon the somewhat uncertain evidence afforded by the thesis which he has submitted, and which is supposed to be altogether his own work. Neither of these methods of inquiry gives much satisfaction to those who are best acquainted with the results which have been attained through their use. Thus we may fairly say that the three methods of examination which have been at all generally employed, namely, that in which the instructor examines, that in which the examination is by outside parties, and that in which it is of an oral and rather perfunctory character, are alike unsatisfactory in their results.

Although the range of experiment in the art of testing the knowledge of students has been considerable, I am not aware that much attention has been given to the question which underlies the whole problem, namely, as to what is sought to be obtained by the trials to which we put the youth. It is plain that this point should be well determined before a discussion as to the means by which the examinations are to be conducted is undertaken. Otherwise it will not be possible to secure any adequate adjustment of the process to the ends which we have in view.

The aim of examinations is evidently to determine either the efficiency of the instruction given by the teacher, or the profitableness of the student's work in a particular field. It is thus clear that there are fundamental differences in the end which is sought that make it seem likely that there should be a great diversity in the method by which we plan the inquiry. Moreover, the kind of information which we need to

have as to the efficiency of the teacher's or the pupil's work varies exceedingly with the nature of the subject in which the particular instruction is given. Thus, whereas in all technical branches the object of the class work is to insure a very precise acquaintance with an array of facts, the student and master need to be criticised by their capacities for receiving and imparting such knowledge. On the other hand, where the object of the tasks is to give the youth the power of dealing with considerations of a larger nature, it may be ill advised to adopt a method of examination which will breed in him the habit of parrot-like rendering of certain memorized data. Unless these diversities in the conditions of school work are well borne in mind, it is not possible to secure a rational method of inquiry in the scheme of examinations.

The essential conditions of the examiner's task demand also a clear idea of the effect of such tests upon the minds of both teachers and pupils. Where the matter of examinations is much before the mind of the instructor, where he feels obliged constantly to keep in view the adaptation of his teaching to a forthcoming test, the result will inevitably be to lower the grade of his teaching. While he is considering only the development of his subject, and is led forward by the enthusiasm which alone can give an academic quality to his work, he will instinctively be guided by the understanding which he secures from the older members of the class. As soon as he abandons this ground, and begins to think of the results of the next examination, he naturally directs his mind to the impedimenta of his class, the indolent or dull men who need twice or thrice the aid which the bright fellows require. He then, perhaps unconsciously, checks the rate of advance, threshes the empty straw of the lessons again, whips the laggards up to a little temporary activity, while the leaders lose heart and fail of atten-

tion. Thus, overmuch consideration of examinations tends to debilitate the tone of class work, and to accent certain of the evils which arise from our massive or unindividualized methods of instructing. If the process is carried far, it may arrest the development of the academic freedom upon which the best influence of the instructors in our higher institutions depends.

The only way in which the dangers brought about by the necessary care of the weaker members of the class can be met is, it seems to me, by the institution of a secondary system of instruction especially intended for the laggards, in which the aim shall be to provide such pupils with the help which is essential to keep them abreast of their abler companions. Such parallel and supplementary teaching should be planned mainly for this end, but it would doubtless serve the brighter youths as a means of confirming the understanding which they had previously gained. This auxiliary work could be done by the officer who had the charge of the path-breaking work; but, when possible, it should be undertaken by a younger man, who attended the instruction it was designed to supplement, and who, noting the matter of difficulty from the student's point of view, would be prepared to give the needed help to the class. In this way, the principal instructor would be free to lead, as he should, the better equipped portion of his classes with the least tax upon time and patience, and with that sense of independence of all but the essentials of his subject without which he cannot do good work.

Although the state of mind induced in the teacher by examinational requirements is an evil, it is much less serious than their influence upon the students. A good instructor will, by various devices, manage to keep his motives from permanent debasement of a seriously qualifying sort. In this, as in other occupations, the professional spirit is a

great safeguard to him. In the case of the student, the risk of degradation in motive is the more serious for the reason that his mental character is less established, and the temptation to keep the examinations always in sight rests upon more immediate and reasonable needs than those which the instructor feels. The damage arises in many different ways. With the good student, the frequent repetition of examinations interferes with the gradual and free organization of his acquisition, a process which should be as insensible as that of sound digestion. If, at short intervals, he has to assemble his gains, and to put them in shape for rapid and effectual exhibition, he is thereby forced to do work which, though it may be business-like, is essentially unscholarly. In these considerations, it should ever be remembered that, above all, we need to develop in the scholar the sense of the value of remote ends. Our first aim, indeed, should be to make it plain to him that his studies are a part of his life, in the largest sense of that word. He should be brought to look upon the knowledge and training gained by academic work as of exactly the same quality as the education which he is to seek in the more open world, where he is to be free to stand or fall. In so far as our system of tests serves to diminish this extended conception of education, it needs to be remedied. There can be no doubt that the frequent examinations which prevail in our academic schools tend to develop very powerfully, even in the abler men, who by nature have a scholarly turn of mind, a desire to secure temporary and immediate success rather than the far-looking accomplishment toward which we seek to turn them. No sooner is a student well started in his thought or inquiry in any division of the subjects from which we compel him to choose than we force him to change his state of mind and make ready for an accounting. In

Harvard College, for instance, some form of an examination is, in most cases, required at intervals of not more than two months. As students have, on an average, five courses in hand at once, they are thus required to make themselves ready for the examiner on about twenty occasions in the space of eight months. There are few subjects which can be so taught that the student may profitably change the spirit of his work, at intervals of two months, from that of advance to that of review, especially where the retraced steps are taken, not to make surer of the knowledge, but to meet the requirements of an examination paper.

I know there are teachers who are of the opinion that good students take no account of examinations save to present themselves at the time of trial and yield what they may without special preparation, but I am sure that this is very rarely the case. Nearly all the high-grade youths I have known have been covetous of academic distinction, or perhaps in need of the scholarship money which they hoped to secure through their rank. Very often the two motives are combined, and alike urge the students to do the best they can to win a good rank. To attain this end, they have to enter on ways which are far from academic. Old examination papers are studied, and, if enough of them are gathered, it may be possible to contrive fitting answers to every question which, in certain classes of subjects, can properly find a place on the paper. Naturally, each teacher has his favorite group of questions, and is supposed, more or less truly, to be affected favorably or unfavorably by certain modes of statement. All these points are carefully studied, and a considerable income is at the command of the coach who is able to give useful information on these and other points which may help the student to a higher grade, not of knowledge, but of artful presentation.

However close and sympathetic may be the bond which exists between the teacher and his pupils in their advance work, it altogether falls away in this time of trial. The academic spirit is replaced by motives which are as low as those prevailing among professional turfmen or the speculators in a stock exchange. For a time it is a cheap game of wits between teacher and pupil, with all the ugly doubts as to fairness of question and of answer which is so well known to examiners. Into this ignoble slough the academic life temporarily, but repeatedly, descends from its realm of lofty purposes, thence to rise again as best it may after the evil days are past. Many teachers do not appear to feel the incongruities, at once painful and laughable, of this situation. This is, it seems to me, either because they have become over-familiar with it, or because they do not or cannot penetrate to the truth of the matter. Others, who perceive more or less clearly the evil which the method entails, look upon the result as in a way inevitable; as something for which human nature, and not clumsy methods, should be blamed.

It is true that antiquity and widespread use always serve to raise the presumption that a custom is well founded, and it may fairly be said that examinations such as we are considering are almost as old as the teacher's art. It may, moreover, be freely granted that in all grades of instruction it is necessary to have some means of judging as to the work which the student is doing or has done; yet I contend that these propositions afford no warrant for the examination system as it is arranged in the majority of our American and English colleges. It should be easy to devise a system in which the necessary information can be gained concerning the profit which the student is winning from his studies, without this incessant tax upon his mental freedom. Where classes

are small and the men well known to the instructor, his judgment should be sufficient to gauge their acquirement or thoughtfulness, without resorting to the time-consuming and schoolboy practice of recitations. A college teacher, provided a class does not exceed twenty in number, can easily make sure of the status of each man. The ability to do this is one of the essential capacities of an instructor of any school whatever.

As long as an academic teacher knows his men, — and, in the best sense, he cannot teach when he has not a fair knowledge of his pupils, — his judgment of their mental state, based on close personal contact, is almost certain to be better than that which he would form on reading a lot of written matter, produced in hot haste in answer to the few questions which can find a place in an examination paper. In an ideal condition of our education, the state of mind of every pupil should be well known to his instructor; but in the existing status of our colleges, it is impossible, in very many of the classes, to trust to the growth of such intimate acquaintance. Even in Harvard University, where the proportion of teachers to students, one to nine, is probably greater than in any other large school in this country or in Europe, in quite one half the classes the number of pupils is so great as to make close personal relations between them and the instructors out of the question.

While the judgment of the teacher concerning the work done in certain classes which are numerous attended cannot altogether be trusted, there are various ways of testing the advance of the student which are not open to the objections which ordinary examinations present, and which can readily be made to serve as tests of his faithfulness and understanding of the subject which he is pursuing. Although the suggestions which I shall make in this matter may appear to belong in the dry details of academic pedagogy, it

seems pardonable to ask their consideration, for they go to the centre of our problem. Let us, in the first place, note the important fact that all academic teaching is intended to breed in the youth the habit of continuous methodical thought, and of action related to such thinking. Therefore, the plan of instruction may — indeed, should — include, where possible, such written exercises as may serve to keep the student continually in face of the problem with which he is dealing. This record can be made advantageously in either of two ways: first, by the notebook, in which is kept the current account of the work which the student is doing; and second, by means of theses, in which he is called on to reshape the knowledge he has acquired. Practically, all the subjects taught in our colleges, or at least those which properly belong there, and not in the secondary schools, freely lend themselves to one or the other of these methods of testing the work of the students.

To some teachers this project may seem undesirable, for the reason that they conceive it as affording a temptation to persons of weak morality to present the work of others as their own. It appears to me that this is no fit answer to a proposal of this nature; it is certainly one which, in my opinion, does not deserve any consideration whatever. A college or a university which, for such a reason, in any way limits its actions merits an indignant condemnation. It is morally bound to proceed on the assumption that it is dealing with men who will carefully guard themselves from dishonor. In so far as there is a spirit in our institutions which makes such confidence in the youths unsafe, it is the result of the ancient system of suspicion and espionage, which has led young men to look upon all examinations as legitimate occasions for subterfuge. It is the first duty of a college to breed in the youth the habit of manly, hon-

est conduct. There is no way to do this save by perfect trust. In every college there will be found, from time to time, ignoble spirits who are not quickened by this treatment. For these, when they are discovered, there is but one course of action, — that advised by the sage: they should be taken to the edge of the academic world and dropped off.

In the manner indicated above, and in many other ways, each appropriate to the needs of particular branches of instruction, it will be possible to secure adequate information concerning the status of each student throughout the period when he is attending a course. At the end of each year, it may, at least for the present and in certain departments, be necessary to have an examination. This will be needful only in those classes where the number of students is excessive. Experience in Harvard College shows that where there are only a few, say less than a score, students in an "elective," and they are all doing thesis work, it is not only unnecessary, but undesirable, to have any final examination whatever. In proportion as the work of instruction is brought to a proper basis of individualized relation with the student, all reason for these set examinations will cease.

There can be no doubt that the disappearance of the examination work from our colleges will, apart from the moral gain, and that which will be won from the more uninterrupted pursuit of learning, be most advantageous to their system in that it will make an end of the pernicious kind of training which these exercises afford. To write a very successful series of answers to such questions as are in most cases necessary to set, the student must be skilled in the art of remembering only that part of the subject matter which he can profitably have in mind at the time of trial. There must be none of that shadowy border to the answers which naturally

appears in a careful statement of most truths; there can be no personal element indicative of the essential doubts and misunderstandings of his mind. The result is that the papers of the very best man are apt to have an excessively definite quality, which the instructor has to overlook in weighing the work; he may know that, if he had been given time, the man would have brought in the note of scholarship. It needs no argument to show that exercises of this nature do not make for true learning. Yet even in Harvard College, where the system of tests is perhaps in as fair shape as in any other American school, the average student is called on to spend, in the four years of his course, about one hundred and sixty hours in these required tasks. They afford no training which is likely to be of use to him in his subsequent career, and they distinctly make against the spirit of true critical learning. When we add to the tale of hours spent in the examination room the time devoted to the preparation for the examinations, mostly occupied in framing the brief, ill-defined statements which are to find a place in the papers, it is easy to see that somewhere near one fifth of the student's time, and probably an even larger share of his energy, are given to this unrequiting labor.

I am aware that this, like all other contentions against the existing order of things, is apt to be misunderstood; therefore, it may be well to assert that this is a plea, not for the abolition of academic tests, but for the replacement of the present system of non-educative and degrading conditions, such as are induced by the examination room, with a system in which the continuous ongoing work of the student shall be the basis of judgment as to his accomplishment. It is, in fact, a proposition to clear away a part of the rubbish inherited from other centuries, when men put less faith in youth than it is the privilege of our time to entrust. It is

a measure which is made logically necessary by the introduction of the system of free choice in studies. With the acceptance of the principle that men should "study what they most affect" the last trace of justification for the old police method ceased to exist. The proctored examination, with its education in trickery and shams, should now be regarded as an anachronism, and be speedily cleared away. To insure its disappearance, it is necessary that our colleges should, in every department of their instruction, provide enough teachers to make it sure that the progress of every student can be constantly well known. Where, as in certain cases, it is essential to have the teaching given by lectures to large classes, there should be a sufficient amount of assistance to enable the instructors to manage the method of continuous tests. When this is secured, we may expect to create a true academic spirit among the youths, who, under the criticism, will be allowed to remain in the academic body. Not the least of its advantages will be found in the effect which it will, if properly availed of, have upon the numbers in attendance on our colleges. The fitness of the student to receive the higher instruction which our colleges seek to give would be speedily and clearly determined in a way which is not possible with our present systems of inquiry.

We have not considered the method of examining much in use in British schools, where the trial is made, not by the teacher of the subject, but by independent examiners, in whose appointment he has no share. There are certain apparent advantages in this system which, on their face, served to commend it to those who were interested in the matter. It is evident that the inquiry which these assessors have a chance to make might afford a reliable basis for criticism of the teacher as well as the pupils. It seems, more-

over, as if a set of examiners, free from prejudices concerning the individual men which the instructor is commonly, and sometimes justly, supposed to acquire, would insure a better measure of justice to the pupils. Furthermore, the instructor, separated entirely from the critical position with reference to the class, might be deemed freer to maintain a purely academic spirit in his teaching. As in many other educational schemes, practice has proved that disadvantages not readily apprehended have outweighed the gains which this system affords. It has been found that the students, even more than in the classes in which the teacher conducts the examinations, are disposed to turn their attention to the immediate end of passing the papers they are to have presented to them. Unless the instructor is willing to do the duty of a coach, and shape his work with reference to the probable form of these papers, his class are likely to look away from him for the aid they need. The method of determining the rank of men appears to have all the defects of the American system, and to lack the advantages arising from the close personal relations which our method brings about between master and pupil.

The effect which was expected from the knowledge of the teacher's work which the system of separate examiners apparently should furnish has not been secured. Except in matters of an elementary sort, and a few technical branches of higher learning, it is very difficult for an examiner to determine the value of the teacher's work by an inquiry as brief as these tests necessarily are. However unsatisfactory the results of the examinations may be, there will be doubt as to the place where the blame should rest. Where the instructor sends up pupils who write brilliant papers, there will remain the question whether the success has not been due to an undesirable limitation in the range of the teaching,

or perhaps to an overnice adjustment of the instruction to the range of the questions which are likely to be set in examination. Out of the examining boards has come the exaltation of the coach or the professional man who undertakes to prepare the student for the trial he is to undergo. His task is not usually that of education; his business is not even to instruct; it is in general the simple function of providing the man with the precise store of information, and giving him the desirable speed in yielding the matter in the form required by the papers which are likely to be set. In certain classes of work, as, for instance, in the preparation of men for the honor examinations, the coaches give instruction which is measured by intellectual standards of a very high grade; but it is related, not to large independent action, as all university education should be, but to the immediate and essentially trivial success which is sought.

As long as the attainment of students is estimated by the brief tests of the examination room, the coach will be an element in academic teaching. Under our American system, where the teacher is also the examiner, it is possible for the instructor in a measure to shape and control the work of these assistants of the students; or, if he is willing to take the time for the task, to deprive them of their patronage by giving the members of his classes such an opportunity of reviewing their studies that the paid helper will be unnecessary to the slowest-witted of the men. So far as my own experience goes, the coaches of Harvard College have generally proved helpful to the instructors. The best of them serve as mentors to youths who need spurring to their tasks, and all of them are glad to cooperate with the teachers in insuring sound work on the part of their charges. Under a system where the profit the student was winning was continually tested by a sufficient record of his

work from week to week, these unnamed assistants would, most likely, become entirely serviceable in educative work. Their task would no longer be to fit the men for the momentary trial of the examination room; to help them at all, they would have to devote their energies to true accomplishments.

Not the least of the advantages which would be gained by the proposed change in the method of gauging the work of the students would be the increased opportunity which it would afford for determining the real value of the influence of the teacher upon his pupils. At present, it is impossible to measure this in a satisfactory way. The examinations are not likely to reveal it, and general repute is of uncertain value, for many elements of character enter into the complicated equation which constitutes the reputation of a man. Given, however, a system of record by notebooks, by theses, and perhaps other means whereby the student will clearly and continuously exhibit his progress in the line of thought which the teaching involves, and we shall have a sound basis from which to estimate the quality of the instruction. From this record, the inspectors who represent the governing boards of the schools could readily form an idea of the range and scope of the instruction given in the several departments. It was once the custom of the visiting committee of the overseers of Harvard University to examine the books in which the answers to the test questions were written, but of late the inutility of the practice has become so evident that it is no longer undertaken.

We should not overlook the profit which the habit of making a somewhat continuous record of his work has upon the student's mind. In the case of every capable youth, such a task is sure to stimulate him to exertion by that spur to his interest which the task of registering thought always applies. I may mention the results of a simple

experiment which I have of late essayed in a large elementary class in geology. Trying to win some profit from the dust and ashes of the examinations, I have urged the young men to rewrite their answers to the questions of an examination paper, deliberately, and after they had carefully reconsidered the subject matter. The exceeding advance in the quality of these rewritten books, not only as regards the substance, but in the scholarly tone of the performances as well, that element of shading to which I have previously adverted, shows at once the difference in the moral and intellectual quality of the two methods of record. As the second writing had no reference to the college arithmetic, the labor was truly academic in its nature. Much of the work was done by students who are in the habit of making a poor record in the examination room. It was most instructive to see how certain men, whose minds have the peculiarities which prevent them from yielding anything of value in the swift processes of the examination room, could do excellent work when they had time for deliberate thinking. We know full well that it needs a different kind of mill for each variety of grain, but we are content to go on in our ancient clumsy effort to win in the same rude way the good from the infinite diversities of humankind.

It is doubtless too much to expect that the highly individualized care of each student which is necessary radically to cure the flagrant evils of our examinations can at once be secured. Yet we may hope that those teachers who see and appreciate the singular burden which they impose on education will protest against them, and, so far as possible, shape their work so that it may lead away from these ancient ills. It is clearly the duty of all who are interested in making our colleges the best nurseries of sound learning and true manliness to strive for this end.

Nathaniel Southgate Shaler.

TINTORET, THE SHAKESPEARE OF PAINTERS.

I.

WE have no authentic biography of Tintoret. The men of his epoch hungered for fame, but it was by the splendor of their genius, and not by the details of their personal lives, that they hoped to be known to posterity. The days of judicious Boswells and injudicious Froudes had not then come to pass; so that we are now as ignorant of the lives of the painters of the great school which flourished at Venice during the sixteenth century as of the lives of that group of poets who flourished in England during the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. Nevertheless, Providence sees to it that nothing essential be lost; and, in the absence of memoirs, the masterpiece itself becomes a memoir for those who have insight. In art, works which proceed from the soul, and not from the skill, are truthful witnesses to the character of the artist. "For by the greatness and beauty of the creatures proportionably the maker of them is seen." It is not wholly to be regretted, therefore, that the meagreness of our information concerning Tintoret compels us to study his paintings the more earnestly. The lives of artists are generally scanty in those adventures and dramatic incidents which make entertaining biographies. Men of action express their character in deeds: poems, statues, paintings, are the deeds of artists. Blot out a few pages of history, and what remains of Hannibal or Scipio? But we should know much about Michael Angelo or Raphael from their paintings, had no written word come down to us.

The year of Tintoret's birth is variously stated as 1512 and 1518. Even his name has been a cause of dispute to antiquaries; but since he was con-

tent to call and sign himself Jacopo (or Giacomo) Robusti, we may accept this as correct. His father was a dyer of silk (*tintore*), and as the boy early helped at that trade he got the nickname *il tintoretto*, "the little dyer." Vasari, also born in 1512, is the only contemporary who furnishes an account of Tintoret. Unsatisfactory and well-nigh ridiculous it is, if we remember that by 1574, when Vasari died, Tintoret had already produced many of his masterpieces. Yet the Florentine painter-historian did not accord to him so much as a separate chapter in his *Lives of the Most Excellent Painters*, but inserted his few pages of criticism and gossip, as if by an afterthought, in the sketch of the forgotten Battista Franco. Since much that has been subsequently written about Tintoret is merely a repetition of Vasari's shallow opinions, which created a mythical Tintoret, just as English reviewers created a mythical "Johnny Keats," long believed to be the real Keats, I quote a few sentences from Vasari. "There still lives in Venice," he says, "a painter called Jacopo Tintoretto, who has amused himself with all accomplishments, and particularly with playing music and several instruments, and is, besides, pleasing in all his actions; but in matters of painting he is extravagant, full of caprice, dashing, and resolute, the most terrible brain that painting ever had, as you may see in all his works, and in his compositions of fantastic subjects, done by him diversely and contrary to the custom of other painters. Nay, he has capped extravagance with the novel and whimsical inventions and odd devices of his intellect, which he has used haphazard and without design, as if to show that this art is a trifle. . . . And because in his youth he showed

himself in many fair works of great judgment, if he had recognized the great endowment which he received from nature, and had fortified it with study and judgment, as those have done who have followed the fine manner of his elders, and if he had not (as he has done) cut loose from practiced rules, he would have been one of the greatest painters that ever Venice had; yet, for all this, we would not deny that he is a proud and good painter, with an alert, capricious, and refined spirit."

Evidently, the originality of this "terrible" Tintoret could not be understood by Vasari, who was trained in the academic proprieties, and who imagined that he followed successfully the fine manner of his elders. But there is no hint that Tintoret heeded this generous advice. Perhaps it came too late, — at threescore years one's character and methods are no longer plastic; perhaps it had been too often reiterated, for Tintoret had been assured from his youth up that, if he would only be instructed by his fellow-artists, he might hope to become a great painter like them. But, from the first glimpse we get of this perverse Tintoret to the last, one characteristic dominates all, — obedience to his own genius. Censure, coaxing, fashion, envy, popularity, seem never to have swerved him. Like every consummate genius, he drew his inspiration directly from within. "Conform! conform! or be written down a fool!" has always been the greeting of the world to the self-centred, spirit-guided few. "Right or wrong, I cannot otherwise," has been their invariable reply.¹

By the time that Tintoret made his

first essays in painting, the Venetian school was the foremost in the world. The great Leonardo had died in France, leaving behind him in Lombardy a company of pupils who were rapidly enslaved by a graceless mannerism. Even before this the best talents of Umbria had wandered into feeble eccentricities, or had been absorbed by the large humanism of Raphael. Raphael himself was dead, at the height of his popularity and in the prime of his powers, and his disciples were hurrying along the road of imitation into the desert of formalism. Michael Angelo alone survived in central Italy, a Titan too colossal, too individual, to be a schoolmaster, although there were many of the younger brood (Vasari among them) who called him *Maestro*, and fancied that their grimaces and contortions sprang from force and grandeur such as his. But in Venice painting was flourishing; there it had the exuberance and the strength, the joyousness and the splendor, of an art approaching its meridian. John Bellini, the earliest of the great Venetians, had died; but not before there had issued from his studio a wonderful band of disciples, some of whom were destined to surpass him. Giorgione, one of these, had been cut off in his thirty-fourth year, having barely had time to give to the world a few handfuls of his genius. The fame of Titian had risen to that height where it has ever since held its station. A troop of lesser men — lesser in comparison with him — were embellishing Venice, or carrying the magic of her art to other parts of Italy.

The tradition runs that the boy Tintoret amused himself by drawing charcoal figures on the wall, then coloring

¹ Vasari's condescending estimate of Tintoret may remind some readers of Voltaire's patronizing estimate of Shakespeare: "It seems as though nature had mingled in the brain of Shakespeare the greatest conceivable strength and grandeur with whatever witless

vulgarity can devise that is lowest and most detestable;" and much more of the same kind about the "intoxicated barbarian," which will seem pitiful or amusing according to the humor of the reader.

them with his father's dyes: whence his parents were persuaded that he was born to be a painter. Accordingly, his father got permission for him to work in Titian's studio, the privilege most coveted by every apprentice of the time. His stay there was brief, however; hardly above ten days, if the legend be true which tells how Titian returned one day and saw some strange sketches, and that, learning that Tintoret had made them, he bade another pupil send him away. Some say that Titian already foresaw a rival in the youthful draughtsman; others, that the figures were in a style so contrary to the master's that he discerned no good in them, and judged that it would be useless for Tintoret to pursue an art in which he could never excel. Let the dyer's son go back to his vats: there he could at least earn a livelihood. We are loath to believe that Titian, whose reputation was established, could have been moved by jealousy of a mere novice; we must remember, nevertheless, that even when Tintoret had come to maturity, and was reckoned among the leading painters of Venice, Titian treated him coldly, and apparently thwarted and disparaged him. Few artists, indeed, have risen quite above the marsh-mists of jealousy. Their ambition regards fame as a fixed quantity, and, like Goldsmith, they look upon any one who acquires a part of this treasure as having diminished the amount they can appropriate for themselves. But in Tintoret's great soul envy could find no place. "Enmities he has none. Enemy of him you may be: if so, you shall teach him aught which your good will cannot, were it only what experience will accrue from your ruin. Enemy and welcome, but enemy on high terms. He cannot hate anybody; his time is worth too much."

Under whom Tintoret studied, after being thrust off by Titian, we are not told. Probably he had no acknow-

ledged preceptor except himself. Already his aim was at the highest. On the wall of his studio he blazoned the motto, "*The drawing of Michael Angelo and the coloring of Titian.*" To blend the excellence of each in a supreme unity, — that was his ambition. Titian might shut him out from personal instruction, but Titian's works in the churches and palaces were within reach. Tintoret studied them, copied them, and conjured from them the secret their master wished to hide. Having procured casts of Michael Angelo's statues in the Medicean Chapel at Florence, he made drawings of them in every position. Far into the night he worked by lamplight, watching the play of light and shade, the outlines and the relief. He drew also from living models, and learned anatomy by dissecting corpses. He invented "little figures of wax and of clay, clothing them with bits of cloth, examining accurately, by the folds of the dresses, the position of the limbs; and these models he distributed among little houses and perspectives composed of planks and cardboard, and he put lights in the windows." From the rafters he suspended other manikins, and thereby learned the foreshortening proper to figures painted on ceilings and on high places. So indefatigable, so minute, was this man, who is known to posterity as "the thunderbolt of painters." In his prime, he astonished all by his power of elaborating his ideas at a speed at which few masters can even sketch; but that power was nourished by his infinite painstaking in those years of obscurity. Only the callow dream that genius leaps without preparation to its achievement. It is one of the marks of genius that it sees the need of preparation and has the patience to toil.

Wherever Tintoret might learn, thither he went. Now, we hear of him working with the masons at Cittadella; now, taking his seat upon the

bench of the journeymen painters in St. Mark's Place; now, watching some illustrious master decorating the façade of a palace. No commission was too humble for him: who knows how many signboards he may have furnished in his 'prentice days? His first recorded works were two portraits, — of himself holding a bas-relief in his hand, and of his brother playing a cithern. As the custom then was, he exhibited these in the Merceria, that narrow lane of shops which leads from St. Mark's to the Rialto bridge. What the latest novel or yesterday's political speech is to us, that was a new picture to the Venetians. Their innate sense of color and beauty and their familiarity with the best works of art made them ready critics. They knew whether the colors on a canvas were in harmony, as the average Italian of to-day can tell whether a singer keeps the key, and doubtless they were enthusiastic in their discussions. Tintoret's portraits attracted attention. They were painted with nocturnal lights and shadows, "in so terrible a manner that they amazed every one," even to the degree of suggesting to one beholder the following epigram: —

"Si Tintorectus noctis sic luceat in umbris,
Exorto faciet quid radiante die?"¹

Soon after, he displayed another picture upon the Rialto bridge, by which the surprise already excited was increased. He began, thenceforward, to get employment in the smaller churches and convents. Important commissions which brought wealth and honors were reserved for Titian and a few favorites; but Tintoret rejected no offer. Only let him express those ideas swarming in his imagination: he asked no further recompense. He seems to have been early noted for the practice of taking no pay at all, or only enough

¹ If Tintoret shines thus in the shades of night, what will he do when radiant day has risen?

to provide his paints and canvas, — a practice which brought upon him the abuse of his fellows, who cried out that he would ruin their profession. But there was then no law to prohibit artist or artisan from working for any price he chose, and Tintoret, as usual, took his own course.

At last a great opportunity offered. On each side of the high altar of the church of Sta. Maria dell' Orto was a bare space, nearly fifty feet high and fifteen or twenty feet broad. "Let me paint you two pictures," said Tintoret to the friars, who laughed at the extravagant proposal. "A whole year's income would not suffice for such an undertaking," they replied. "You shall have no expense but for the canvas and colors," said Tintoret. "I shall charge nothing for my work." And on these terms he executed *The Last Judgment* and *The Worship of the Golden Calf*. The creator of those masterpieces could no longer be ignored. Here was a power, a variety, which hostility and jealousy could not gainsay: they must note, though they refused to admire. It was in 1546, or thereabouts, that Tintoret uttered this challenge. In a little while he had orders for four pictures for the School of St. Mark; one of which, *St. Mark Freeing a Fugitive Slave*, soon became popular, and has continued so. "Here is coloring as rich as Titian's, and energy as daring as Michael Angelo's!" visitors still exclaim. Other commissions followed, until there came that which the Venetian prized above all others, — an order to paint for the Ducal Palace.

As the patriotic Briton aspires to a monument in Westminster Abbey, and the Florentine in Santa Croce, so the Venetian artist coveted for his works a place in the palace of the Doges. That was his Temple of Fame. His dream, however, soared beyond the gratification of personal ambition; he desired that through him the glory and

beauty of Venice might be enhanced and immortalized. This devotion to the ideal of a city, this true patriotism, has, unfortunately, almost disappeared from the earth. The very conception of it is now unintelligible to most persons. The city where you live — New York, Boston, London — you value in proportion as it affords advantages for your business, objects for your comfort and amusement; but you quit it without compunction if taxes be lower and trade brisker elsewhere. You are interested in its affairs just in so far as they affect your own. When you build a dwelling or a factory, you do not inquire whether it will improve or injure your neighbor's property, much less whether it will be an ornament to the city; you need not even abate a nuisance until compelled to do so by the law.

But to the noble-minded Venetian his city was not merely a convenience; it was a personality. Venezia was a spiritual patroness, a goddess who presided over the destiny of the state; he and every one of his fellow-citizens shared the honor and blessing of her protection. She had crowned with prosperity the energy and piety, the rectitude and justice, of his ancestors through many centuries. Every act of his had more than a personal, more even than a human bearing. *How would it affect her?* — that was his test. He could do nothing unto himself alone; for good or for ill, what he did reacted upon the community, upon the ideal Venezia. The outward city — the churches, palaces, and dwellings — was but the garment and visible expression of that ideal city. Venezia had blessed him, and he was grateful; she was beautiful, and he loved her. His gratitude impelled him to deeds worthy of her protection; his love

blossomed in gifts that should increase her beauty.

This reverence and devotion have, as I remarked, vanished from among men; yet in this ideal beams the conception of the true commonwealth. Observe that those three cities which held such an ideal before them have bequeathed to us the most precious works of beauty. Athens, Florence, Venice, — these are the Graces among the cities. At Karnak, at Constantinople, at Rome, at Paris, you will behold stupendous ruins or imposing monuments commemorating the pride and power of individual Pharaohs, Sultans, Cæsars, Popes, and Napoleons, but you will not find the spirit which was worshiped by the beautifying of the Acropolis, and of republican Florence, and of Venice. Will the most diligent search discover it in New York or Chicago?

Tintoret, then, had at last earned the privilege of consecrating his genius to Venezia. His first work for her seems to have been a portrait of the reigning Doge.¹ Then he painted two historical subjects, — Frederick Barbarossa being crowned by Pope Adrian, and Pope Alexander III. excommunicating Frederick Barbarossa; and *The Last Judgment*, destroyed by the fire of 1577. Not long thereafter began his employment by the brothers of the confraternity of San Rocco. For their church, about 1560, he painted two scenes in the life of St. Roch, and then he joined in competition for a ceiling painting for the Sala dell' Albergio in the School itself. The brothers called for designs, and upon the appointed day Paul Veronese, Andrea Schiavone, Giuseppe Salviati, and Federigo Zuccaro submitted theirs. But Tintoret had outsped them, and when his design was asked for he caused a screen to

¹ It is interesting to know that the price regularly paid to Titian and Tintoret for state portraits was twenty-five ducats (about thirty-one dollars). Painters who have not a hun-

dredth part of the genius of either Titian or Tintoret now receive one hundred times that sum.

be removed from the ceiling, and lo! there was a finished picture of the specified subject. Brothers and competitors were astonished, and not greatly pleased. "We asked for sketches," said the former. "That is the way I make my sketches," replied Tintoret. They demurred; but Tintoret presented the picture to the School, one of whose rules made it obligatory that all gifts should be accepted. The displeasure of the confraternity soon passed away, and Tintoret was commissioned to furnish whatever paintings should be required in future. An annual salary of one hundred ducats was bestowed upon him, in return for which he was to give at least one painting a year. Generously did he fulfill the contract; for at his death the School possessed more than sixty of his works, for which he had been paid but twenty-four hundred and forty-seven ducats.

In 1577 a fire in the Ducal Palace destroyed many of the paintings, and when the edifice was restored the government looked for artists to replace them. Titian being dead, his opposition had no longer to be overcome; yet even now Tintoret had to compete with men of inferior powers, but of stronger influence. Nevertheless, to him and Paul Veronese was assigned the lion's share of the undertaking, and for ten years those two great men labored side by side, in noble rivalry, to eternize the beauty and the glory of Venice. In 1588, owing to the death of Paul Veronese, who with Francesco

Bassano had been commissioned to paint a Paradise in the Hall of the Grand Council, the work was transferred to Tintoret, who devoted to it the last six years of his life, and left in it the highest expression not only of his genius, but of Italian painting.¹ Old age robbed him of none of his energy, but added sublimity to his imagination, and interfused serenity and mellowness throughout his work. And so, still teeming with plans, he died of a gastric trouble, after a fortnight's illness, on the 31st of May, 1594.²

With this clue, spun from the discursive records of Ridolfi (whose *Meraviglie dell' Arte* was first published in 1648), we can pass through the labyrinth of Tintoret's career. There are, besides, several anecdotes which help us to know the man's personality better: if all be not authentic, at least all agree in attributing to him certain well-defined traits.

As a workman, as we have seen, Tintoret was indefatigable. His lifelong yearning was not for praise, but for opportunity to work. Modesty he had to a degree unrecorded of any other painter, although none seems to have been more confident of his own powers.³ Like Shakespeare, he wrought his masterpieces swiftly, and left them to their fate, because his imagination, like Shakespeare's, was already on the wing for higher quarry. There was in the man an inflexible dignity, born of self-respect, which neither the allurements of popularity nor the flattery of the

¹ Has any one remarked that when Tintoret was painting the Paradise, Cervantes, Spain's spokesman before the nations, Montaigne, the largest figure in French literature, and Shakespeare, paragon not of England only, but of the world, were his contemporaries? Those four might have met in his studio; and Science might have furnished three peerless representatives, — Bacon, Galileo, and Kepler.

² Tintoret is buried in the church of Sta. Maria dell' Orto.

³ Two instances are worthy of record. Hav-

ing agreed to paint a large historical picture for the Doges' Palace, he said to the procurators, "If any other shall, within the space of two years, paint a better picture of this subject, you shall take his, and reject mine." At first his enemies spoke so censuringly of his St. Mark Freeing the Fugitive Slave that the brethren hesitated whether to accept it: whereupon Tintoret had it brought back to his studio. Afterwards the brethren repented, begged for its return, and ordered three other pictures.

great could bend. When invited by the Duke of Mantua to go to that city and execute some paintings, Tintoret replied that wherever he went his wife wished to accompany him; at which the duke bade him bring his wife and family, and had them conveyed to Mantua in a state barge, and entertained them at his palace "at magnificent expense for many days." He urged Tintoret to settle there; but the Venetian could not be persuaded to renounce his allegiance to Venice. He saw that titles would add nothing to his fame, and refused an offer of knighthood from Henry III. of France. Princes and grandees and illustrious visitors to Venice went to his house; but though he received them courteously, he sought no intimacy with them. His time was too precious, his projects were too earnest, to allow of aristocratic dissipation. He had a keen sense of humor, which displayed itself now in some ready reply, now in genial conversation with his familiars. Ridolfi relates that certain prelates and senators who visited him whilst he was making sketches for the Paradise asked him why he worked so hurriedly, whereas John Bellini and Titian had been deliberate and painstaking. "The old masters," said Tintoret, "had not so many to bother them as I have." At another time, at a gathering of amateurs, a woman's portrait by Titian was lauded. "That's the way to paint," said one of the critics. Tintoret went home, took a sketch by Titian and covered it with lampblack, painted a head in Titian's manner on the same canvas, and showed it at the next meeting of these amateurs. "Ah, there's a real Titian!" they all agreed. Tintoret rubbed off the lampblack from the original sketch, and said: "This, gentlemen, is indeed by Titian; that which you have admired is mine. You see now how authority and opinion prevail in criticism, and how few there are who really understand painting."

Pietro Aretino, that depraved adventurer and most successful blackmailer in literature, was one of Titian's intimates and partisans. He wished, nevertheless, to have his portrait painted by Tintoret, who was in no wise afraid of the scoundrel's enmity, although most of the prominent personages of the time quailed before it. Aretino being posed, Tintoret furiously drew a hanger from under his coat. Aretino was terrified lest he should be punished for his malicious tongue, and cried out, "Jacopo, what are you about?" "I am only going to take your measure," said Tintoret complacently; and, measuring him from head to foot, he added, "Your height is just two and a half hangers." Aretino's impudence returned. "You're a great madman," he said, "and always up to your pranks." But this grim hint sufficed; the rascal never after dared to slander Tintoret, but, on the contrary, tried to ingratiate himself into his friendship.

In his home Tintoret enjoyed tranquillity. His wife, Faustina de' Vescovi, was thrifty and dignified, and perhaps she was not a little annoyed by the "unpracticalness" of her husband. According to tradition, when he went out she tied up money for him in his handkerchief, and bade him give an exact account of it on his return. Having spent his afternoon and money with congenial spirits at some rendezvous whose name, unlike that of the Mermaid, where Elizabethan wits caroused, has been lost, he playfully assured Madonna Faustina that her allowance had gone to help the poor. She was particular that he should wear the dress of a Venetian citizen; but if he happened to go abroad in rainy weather, she called out to him from an upper window to come back and put on his old clothes. We have glimpses of him passing to and fro in Venice with Marietta, his favorite daughter, a painter of merit, whose early death sad-

dened his later years.¹ Of his other children, two daughters entered a nunnery; a third married Casser, a German; his eldest son, Domenico, adopted his father's profession, and assisted him in his work; another son went to the bad, and was cut off from an inheritance by his father's will. In spite of his habit of giving away pictures, or of charging a small price for them, Tintoret bequeathed a comfortable fortune to his heirs.

A few of his precepts and suggestions concerning art have come down to us through Ridolfi, who had them from Aliense, one of Tintoret's pupils.

"The study of painting is arduous," he used to say; "and to him who advances farthest in it more difficulties appear, the sea grows ever larger."

"Students must never fail to profit by the example of the great masters, Michael Angelo and Titian."

"Nature is always the same; in painting, therefore, muscles must not be varied by caprice."

"In judging a picture, observe if, at the first examination, the eye is satisfied, and if the author has obeyed the great principles of art; as to the details, each will fall into error. Do not go immediately to look at a new work, but wait till the darts of criticism have all been shot, and men are accustomed to the sight."

Being asked which are the most beautiful colors, he answered, "Black and white: because the former gives force to figures by deepening the shadows, the latter gives the relief."

He insisted that only the experienced artist should draw from living models, which lack, for the most part, grace and symmetrical forms.

"Fine colors," he said, "are sold in the Rialto shops; but design is got from the casket of genius, with hard study and long vigils, and is therefore understood and practiced by but few."

¹ Marietta was born in 1560, and died in 1590.

Odoardo Filletti asked him what to study. "Drawing," replied Tintoret. Somewhat later, Filletti sought further advice. "Drawing, and again drawing," Tintoret reiterated.

"Art must perfect nature," was his guiding rule; and he instanced that Greek artist who modeled an Aphrodite by selecting the best features of the five most beautiful women he could find.

His studio was in the most retired part of his house. Few were admitted to it, and they had to find their way thither up a dark staircase and along dark passages, by the light of a candle. There he spent most of his time, — a grave man ordinarily, as must ever be the case with genius which ranges the utmost abysses and sublimities which human faculty is permitted to explore; doubtless at heart a solitary man, so far as the absence of flesh-and-blood companions constitutes solitude, but forever attended by the great associates of his imagination. Laconic, too, in speech as with his brush; as when, in reply to a long letter from his brother, he wrote simply, "Sir: no." But upon occasion — as that anecdote of Madonna Faustina's allowance shows — he indulged in conviviality; and he had the gift peculiar to a gentleman, of "being easy with persons of all ranks, and of putting them at ease." "With his friends he preserved great affability. He was copious in fine sayings and witty hits, putting them forth with much grace, but without sign of laughter; and when he deemed it opportune, he knew also how to joke with the great."

Tintoret's genius was only partially acknowledged during his lifetime; and his fame has suffered strange vicissitudes since his death. At times he has been extolled with meaningless extravagance; oftener condemned, after Vasari's lukewarm fashion, or passed over without mention. Not until Mr. Ruskin came and opened the eyes of

the world had Tintoret been adequately appreciated for those points of excellence wherein he has neither rival nor second. He has suffered for the same reasons that Shakespeare was long unesteemed in France: his works are bold, very rapid, often unequal, not in the least to be measured by the yardstick of conventionalism; he treats many new subjects, and the old subjects he always treats in new fashion, thereby provoking formalists to accuse him of willful oddness or caprice; his reputation for swiftness of execution was deemed by many presumptive evidence that he was superficial; above all, his imagination was so rich and so powerful that it required a cognate imagination to follow it.

Moreover, Tintoret was the last master of the great era of Italian painting. After him came schools which did not rely upon originality, but upon the inspiration of former masters. Pictures were but specimens of technique, and the models chosen for imitation were naturally those in which technique could be most easily reduced to rules. The public, as well as the painters themselves, gradually lost the power of valuing art as a *spiritual expression*. The artist had become but an acrobat, — on a level with tight-rope walkers and tumblers, — whose object it was to astonish by tricks and sleight of hand; or he was a buffoon, who aped the port and gestures of Correggio or Leonardo; or a ventriloquist, who mimicked the tones of Titian or Raphael. Word by word, sentence by sentence, the great language of painting was forgotten, until at last it became as a dead language. It was inevitable that Tintoret's works, which had not always been understood by his contemporaries, should baffle the interpreters of art grammars and the pedagogues of technique.

Again, Tintoret's pigments have suffered more than those of any other master. The darker colors, in many

cases, have become almost black; the lighter have faded, and sometimes completely changed.¹ How far this is due to an original defect in the paints, how far to exposure and neglect, I cannot say. It must always be remembered that popular canvases have been frequently varnished and restored; so that many Titians and Raphaels are as fresh to-day as they were when they left the easel. How much remains of the original painting is another question. Directors of galleries aim at pleasing the public, not at respecting the preferences of connoisseurs, and the public craves lively colors. It would feel itself imposed upon if it traveled to Dresden only to find the Sistine Madonna as dark as would probably be the case if the restorer had not interfered. In every gallery you will observe that the crowds flock to the brightest pictures, irrespective of their merits. The fact that they have been kept bright is an advertisement that they are deemed precious; and besides, it requires less time to glance at a clean canvas and pass on than to recover, after patient scrutiny and an effort of the imagination, some of the beauty which time and dust conceal. It is significant that the one painting by Tintoret which is most commonly mentioned by all classes of tourists — St. Mark Freeing a Fugitive Slave — is precisely that one which the directors of the Venice Academy keep polished as good as new.

I cannot dismiss this subject without alluding to another cause for the slight attention given to Tintoret: his pictures are almost invariably condemned to oblivion by the position in which they have been hung. You must look for them in dark corners near the ceiling, or in cross-lights which render an examination impossible. Of those which still exist in the churches for which they were painted, some have

¹ In some of the paintings at San Giorgio the blues are now milky splashes.

been injured by the drippings from candles; others have been partly hidden by tabernacles, reliquaries, and other objects of church ceremonial. Travelers in Venice a generation ago record that rain leaked through the roof of the School of San Rocco, and soaked some of the canvases; others, hung near windows, have had to suffer from the strong sunlight for centuries. In the Ducal Palace, one series of ceiling paintings have succumbed to the daubing of restorers, and are now hardly recognizable as being Tintoret's; while the matchless Paradise, when I last beheld it,¹ was falling rapidly to decay. The seams where the vast canvas was originally joined had rotted in many places; the canvas itself was warped and rumpled, forming little shelves and unevennesses whereon the dust had collected so as to hide the colors; and from the ceiling dangled a ragged fringe of cobwebs, in some places two or three feet long.

A few generations hence, when these incomparable works have been irretrievably damaged, posterity will wonder — with a wonder intensified by indignation — that we allowed them to perish. Early Christians, who mutilated pagan works of art because they believed them to be pernicious, may be excused; but what excuse has our age to offer? We pretend to cherish all manifestations of culture, and we have ample means to preserve them; yet whilst our museums are daily adding to their collections of half-barbarous antiquities, dug up in Arizona, in Mexico, in Yucatan, in Peru, in Asia Minor, in Mesopotamia, there are surely hastening to destruction scores of the

works of the mightiest genius who ever honored painting. During the past twenty years, New York millionaires have paid more for the immoralities and inanities of modern French painters than would be necessary to erect a separate gallery in Venice for the proper preservation of Tintoret's masterpieces. If there were but a single manuscript of Hamlet in the world, and no printing-presses, what should we say to those who allowed it to perish through neglect? Yet there are many of Tintoret's pictures, each of them as precious in its way as a page of Hamlet, which we raise no voice to save. In our selfishness, we forget that the treasures which we have inherited from the past are not ours to dissipate and destroy; we hold them in trust for the future, and woe unto us if, unmindful of our responsibility, we prove careless stewards.²

II.

What, then, are some of the qualities of Tintoret's genius? First of all, he had vast scope: Christian and classic lore, the legend and story of Venice, contemporary scenes, and portraiture, — all these lay within his province. But scope alone, unguided by rarer powers, does not suffice for the equipment of the supreme master. Rubens had scope, even Doré had it, and neither ranks among the foremost. In Tintoret it was accompanied by a most intense imagination, which penetrated to the elemental reality and understood the intertangled relations of life. Imagination operated through him with a vigor more like Nature's own than that of any other man except Shake-

Tintoret what Toschi has done for Correggio at Parma. A series of faithfully executed sketches would enable posterity to judge of Tintoret's range of imagination and inexhaustible powers of treatment, although his coloring and drawing could not be reproduced. Many of his paintings have never been engraved, and not one has been well engraved.

¹ In August, 1889.

² As long as the originals exist copies of great paintings are as unsatisfactory as a Beethoven symphony or a Wagner opera on the piano; but when the originals have perished, they may serve a worthy purpose in perpetuating at least the concept and general treatment of the painter. It is greatly to be desired that some capable student should do for

speare; a vigor which seems at once inexhaustible and effortless, which never wastes and never scants. In creating a beggar or a seraph he expended just as much energy as was necessary for each; you do not feel that one was harder for him than the other. Tintoret's creations have this further resemblance to Shakespeare's: *they live!* You do not exclaim, "This is a great picture!" but, "This is a great scene!" He is like a traveler who brings back views from a strange country; albeit you have never been there, yet the views are so real, the figures are painted so freely and lifelike, and not in conscious or conventional attitudes, that you cannot doubt their faithfulness, and are absorbed by the wonders and beauties they present.

Tintoret never conspires to startle you by sensational or monstrous devices. Even in those works where he is most daring he is really painting what his imagination saw naturally, and is no more bent on inventing oddities and marvels than was John in the Apocalypse. Before beginning a Biblical or an historical subject, he seems to have asked himself, "How did this episode look to a bystander?" and he relies upon the actuality of the scene to produce the desired impression. He has been charged, sometimes, with making Christ and his disciples too vulgar. Other painters have so accustomed you to look for a kingly personage in Christ, and for princely garments on his followers, that when you first see a Last Supper by Tintoret you miss the habitual elegance; for he shows you simple and earnest but not ignoble fishermen and artisans of Judea. If you contemplate them wisely, your astonishment will deepen as you reflect that it was through and by such lowly and zealous men as these, and not by philosophers and princes, that the gospel of brotherly love was disseminated among mankind. It is legitimate for an artist to invest an

historic character with emblems which bespeak the significance posterity has attached to him; but it is wholesome to see him as he probably appeared to his contemporaries, before subsequent generations have discovered an *ex post facto* importance in his career. Tintoret employed now one method and now the other, and whosoever has been moved by the Christ before Pilate and The Crucifixion of the School of San Rocco need not be told that pathos and sublimity belong to the former method.

Tintoret's versatility would have made a lesser man renowned. He counted it but an amusement, when the learned critics chided him for not obeying academic rules, to imitate the style of Titian, or Paul Veronese, or Schiavone, so that the critics themselves were deceived and confounded. He invariably adapted his treatment to the requirements of each work: if it was to be viewed from a considerable distance, he painted broadly; if it was to be seen near, no one surpassed him in the delicacy and carefulness of his finish. This sense of fitness governed his composition as well as his drawing. In a picture intended for a refectory, for instance, he introduced proportions in harmony with the dimensions of that refectory, causing it to appear more spacious and imposing. Where Tintoret's figures are not correctly drawn, the apparent fault was often intentional: restore the picture to the position for which he designed it, and the drawing will no longer offend; for he always took into account the distance and angle from which the spectator would look, and he is not responsible for the changes in location. In studying any picture, remember that there is one, and only one, point of view where it can be seen as the artist wished it to be seen. If you stand too far or too near, you will miss his purpose. In a portrait by Titian or Tintoret, no line, no dot of color, is su-

perfluous: you must adjust your vision until the tiniest flake of white on the tip of the chin or on the pupils of the eyes has a reason for being there. Try to imagine that last perfecting touch away, and you will learn its value. For these men did nothing haphazard: they would as soon have wasted diamonds and rubies as their precious colors; every hair of their pencil was a nerve through which their imagination transmitted itself to the canvas.

Although it be well-nigh impossible to describe a painting so that one who has not seen it can derive profit from the description, I shall attempt to point out a few of the characteristics of some of Tintoret's other works, in the hope of refreshing the memory of readers who are already familiar with them, and of stimulating the interest of those who may see them hereafter. It is the *thought* Tintoret has expressed, and not the technique of his manner, to which I would call attention, believing that this can be in some measure made real even to those who cannot refer to the paintings themselves.

One fact impresses us immediately: Tintoret's originality. Previous painters had used all the familiar Christian themes so often that there had grown up a conventional form of representing each; but, although Tintoret used these themes, his treatment of them rarely recalls that of any other painters, and always demands fresh study. Giotto may be said to have fixed the norm which his successors generally followed, diverging from it only in details. Tintoret established a new norm. Moreover, he never copied himself; his inexhaustible imagination refused to repeat. It represented the same subject under different aspects, never twice alike. We have many replicas of Raphael's and Titian's works, but none, so far as I know, of Tintoret's. In rare cases where two copies of a painting by him exist, one is the sketch.

In one famous instance he is brought

into direct comparison with his rival, Titian. They both painted *The Presentation of the Virgin*, in somewhat similar manner. Titian's conception of the scene is as follows: In front of a stately pile of buildings two flights of steps lead up to the threshold of the Temple, where stands a venerable high priest; near him are two other ecclesiastics and a youth. Spectators look out from the windows and balconies of the adjoining edifice upon Mary, a pretty little maiden, who has reached the first step of the second staircase, and, looking up at the high priest, prepares to finish the ascent. Immediately back of her figure is an ornate Corinthian column. Her mother and a friend wait at the foot of the staircase, and a goodly company of Venetian nobles is gathered near them,—like pleasure-seekers taking a stroll, who stop for a moment to witness a chance episode. An old woman with a basket of eggs sits in the foreground. A colonnade and pyramid close in the picture on the left,¹ and a pleasing view of mountains stretches out behind.

This is Tintoret's conception: A high priest, patriarchal in dignity, stands at the top of a flight of steps leading to the door of the Temple. Just below him Mary is mounting, her slight form and dress being beautifully contrasted with the sky beyond. Behind her is a young woman (probably her mother, Anne) carrying a young child. At the foot of the steps, in the centre of the painting, another mother (one of Tintoret's matchless creations) is pointing toward Mary, and telling her little daughter that she too will ere long be presented at the Temple. Two girls recline on the steps near by. On the left, seven or eight old men and idlers (such as one still sees at the approach to churches in Italy, and to mosques and synagogues in the Orient) are ranged along the stairs,

¹ I use *left* and *right* to denote the positions as the spectator faces the picture.

and indolently watch the scene. The shadow of the building falls upon them, and prevents their figures from being too prominent. There is no suggestion of Venice or Venetian nobles. The attention is not distracted by costly apparel or imposing architecture, but is fixed upon the chief actors, — upon the venerableness of the high priest, the simplicity and confidingness of the little maiden, and the magnificent forms and naturalness of the women.

Critics have disputed whether Titian's picture or Tintoret's be the earlier. The presumption is in favor of the former,¹ but there is no reason to cry plagiarism to either, because each master has worked out a similar conception with characteristic independence. The central idea — the youthful Virgin ascending the steps of the Temple to be received by the high priest — may be seen in one of Giotto's frescoes.² What we admire is the originality of treatment in both pictures. To me, Tintoret's conception seems the more noble and appropriate, and I know not in which of Titian's works to look for a counterpart of that woman in the foreground, so easy, so living, so superb.

As an example of Tintoret's insight into the spiritual world, turn to his picture of Lucifer.³ From early Christian times, the Evil One has been represented by very crude and vulgar symbols. A hideous face, horns, a tail, and cloven hoofs have come to be his accepted signs. Such a monster could never tempt even the frailest striver after righteousness; for this conception illustrates the loathsomeness of the *results* of sin, and not the allurements by which sin entraps its victims. It would be equally appropriate to show to a lover a crumbling skeleton as the effigy of the woman whom he loves. The Devil would make no converts if

he announced himself to be the Devil, and dangled before men's eyes the despair, the degradation, the infinite remorse, which are his actual merchandise, instead of the fleeting pleasures and deceitful promises under which he masks them. He is no bungler or fool, but supremely skillful in proportioning his enticement to the strength of his victim, and very alert in choosing the moment most favorable for attack. Goethe, in his Mephistopheles, has portrayed the enemy of good under one of his aspects, emphasizing the cynical and wicked rather than the seductive and plausible qualities. Tintoret has depicted the latter. His Lucifer is still an angel, though fallen. He has a commanding and beautiful form, and a countenance which at first fascinates, until, on searching it more deeply, you discern a suggestion of duplicity, a hint of sensuality, in it. Bright-hued and strong are the plumes of his wings, and a circlet of wondrous jewels sparkles on his left arm, the sole emblem of the wearer's wealth. Here is indeed a being whose beauty might seduce, whose guile might deceive, — one whose presence dazzles and attracts, for it has majesty and grace. Here is a fit embodiment of that ambition which shrinks not from crime in order to possess power; or of that false pleasure which decoys men from duty, and, still flying beyond reach, leads its prisoner deeper and deeper into the abominations of the abyss.

With equal originality and truth Tintoret has illustrated the allegory of the temptation of St. Anthony.⁴ This subject is usually treated either absurdly or grotesquely: as when the saint is discovered in a grotto through which bats, mice, witches, and imps flit and gambol. Not one of these ridiculous creatures, we may safely say, would frighten or tempt anybody. But who

¹ Crowe and Cavalcaselle give 1539 as the date of Titian's Presentation; 1545-46 is usually assigned as the date of Tintoret's.

² At the Arena, Padua.

³ At the School of San Rocco, Venice.

⁴ In the church of San Trovaso, Venice.

are the enemies that a man who has dedicated his life to holiness, and who has taken the three vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, must resist? Tintoret's picture furnishes the answer. In it, one of the figures, typifying Riches, offers gold and precious gems. "Why live a beggar?" she pleads softly. "Take these and have power." A second figure, Voluptuousness, is that of a woman fair in body. "Come with me," she urges. "Let us taste of joy together while there is still time." A third, who (I think) represents Unbelief or Heresy, has already dashed the saint's missal and rosary to the ground, has snatched up his scourge, and, endeavoring to drag him away, has plucked off his mantle. "Come with me," this tempter seems to say. "There will be no more scourging, and fasting, and mortification; with me your life shall be careless and unrestrained." Nevertheless, Anthony, thus hard beset, looks heavenward, uttering a prayer for succor. Are not these apt personifications of those lower impulses to which even men of high resolve have succumbed? All the witches of the Brocken and all the bats in a Pharaoh's tomb have nothing alluring about them.

There are few of Tintoret's paintings which have not similar revelations, if you look attentively. Often what appears to be only a casual accessory is the key to the whole composition. Let me cite two instances of his imaginative use of color. The first occurs in *The Martyrdom of St. Stephen*.¹ The saint has fallen on his knees, beneath the stoning of his persecutors, but there is no melodramatic spurning of blood or sign of physical pain. His face betokens fortitude, resignation, and forgiveness of his tormentors. He gazes up steadfastly into heaven, and sees the glory of God, and Jesus stand-

ing on the right hand of God. The Almighty is clothed in a robe of red and a black mantle. In the background, behind the martyr, a crowd watch the persecution: they are too far away for us to distinguish faces, but one of them, who is seated, is clothed in black and red. It is Paul, who was soon to acknowledge Christ and put on the livery of God. Again, in the *Paradise*, Tintoret gives profound significance to color as a symbol: Moses, the witness to the Old Covenant, and Christ, the witness to the New Covenant, have robes of similar colors.

The Doges' Palace contains a score of Tintoret's imaginative paintings and many of his portraits, and there are few churches in Venice which have not at least one altarpiece by him. His best portraits, as I think, outrank even Titian's best: they have a vital quality, an *inevitableness*, which can be felt, but not described. What a concourse of doges, senators, procurators, nobles, and soldiers Tintoret has portrayed! Their grave, refined faces, their stately carriage, the sobriety as often as the sumptuousness of their dress, bear witness to the glory and power of Venice; that glory and power which had begun to decline in the sixteenth century, though the Venetians perceived it not. They misread the signs. They could not believe that Venice, which had continually grown in wealth during ten centuries, could decline or perish. *Esto perpetua!* — May she live forever! — was the last prayer of her historian, Sarpi, and the wish of all her citizens.

It was Tintoret's pride to immortalize on canvas her legends and her history, and to illustrate her grandeur by means of allegory. He painted the popular stories of the recovery of St. Mark's body from Alexandria, and of the miracles performed by that holy patron. He painted the siege of Zara, the battle of Lepanto, and the ambassadors of Venice holding head before the

¹ In the church of San Giorgio Maggiore, Venice. Mr. Ruskin was the first to point out this stroke of genius.

haughtiness of Frederick Barbarossa. He painted Venice enthroned among the gods, and Venice as mistress of the sea.

But his genius was not confined to the expression of pomp and patriotism. It delighted not only in majestic flights of imagination, but also in contemplating and in setting forth pure beauty. In one of the smaller rooms of the Ducal Palace are two classic subjects by him.—Mercury and the Graces, Ariadne and Bacchus,—which, whether we regard their perfect symmetry, or the grace of their forms, or the delicious poetic spirit that emanates from them like fragrance from a bed of lilies, have few rivals in loveliness. They arouse in some beholders a mood akin to that which a joyous theme in one of Beethoven's symphonies can arouse,—a mood sweeter than hope itself, or the brightest afterglow of memory; for, while it lasts, the present, flooded with peace and beauty and a nameless ecstasy, satisfies the soul.

The School of San Rocco possesses sixty-four pictures by Tintoret. This series, illustrating the principal events in the Old and New Testaments, is quite without parallel, not only in extent, but in the excellence of a large number of the separate paintings. You pass from one to another as from scene to scene in Shakespeare, and it is only when you return to the works of lesser men that you realize the richness and strength of the master, who has lifted you to his level so easily that you were conscious of no effort. The halls in which these paintings are kept are utterly inadequate for their proper examination: not one can be seen in a favorable light; many are almost buried in gloom, or hidden in the equally impenetrable glare that falls on their surface from the cross-lights from conflicting windows. Some of the canvases have been injured by

water; the colors have grown dim or dingy with age; and in some cases "restorers"¹ have blurred the outlines and brought discord among the tones. Nevertheless, who that has once seen can ever forget many of those paintings? The original conception looms up beautiful and grand from amid the wreck of time and neglect, like a mutilated, earth-stained Greek statue, and your imagination exerts itself to see the work as it must have appeared when the colors were fresh. Who can forget that flock of angels in The Annunciation; or The Visit of the Magi to the Manger; or The Flight into Egypt; or the terrible Slaughter of the Innocents, which seems to have been painted in blood, though there is hardly any blood to be seen; or The Adoration of the Shepherds; or Christ's Agony in Gethsemane; or Christ before Pilate; or Christ being led to Calvary?

The series concludes with The Crucifixion, a masterpiece before which artists and amateurs, and even academic critics, have stood in mute wonder. It is a panoramic summary of the last acts in the persecution of Christ. No detail which the Evangelists furnish has been omitted, but all details have been subordinated to a unity so vast and impressive that it eludes analysis. Primarily, this is a pictorial representation of an historical event; but for the Christian believer it is an image of the profoundest religious meaning. There are many groups, but if you study each group you will discover that without it something would have been wanting to the whole. Here are Romans, to whom the spectacle has no moral interest; they are soldiers and judges, executing the Roman law upon the person of a Jew who has stirred up the wrath of his fellows and caused a popular tumult. Here are Jews,

¹ One painting bears the inscription REST. ANTONIVS FLORIAN, 1834. "Exactly in proportion to a man's idiocy," Mr. Ruskin re-

mains, "is always the size of the letters in which he writes his name on the picture that he spoils."

mocking and full of hate. Here, too, is the little remnant of Jews who believe in the victim as their master, and are faithful to him unto death. Is not the indifference or the idle curiosity of some of the spectators as significant as the cruelty of his enemies and the devotion and anguish of his friends? For consider well what it implies that any human being should gaze unmoved, or moved only as by an every-day occurrence, at a fellow-creature suffering the penalty of death. Is life then so cheap? Is a human soul of so slight account that men can cast lots, or jeer, while it passes in agony from earth forever? Who can estimate the cruelty which delights in the torments of that struggle? And if this sacrifice be viewed with the eyes of a Christian, and not of an impassive observer; if the victim be esteemed not merely a man, but the Son of God, what words shall describe its solemnity?

Tintoret has painted all these impressions into his picture. The central object in the painting is the cross with Christ upon it. His head has sunk upon his bosom, and we imagine that with his downcast eyes he beholds the group of holy women at the foot of the cross, and says to Mary, "Woman, behold thy son." That group is the most pathetic that painter ever drew. Some of the women, overwhelmed by grief, have fainted. Not by their faces, but by their drooping, motionless bodies, can you infer the unspeakable burden which is crushing them. One kneels; another — Magdalen, perhaps — has risen, and looks up at the expiring Saviour. A venerable disciple gazes tenderly at the face of the Virgin, who has swooned. A younger disciple lifts his eyes toward Christ. They cannot help; they cannot speak; they can only wait and sorrow. Who shall utter the agony that love feels when it is powerless to relieve the suffering of its beloved!

Behind this group stands a man holding a bowl, into which another man, who has climbed a ladder resting against the back of the cross, dips a sponge stuck on a spear. At the left, other executioners are raising the cross on which one of the malefactors has been bound. Some men in front are tugging at ropes; others behind are pushing or steadying it. Hammers, adzes, a saw, and other implements bestrew the ground. Farther on are many spectators, — a Roman officer in armor, elders, dignitaries, and a soldier bearing the Roman standard. Some point toward Christ, and evidently say to one another: "That is the impostor who calls himself the Son of God and the King of the Jews. Where is his pretended might?" A little in the background, a mounted spearman has thrown the reins on the neck of his ass, which complacently feeds on withered palm leaves, — an imaginative touch characteristic of Tintoret, which will not be lost on those who recall Christ's entry into Jerusalem a few days before.

In the foreground, to the right, a man is digging a hole for the cross of the second malefactor, while soldiers are drawing lots for Christ's garments, and other mounted soldiers are watching the proceedings near by. A little beyond, another group is busy attaching that malefactor to his cross; one boring a hole for the spike to pierce his hand, another holding down his legs so that they can be bound, while a third has a rope. In the distance, men hurry toward the scene, lest they be too late to enjoy it; and the foremost camels of a caravan on its way into the city appear just at a turn in the road. For traffic and the daily toil of men are not interrupted by the crucifixion of Christ, though soldiers and idlers have come out to witness it. The landscape discloses on the left a palace, and then hills succeeded by craggy mountains. The clouds have

deepened almost into darkness along the horizon. The sun, as it sinks into this gloom, appears as a huge disk of ghastly light, and this disk forms a dim halo behind Christ's head. Yet a little while and the earth shall be wholly darkened, and these curious, careless spectators shall flee away in terror.¹

Such, told briefly and inadequately, — for language can only hint at the effects of painting, — is this solemn event as conceived by Tintoret's imagination.²

We have no evidence that Tintoret visited Rome, nor any record of his journeys, except that to Mantua, yet we may be sure that he was familiar with the scenery of the mainland. The woods and foliage, the streams, valleys, and meadows, the little hills and picturesque mountains, which abounded in his paintings he did not see at Venice. Our lack of information leaves us in doubt, therefore, whether he studied Michael Angelo's Last Judgment in the Sistine Chapel. If he never went to Rome, he probably was acquainted with the composition of that extraordinary work from engravings or copies; yet his own painting of that subject bears so little resemblance to Michael Angelo's that it seems to have been produced independently.

The masterpiece of the Sistine Chapel is so complicated that the student is bewildered, until he observes that the principal groups are roughly arranged in an immense irregular horseshoe, the points of which are near the bottom of the wall, while Christ, the chief figure, is inclosed in the upper oval. Four fifths of the action takes place in the air, the lower portion alone of the fresco being occupied by the river Styx and its adjacent bank. In its

present nearly ruined condition, we cannot guess the original effect of this work; but I doubt whether it could ever have satisfied the beholder's instinctive demand for harmony. The groups, even the individuals, seem isolated, not only in space, but in spirit. There is not, nor could there be, a single prevailing passion. The only characteristic which applies to the whole work is tremendous energy. Whatever of agony, of fury, of stubbornness, of determination, can be expressed by the human body is expressed here. There is no muscle or tendon which is not exhibited in various positions; no posture of limbs or trunk which is not represented. The resurrection of the *body* is illustrated in a hundred ways, and the expression of the faces is of secondary importance. The patriarchs have the vigor of Titans; saints are as robust as athletes; Christ himself might be a majestically stern Apollo. Not without reason may we call these effigies of restless, writhing human beings wonderful diagrams of anatomy and concrete illustrations of dynamics. Even the saved, who occupy the higher regions, are not tranquil. In striving to comprehend these whirlwinds of action, the mind is wearied and thwarted. Unit by unit you examine this multitude, and you are amazed in turn by sublimity, or horror, or power.

The space³ to which Tintoret had to adapt his picture of the Last Judgment is oblong, about fifty feet high and twenty feet broad. In the upper part of the heavens Christ is represented, not in the character of the inexorable Judge, but in that of the Shepherd who welcomes his faithful flock to Paradise; for the resurrection and judgment are coincident. On one side, near

¹ In a great picture, now ruined, at the abandoned Bavarian palace of Schliessheim, near Munich, Tintoret has represented the Crucifixion in its later aspect.

² This is one of the four or five paintings which Tintoret signed. It was finished in

1565. His receipt for its payment still exists. It is dated March 9, 1566. The sum received was two hundred and fifty ducats.

³ In the church of Sta. Maria dell' Orto, Venice.

Christ, John the Baptist is kneeling, and Mary and the repentant sinner, who bears a cross, are near; on the other side are personifications of the cardinal virtues. Extremely lovely is Charity, carrying in her arms two young children to present to the Saviour. Zones of fleecy clouds separate the upper part of the painting into sections, in which the saints are ranked; but the distribution seems natural, not arbitrary, and serves to prevent confusion among so many figures. Midway in the scene, angels fly down to rouse the dead. Michael, with his terrible sword unsheathed, pursues the wicked toward a mighty river, which sweeps irresistibly into the abyss. In the distance, on a low shelf of sand amid the waters, is huddled a crowd of sinners, too indolent or too terrified to struggle against the flood which must soon engulf them. Crouching, they await their doom. In them Tintoret has perhaps typified those miserable creatures whom Dante describes as "*a Dio spiacenti ed a' nemici sui*," — hateful to God and to his enemies. Demons attend a bark-load of the damned through the hellish torrent. And on the shore what a spectacle! Bodies starting from their graves, some not yet clothed with flesh, some with leafy branches growing from their arms, some striving to free themselves from the earth into which corruption resolved them; everywhere signs of the suddenness and awfulness of that supreme moment when the dead shall rise again in the forms they bore when alive, and go to the eternal abode, of bliss or punishment, for which each has fitted himself by his career on earth.

A parallel has frequently been drawn between the genius of Michael Angelo and that of Dante, and many have deplored the loss of that portfolio in which Michael Angelo is known to have made a series of illustrations to the Divine Comedy. The resemblance between the supreme Tuscan poet and the

supreme Tuscan artist seems to me, however, to hold only when we limit our view to Dante as the author of the *Inferno*. In energy, in intense perception of evil, in unswerving condemnation of sin, in austerity, in appreciation of the terror of life, the poet and the painter were indeed akin. These are the characteristics which most readers associate with Dante's genius, for the reason that most readers go no further than the *Inferno*, or are unable to comprehend the more spiritual sublimity of the *Purgatorio* and the *Paradiso*. The *Inferno* describes torments which the most sluggish person can understand, and the contrasts of lurid flames and impenetrable gloom by which the scenes in hell are diversified are so vivid as to require no commentary. We marvel at the imagination that could traverse unparalyzed these horrors and dare to report them. But Dante's genius stopped not here: it passed in review all human nature, from its lowest sinful condition to that highest excellence when it merges with God. Though Evil be real and terrible, Dante saw that Love is even more real, the source and the goal of all things; that he had the power to describe it is proof of his universality. And they whose imagination is strong enough to follow him through the regions of the blessed incline to rank the third canticle of his "sacred poem" even higher than the first.

Among painters, Tintoret only has, like Dante, swept through the full circuit of human experience and aspiration. He has shown us the anguish of the damned in his Last Judgment, and the peace and bliss of the blessed in his Paradise. That The Last Judgment should be Michael Angelo's masterpiece, and that he should have painted it on the altar wall of the Pope's favorite chapel, are fatally appropriate. In that terrific scene, the judge is not Christ, but Michael Angelo himself: a righteous man, who looked

out upon the iniquities of his time and dared to condemn them; a religious man, who, coming to Rome, the religious centre of Christendom, discovered there a second Sodom, in which pope, cardinals, and bishops were the most shameless offenders; a patriotic man, who had fought for the liberty of his beloved Florence, and had beheld her, through the treachery of some and the apathy of others, become the slave of a corrupt master. No wonder that the terror and anguish, the depravity and hopelessness, of life should have eaten into Michael Angelo's soul. As he worked solitarily in the Sistine Chapel, no wonder that a vision of the retribution which shall overtake the wicked should have possessed his imagination, and transformed the artist into the judge. Day by day, a spirit mightier than theirs painted the protest which Savonarola, Zwingli, Luther, and Calvin had preached, — the spirit of a Job united to that of an Isaiah.

Not less appropriate was it that the genius of Tintoret and of Venetian art should culminate in the representation of Paradise. Of all commonwealths, Venice had enjoyed the longest prosperity; of all peoples, hers had been the most sensitive to the joy of life. Even at the end of the sixteenth century, when her power abroad had been curtailed, and when luxury at home was slowly enervating the integrity of her citizens, she was still outwardly imposing, magnificent. No pope had ever succeeded, either by guile or by force, in ravishing her independence. Her immemorial glory blazed across the past and irradiated the present, as the setting sun spreads an avenue of splendor upon the ocean and fills the heavens with golden and purple light. Venice was indeed the abode of Joy, and Tintoret, at the close of a long career, in which he had witnessed all the aspects and pondered all the possibilities of human life, was filled, like Dante, with hope, and felt Joy and Love to be the

supreme realities, the everlasting fulfillments, of mankind's desires.

If the Last Judgment is an "unimaginable" theme, as Mr. Ruskin remarks, how much more so is Paradise! Men have always found it easier to represent grief than happiness, villainy than virtue, shadows than sunshine; for the former are, by their nature, limited, while the latter have a quality of boundlessness which to define abridges it. Moreover, pleasure is oftenest unconscious, and always individual; pain, on the contrary, is too conscious of self, and is manifest in attributes common to many. Nevertheless, Tintoret has achieved the seeming impossibility of representing, so far as painting may, the happiness, unmixed and eternal, of the celestial host.

His painting is known to most visitors at Venice as being the largest in the world. The ordinary traveler, after reading the dimensions in his guide-book, looks up at the canvas, and sees crowds of figures and colors grown dark; wonders what it all means, and why the superintendent does not sweep down the dust and cobwebs; and then turns away to devote equal attention to the black panel where Marino Faliero's portrait would be had he not died a traitor's death. In like manner, I have seen intelligent strangers exhaust the treasures of the Acropolis of Athens in a quarter of an hour, and return to their hotel to read the last English newspaper. But let him who would commune with one of the few supreme masterpieces of art sit down patiently and reverently before Tintoret's Paradise, and he will be rewarded by revelations proportioned to his study. As soon as his eyes are accustomed to the dimness of the hall, the tones of the canvas begin to be intelligible to him: it is as if he heard a symphony played in a lower key than the composer intended; many of the original effects are lost, but harmony interpenetrates and unifies all the parts.

When he has adjusted his eyes to this pitch, he can examine the figures separately; until, little by little, in what seemed a vast confused multitude he will be aware of the presence of an all-controlling order; and he will gaze at last understandingly, as in a vision, upon the congregations of heaven as they are unfolded in Tintoret's design.

Christ is seated in the central upper part of the painting: his left hand rests on a crystal globe; innumerable rays of light illumine his head and dart in all directions. Opposite to him is the Madonna, above whom sparkles a circlet of stars. At Christ's left soars the archangel Michael bearing the heavenly scales; at Mary's right is Gabriel with a spray of lilies. A cloud of countless cherubs hovers at the feet of the Divine Personage; while on each side of the archangels, curving toward the upper extremities of the canvas, are companies of seraphim and cherubim, and the thrones, principalities, and powers, and angels with swords, sceptres, and globes. These form the first circle of the angelic host, who from eternity have held their station nearest to their Lord. Below them is a larger circle, composed of those spirits who, by prophecy or preaching, established and extended the kingdom of God on earth. On the left we see the forerunners of Christ: David playing the cithern, Moses holding up the tables of the law, Noah with his ark, Solomon, Abraham, and the other patriarchs; and near these we distinguish John the Baptist, who displays a scroll on which is written *Ecce Agnus*. Midway in this circle are the Evangelists, the four corners of the Christian temple, and the intermediaries between the old and new dispensations. Here is Mark accompanied by his lion, Luke and his ox, Matthew with pen in hand, and John with his book resting on an eagle. As the line sweeps on, we see the early fathers, doctors, and great

popes: Peter and Gregory; Paul, the apostle militant, recognizable by his sword; Jerome, Ambrose, and Augustine. In the centre, between Luke and Matthew, is the third archangel, Raphael, whose clasped hands and upturned face betoken a soul rapt in adoration. The third and lowest circle is made up of many groups of martyrs and holy men and women, the great body of the church. Among the throng on the left are Barbara; Catherine with her wheel; Francis of Assisi and Dominick, the founders of the great religious orders; Giustina bearing a palm branch; St. George (with banner), Lawrence, Sebastian, Agnes, and Stephen, each recognizable by a familiar emblem. In the centre, along the bottom of the painting, hover clusters of worshipping angels; beyond them, more saints, Monica, and Magdalen; then Rachel and a troop of lovely children, and Christopher, who carried the boy Christ on his shoulder here below, now carrying a globe. At last, on the extreme right, we reach the assembly of prelates and theologians.

With this key to the general distribution, the student who has Tintoret's Paradise before him can recognize scores of other figures. He will compare Tintoret's portrayal of each saint, or prophet, or martyr with conceptions other painters have drawn; and if he reflect that any one of these groups, and many of these figures singly, would have sufficed to establish the renown of an artist less masterly than Tintoret, his astonishment will swell into admiration, and this into awe, when he surveys the work as a whole. It is impossible to describe the effect of the innumerable multitude. Cast your eyes almost anywhere upon the canvas, and lo! out of the deeper, distant spaces angelic countenances loom up. Forms, though distinctly outlined, by some magic seem diaphanous; and the farther your gaze penetrates, the brighter is the light which radiates through-

out heaven from the throne of Christ. Still more marvelous, I think, is the sense of infinite tranquillity, even in those figures which are moving. These are veritable spirits, though they have human bodies, and they move or rest with equal ease. In this heavenly ether there is no effort. Even those rushing seraphim, whose majestic pinions seem to beat melody from air in their rhythmic flight, suggest a certain grand repose begotten of motion itself, — a repose akin to that produced by the sight of the sea, whose myriad little waves dance and glisten, or of Niagara, whose falling flood seems stationary. The spectator who has risen to this conception will not fail to note the light of a joy, not vehement, but profound, which bathes every face; and how the action of every individual and of every group is in some manner addressed to Christ, and would be incomplete but for that divine centre. Christ and the Madonna, and the dove of the Holy Spirit floating between them, he will look at first and turn from last, — the noblest personification of ideal manhood and ideal womanhood that ever painter expressed. The embodiment and essence of *Love*, which is the author of all good, they are enthroned amid the serenity of the highest heaven. Around them wheels the inner circle of the archangels and the angels, the symbols of divine *Power*. Then, in ever-widening circles, the saints and apostles and prophets, and the elect of every clime and condition, all children of *Faith* and exemplars of *Charity*, float and revolve in bliss forevermore. And it needs no strain of the imagination to hear the hosannas which the morning stars sing together, and all the sons of God shout for joy.

In the dark chapel of the Rucellai, at the church of Sta. Maria Novella in Florence, is a dingy altarpiece representing the Virgin and the infant Christ. Cimabue painted it; and when

it was finished the Florentines made a holiday, and bore the picture through the streets, amid great rejoicing, to the chapel where it now hangs. That stiff and awkward Madonna, that doll-like Child, were hailed by them as the highest achievement of painting. For us Cimabue's masterpiece has only an historic interest, — we find no charm in its Byzantine rigidity. Yet that crude work was the seed of Italian painting, and if we follow its growth during three centuries we shall be led to the Paradise of Tintoret, in which are embodied all the excellences and advances of the painter's art. Between that humble beginning and that glorious achievement an army of artists and myriads of paintings intervene. If we look deep enough, we shall be conscious that they were all agents whereby a mighty spirit was seeking to express itself to man, — a spirit which first appealed to human piety through the symbols of religion, and which, as its agents acquired skill and reach, bodied itself forth in higher images and in conscious forms. The name of that spirit is Beauty, never to be found perfect in the outer world, but known as it communicates through the senses portents of itself which the soul sublimates into that ideal unity by which the laws of nature and the destiny of man are beheld in their highest aspect.

“O how all speech is feeble and falls short
Of my conceit, and this to what I saw
Is such, 't is not enough to call it little!
O Light Eterne, sole in thyself that dwellest,
Sole knowest thyself, and, known unto thyself
And knowing, lovest and smilest on thyself!
That circulation, which being thus conceived
Appeared in thee as a reflected light,
When somewhat contemplated by mine eyes,
Within itself, of its own very colour
Seemed to me painted with our effigy,
Wherefore my sight was all absorbed therein.”

William R. Thayer.

THE FINDING OF MISS CLEMENTINE.

I.

"HALF de crap money b'longs ter me, Silas, mind dat," said Aunt Pheriby Coles, a little old colored woman, who had lived all her sixty years on a plantation in Greene County, Alabama.

"Hukkom you cawntinual remindin' me?" grunted Silas, her husband. "Ain't de crap money been allers divided fair de fust Jinerary? An' hit gwan on Febrary. Ain't you allers had yo' half ter spend an' ter spare 'cordin' ter yo' notion?"

Silas spoke resentfully, but Pheriby was serene. "Well, I wuks fur hit faithful," she boasted. "An' hukkom I names hit so preticklar dis time is, I ain't no notion ter spend nur yit ter spare hit. I'm gwan ter trabel," she announced.

"Huh? *You* trabel?" quoth Silas, with disdainful incredulity. "No fur'n town, I reckon. Eutaw plenty big fur you. You tote yo'se'f fur'n dat, you gwan git lost, you plantation nigger."

"No, I ain't gwan git lost, nuther," Pheriby protested. "I'm gwan ter Mobile."

"You g'way, Pheriby; you is plumb crazy."

"No, I ain't crazy, nuther. I is pernicious [ambitious], dat 's what. 'I got a projec' on hand. You rurmber Martha Maria Chace? She went wid Mis' Dawsom down ter Mobile, mindin' Mis' Dawsom's baby. Well, I seed her yistiddy, when she rode by on a muel, an' she been tellin' me how she hear say my Miss Clementine, ole mars-ter onlies' livin' gran'chile, is done got ter Mobile, an' she required most preticklar 'bout Pheriby; so I'm gwan hunt her up. I ain't sot eyes on de blessed chile not sence dee tuk her off

schoolin' ter de Big North, in short skuts an' her hair down her back; an' now she done growed an' married."

"Huh you gwan mek out ter know her, den?" Silas asked.

"Heah dat nigger talk!" snorted Pheriby, with a toss of her turbaned head. "Lak I warn' gwan know de chile I is roasted taters an' dyed aiggs fur! Well, sakes! ef I ain't rurminded!" she broke off. "I kin dye Miss Clementine some aiggs ouden dat same green an' yaller caliker Mis' Brantley gi' me fur quilt-pieces," and she rose briskly from the hide-bottomed chair, in which it was her custom to take her rest of an evening.

"An' huh Miss Clementine gwan disguise you f'om any yether plantation nigger she ain't sot eyes on gwan on no tellin' how long?" inquired the cautious Silas.

Pheriby, who bore her years lightly, had climbed upon a table in the farther corner of the cabin; she turned fiercely, her arms akimbo, flashing scorn out of her little sharp black eyes.

"Ain't you sense enough ter know what ole marster onlies' gran'chile is got some recomembrance of Pheriby in her feelins'?" she demanded. "I is 'stonished at you, Silas. — I sho'ly is! When I repears in Miss Clementine's sight wid my hands full o' dyed aiggs, *den* she gwan recomember Pheriby, ef hit wuz de day atter no time."

Silas abandoned remonstrance. "Huh you gwan mek out ter go?" he asked resignedly.

"Huh I gwan mek out ter do dis, er dat, er what not?" retorted his determined wife. "I does hit, — dat 's how," and she turned away from him to take down a huge gourd that hung by a string against the wall.

The gourd had a square opening cut in its side, close under the neck, and

the piece that had been taken out was secured by bits of string laced through an array of little holes, so as to serve for a flap to close the aperture.

This treasure had been in Pheriby's possession many years, and many and various were the odds and ends it held. After prolonged rummaging amid the multifarious contents, she drew forth the green and yellow calico; then, restoring the gourd to its nail, she dismounted from the table, sat herself down in the hide-bottomed chair with a satisfied grunt, and proceeded to unfold her plans further to Silas, while she smoothed the much-wrinkled quilt-pieces on her knee.

"Hit 's dis-a-way," she said. "Hit 's comin' on ter Mawdy-graw" —

"Mawdy-graw!" interrupted Silas, with dismay. "I heern tell o' dat Mawdy-graw; a tarrifyin' time, by all I kin mek out. I ain't honin' atter no sech 'sperience, myse'f."

"No, you ain't dat!" his wife retorted, with conscious superiority. "You is sadisfied ter see de sun rise an' set over dat cawnfiel', year in an' year out; but I done tell you I is pernicious, an' I 'm gwan 'long down ter Mobile wid a 'scursion ticket. A 'scursion ticket will tote you ter Mobile an' back ag'in on jes' one pay, dee tells me. Cynthia Broadwood, what keeps de 'freshment stand by de co't-house corner public days, she gwan loan me her long-tailed coat-cloak. I is allers been 'commodatin' ter Cynthia 'bout aiggs, an' she knows hit. An' I 'm gwan put my new pupple caliker, an' a clean apron, an' my bes' head han'kcher inter dat red cyarpit sack what ole marster gi' me fo' he died. Hit 's a pussonable red cyarpit sack, what shows quality marks."

"An' s'posen you doan' find Miss Clementine?" suggested Silas.

"G'way f'om yer, Silas. Ain't I done 'splained all dat? But you is boun' ter be a stumblin'-block an' a remonst'ance, you is."

"I ain't mekin' no stumblin' beginst yo' goin'," Silas protested sourly, "'cause you is lak a heady steer er a backin' muel, you is. But here one nigger would n't be tunned a-loose in Mobile streets of a Mawdy-graw day; no, boss! What wid dey false faces, an' dey hawns a-blowin', an' ginerall rip-stavin' outlandishness, sech as dee tells me, I 'd be plumb upsot."

"Well, I ain't so easy upsot," declared Pheriby, undaunted. "I is risin' sixty, an' I ain't to be put out o' countenance by no false faces an' sich. I got plenty mo'n sense enough not ter be skeered at foolishness, an' come next Sat'day night I 'm gwan 'long down ter Mobile."

So Silas said no more until the train was about to bear his wife away to the unknown perils of Mobile and Mardi Gras.

"You mind, now, what I tell you, Pheriby," he exhorted her mournfully, as he deposited the red carpet sack at her feet. "You gwan be 'stonished, so keep yo' eyes open, an' keep yo' mouf shot to."

"G'long wid you, Silas," Pheriby made answer, with scornful laughter. "I ain't no chile ter be piled up wid caution, an' I ain't no fool, nuther. Dishyer bulgine gwan squeal toreckly, an' you 'd git whisked down ter Mobile befo' you 'd find hit out; *den* who gwan be 'stonished, I 'd lak ter know?"

Thus admonished, Silas beat a hasty retreat, and stood on the platform outside to receive his better half's final injunctions.

"You keep a skint eye on de hen-house," Pheriby commanded sharply. "Minks is prowlin', 'specially de kind what ain't got mo'n two legs. An' look out you doan' let de ole speckle sow bre'k inter de gyardin-patch befo' I git back!" she screamed at him, as the train moved off.

Then she settled herself in her seat, with a toss of her head that would have sent the little round befeathered hat

atop of her bandana turban flying through the window, had it not been fastened beneath her chin by a stout elastic. That elastic was, in Pheriby's estimation, the highest touch of style, and such an assurance of safety that there seemed no possibility of misfortune to a hat thus secured. Smoothing Cynthy Broadwood's "long-tailed coat-cloak" over her knees, she looked out of the window, half afraid and wholly pleased; it was her first experience in railroad traveling.

But the short twilight faded fast, and presently the night shut out the flying landscape, while still the train went plunging through the dark.

"I pray dee won't miss de road," sighed Pheriby timorously.

II.

In the gray dawn Pheriby awoke from her uneasy slumbers to find herself in a new country. The flat marsh lands, rank with water-grass and broad-leaved flags, stretched vague and limitless in the uncertain light, and the city whither she was bound loomed up to view, dim and ghostly in the distance.

As the cars thundered along Commerce Street, Pheriby seized the red carpet sack and started up, with a vague sense of forlornness that she did not yet know was homesickness. If she could but go straight to "Miss Clementine" without having to search for her! But Marthy Maria Chace's information had been superlatively meagre and indefinite, hastily delivered and imperfectly remembered.

When Pheriby emerged from the car into the raw, chill February day, upon which the new-risen sun was just beginning to shine, she stood dazed in the bustling crowd that thrust her about unceremoniously; but as it thinned she recovered herself, and approaching a policeman, whom she addressed as "Mars' Gin'ral," she asked hopefully:—

"Kin you tell me wher'bouts I kin find Miss Clementine? 'Scusin' of trouble, but I is a stranger ter Mobile, an' my Miss Clementine's maw wuz daughter ter Jedge Jeremiah Coles, what married Mars' Jeems Henry Lowry" —

"Which?" said the policeman.

"Miss Clementine. She done come ter Mobile" —

"What is her other name?" the policeman interrupted again.

"I disremember sence she is married," replied Pheriby, serenely unconscious that this new name could be of any special importance; "but her paw wuz Mars' Jeems Henry Lowry, an' her gran'paw, he wuz Mars' Jedge Jeremiah Coles. Dee wuz quality" —

"Never heard of 'em," said the policeman; whereby he fell many degrees in Pheriby's estimation.

"A gin'ral, an' nuver heard o' Mars' Jedge Jeremiah!" she commented, as the policeman walked away.

One after another, Pheriby accosted the loiterers around the station with the same inquiry, only to meet with the same response. She began to entertain a contempt for Mobile. "Not know Mars' Jedge Jeremiah Coles?" quoth she. "Why, in Demop'lis, or Montgom'ry, or Greensboro', or even Selma, de very dogs on de streets, dee 'd know! Silas 'lowed I gwan be 'stonished, an' I is 'stonished. But I ain't beat yit; I 'm gwan hunt de quality houses."

It was Sunday morning, and when the bustle attendant upon the arrival of the train had subsided the street was almost deserted. Pheriby crossed to the opposite corner, and asked of a newsboy seated on the curbstone, "Whichever, mister, do de quality live?"

"You mean the swells, don'cher?" queried the boy, after a moment's pause; and he pointed up Government Street.

"I reckon dat's hit," answered Pheriby gratefully. "Thankee kindly,

little man. I is stranger ter Mobile, an' I'm huntin' Miss Clementine, what her maw wuz Jedge Jeremiah Coles's onlies' daughter."

"You don't sesso!" exclaimed the newsboy.

Pheriby nodded.

"Well," said the boy, "you go on up this street, and you'll come to a big white house on a corner, this side. That's where Judge Jeremiah Coles's granddaughter lives. You pull the bell."

Pheriby's eyes danced with delight. "Honey, you don't tell!" she cried. "You come along o' me. I'm bound my Miss Clementine, when I 'splains you ter her, she 'll gi' you one bouncin' breakfus'."

"You don't ketch me none o' that way," answered the boy.

"What you skeered on?" inquired the smiling Pheriby. "Leastwise," she added, fumbling in the carpet sack for a little bundle of bread and bacon, which until now she had forgotten, "ef you ain't minded ter come ter Miss Clementine's, tek dishyer, honey; hit's good eatin'; but I'll git mo'n plenty ter Miss Clementine's."

The newsboy had an omnivorous appetite. He took the proffered food without compunction, moral or physical, and Pheriby set off briskly up the street. Had she looked back, she might have seen that conscienceless urchin with his thumb on his nose and his fingers thrashing the air.

The big white house on the corner was not far to seek, and Pheriby boldly rang the bell.

The door was opened by the most imposing colored gentleman Pheriby had ever beheld; but she was so eager to meet "Miss Clementine" that she failed to be overawed.

"Tell Miss Clementine ter come yer," commanded she. "I ain't gwan seh who I is; but she know me," and she began to search the carpet sack for the dyed eggs.

The man stared. "No such name of any person here," said he loftily, and shut the door.

"Ef dat doan' beat all!" cried Pheriby irately. "Sassy, uplifted town nigger! I'm gwan reform Miss Clementine; bound she 'll mek him know better 'n ter shut de do' in Pheriby's face." She laughed as she rang the bell again with a vigorous pull. But there came no response. Then Pheriby rattled the doorknob; but still no one came. She stepped to one of the windows looking upon the veranda and tried to open it; failing in this, she beat upon the pane. "I'm bound ter see Miss Clementine," she said; and she kept up so noisy a drumming that at last the stately man-servant opened the door just enough to show his face, and called out in a loud, angry voice:

"If you don't get out, I'll have you arrested and taken to the guard-house. There is no 'Miss Clementine' here, I tell you!"

He slammed the door, and Pheriby stared, astonished indeed.

"Hebenly rest!" she ejaculated faintly. "I won'er is dat rampscallion boy done fooled dis po' ole nigger? An' I guv him all dat meat an' brade! I pray de Lawd de Debble gwan watch dat deceivin' boy."

She went down the steps, discouraged and humiliated. What would her friends in the country say if they knew she had been threatened with the guard-house? But she resolved that they should never know it. "How-somedever," she said to herself, "I is come ter dis Mobile ter find Miss Clementine, an' I'm gwan find her de bes' I kin."

Pheriby took heart, therefore, and tramped up Government Street, inquiring from house to house for "Miss Clementine;" but, turned away from every door with scant attention, she reluctantly abandoned that mode of search.

"I'm tired,—dat's what!" she sighed, as she dropped exhausted upon

a carriage block. "I'm gwan trus' in de Lawd, 'cause I dunno what else ter do; an' I'm gwan set yer an' wait on my chances. I'm monst'ous hongry, drat dat boy! Ef he wuz ter come along, I'm bound I'd lay a heavy hand ter his hide, guard-house or no guard-house, 'cause I'd know hit would be de chance I'm waitin' on."

But instead of the newsboy came along a negro man, and to him Pheriby explained the errand that brought her to Mobile.

"Can't say as ever I heard of any such person," her new acquaintance replied; "and I don't well see how you'll find her, not knowin' her top name. But, bein' you're a stranger, I'm acquainted with a colored lady as would accommodate a boarder on my recommend."

Pheriby pondered. She had not counted upon expending her money for board, but she was very tired and very hungry, and it was now near noon. I reckon I better," said she. "But I got pow'ful little money," she added shrewdly.

"You might work your passage?" suggested the man.

Thereupon Pheriby confidently followed this chance counselor, and fortunately she did not fall among thieves.

She learned nothing of "Miss Clementine" from her new acquaintances, but she was greatly cheered by the amenities of social life; and whether it was more to the credit of herself or of her entertainers, her board did not cost her a cent. For Pheriby "worked her passage" by liberal aid in various odd jobs, and she set forth late on Monday morning, well content. She took the red carpet sack with her, but she promised to return and "wuk some mo'," if she should fail "to come across Miss Clementine."

"Well, I'm bound," commented Mrs. Lorindy Jones, the "colored lady" who had given the wanderer shelter, "she's *one* fool turned a-loose from the

country onto the town this Mawdy-graw! That same old colored pusson 'll git lost, sure as this is Monday an' ter-morrer is Choosday."

Which prophecy came to pass.

III.

Pheriby had evolved a new plan of search: she would inquire at the "pussonable" stores where "Miss Clementine" might be supposed to do her "tradin'." She had no idea of wasting a nickel on the street car so long as she could walk, and by dint of asking her way at almost every corner she at last reached Dauphin Street.

Here the difficulty was, not to find the "pussonable" stores, but to find any one at leisure to heed her quest; all passed her by with a prompt dismissal. But these repeated disappointments were so greatly assuaged by the display in the shop windows that the day was well into the afternoon before she was conscious of fatigue. She was loitering on a corner, a little dazed by the unaccustomed sights and sounds, when, shifting the red carpet sack for perhaps the hundredth time, as she stretched her arm to relieve the strained muscles, she observed a passing street car stop. But Pheriby had no suspicion that she had stopped it, and she stood blankly staring.

"Come, come, woman! hurry up!" shouted the conductor. "What do you signal the car for, if you don't mean to ride?"

Pheriby, thus adjured, entered the car, in the persuasion that she was obeying the "p'intin' of de Lawd." "Fur sho'ly," argued she, "whey I stayed las' night, dee telled me ter ketch a *yaller* car ter git back ter Es-lava Street."

She sat down wearily, and, untying the corner of the handkerchief around her neck, became involved in a desperate search amid the various coins for

the required nickel; but she found nothing less than a dime.

"I can get it changed for you," said a voice at her side; and Pheriby looked up to see a pleasant-faced middle-aged gentleman smiling down upon her with amused, indulgent eyes.

"Dat 's quality, sho', en dem kind kin be trusted ter divide fair," was Pheriby's mental comment, as she surrendered one of her hoarded dimes.

"Thankee, marster!" said she, as she received the nickel in change, with a bob of her little body that would have developed to a courtesy had she been on her feet. "I is a stranger in dis Mobile, a-huntin' Miss Clementine," she proceeded, her heart warming toward this helpful fellow-passenger; "an' you is got de favor pow'ful o' de quality *my* white folks b'longed wid. May be you ain't knowin' nothin' 'bout Miss Clementine, is you, suh?"

"Does she live on Dauphin Way?" the gentleman asked. "And what is her name?"

"Glory above, marster!" exclaimed Pheriby, "dat what I been inquiren' dese two days. Ef I knowed her name an' wher' she live, reckon I 'd be shoalin' roun' an' roun' dishyer Mobile, half tarrified an' plumb hongry? I 'd be in Miss Clementine's kitchen dis minnit, eatin' de best dinner ever wuz cooked in a pot."

The laugh that followed made Pheriby a heroine in her own estimation.

"How do you expect to find her, then?" asked her kindly neighbor.

"Marster," replied Pheriby solemnly, "I truses in de bounty o' de Lawd what minds de sparrers on de housetop, fur I is done proven de ain't none so much dependence ter set on Pheriby."

"And who is Pheriby? Can't she find your 'Miss Clementine'?"

"Pheriby, marster?" she answered, with a twinkle in her beadlike eyes. "Pheriby is dis same fool settin' 'long-side o' you; an' she ain't find Miss Clementine *yit*."

"I 'm afraid she never will find her," said the friendly gentleman. "Unless you know more of her name, how can you expect to find her?"

"I bound ter know dis," Pheriby maintained stoutly, "ef I could ketch up wid any white folks what knowed *my* white folks, den I 'm done. My white folks warn't no spark smothered un'er a bushel; dee wuz a blaze on a reminence. Once dee wuz knowed, dee wuz *known*; folks did n't furgit 'em. You ask up ter Montgom'y, an' Tusk-loosa, an' Demop'lis, anybody kin tell you who wuz Mars' Jedge Jeremiah Coles" —

"Ah?" interrupted the gentleman.

"Glory, marster!" exclaimed Pheriby, with quick perception. "You ain't been knowin' him, is you,— Mars' Jedge Jeremiah?"

"Why, yes; I have met Judge Coles in former years."

Pheriby rose wildly. "Den my long 'stress is come ter a blessed eend!" she cried, with shrill excitement. "Glory! glory above! Ef you been knowin' Mars' Jedge Jeremiah, you need n't tell *me* you doan' know 'bout my Miss Clementine. You is bound ter know. Pheriby ain't sich a fool as she mought be. Miss Clementine is done growed an' married sence I seed her last, but I know Mars' Jedge Jeremiah's gran'-chile ain't mated wid no po' white trash. Pity sakes, marster, don't be lingerin' a po' ole tarrified nigger dis-a-way, an' tell me *why* is I gwan find Miss Clementine, wuz Mars' Jedge Jeremiah's gran'-chile."

"My good woman, sit down and be quiet," commanded the gentleman, with some annoyance. "I can't give you the information you seek, for I never met any of the judge's family; I know nothing of them."

Pheriby collapsed into a little dejected heap, and was dumb. Judge Jeremiah Coles's whilom acquaintance uttered some words of counsel or of sympathy, but they gave her no com-

fort; she felt benumbed. But when, presently, this torpor of disappointment wore away, her faculties awoke to a keen recollection of her long-deferred dinner, and she remembered Mrs. Lorindy Jones's boarding-house.

"We ain't come ter Eslava Street yit, is we?" she asked, in crestfallen tones.

"Eslava Street is in quite another part of the town; you 've taken the wrong car," she was informed.

"My kingdom come!" screamed Pheriby, springing up. "Holler ter de teamster, please, suh, ter le' me out."

"You ought to find some one to show you around," her neighbor admonished her, as he pulled the bell-strap.

"Dat I ought, good marster," Pheriby assented heartily. "Dat hukkom I huntin' Miss Clementine. An' I 'm p'intedly tired o' not findin' her," she grumbled, as she set her feet upon the ground.

"Well, well," she sighed, after gazing about her. "Dis is a quality region, sho'ly; an' Miss Clementine mought be in one o' dese pussonable houses. De ain't no knowin' nothin' till you finds hit out."

So Pheriby, in defiance of hunger, renewed her search, but with no better fortune than heretofore; and, tramping from house to house, she found herself, to her surprise, upon the edge of the town.

"An' I made sho' I wuz gwan back t'other way!" she said aloud, in her perplexity. "I 'll perish o' starvation befo' ever I gits ter Eslava Street any mo'."

Then she remembered the dyed eggs in her red carpet sack.

"Sho'ly de Lawd purwides," she commented devoutly. "Not but what hit 's a po' sort o' dinner bedout brade er salt."

She sat down at the foot of a tree, and took out two of the eggs, eying them regretfully. "Miss Clementine oughter be havin' dese in her possession

now dis minnit, an' me a-eatin' a better dinner o' her purwidin'," she sighed.

But when she had eaten the eggs she felt in better cheer. "Miss Clementine gwan mek up ter me, when I does find her," she said hopefully. "But jest 'bout now I 'spect I better be a-huntin' dem cyars an' gittin' back ter town, fur de sun is a-settin'. Anoder nickel is bound ter go, fur I is clean beat. Well, ne' mind, Pheriby, Miss Clementine bound ter mek returns."

IV.

The streets were lighted when Pheriby got out of the car at Bienville Square, and the novelty of the sight filled her with amazement.

"Well, well, I gin hit up!" she said. "Silas 'lowed I wuz gwan be 'stonished, an' I 'spect I is! Hit beats torchlight, plumb! Yit somehow hit 's pow'ful lonesome. I feels a sight mo' at home be day. How I gwan find Eslava Street?"

She never did find Eslava Street. Wandering, weary and forlorn, hither and thither, she came at last to the station at the foot of Government Street, where she had made her first acquaintance with Mobile, at dawn of the day before. She knew the place, and the sight of it gave her a certain sense of home-coming that was a refreshment to her weariness.

"I kin set inside," she said, with cheerful courage. "If dee pesters me, I 'm gwan tell 'em I is a passengem waitin' fur my train;" and, heaving a sigh of content, Pheriby sank into one of the little compartments of the continuous bench running around the wall. She wedged the red carpet sack securely between herself and the iron barrier that limited her seat, and presently fell asleep.

The watchman compassionately left her unmolested, and when she awoke it was morning. The great stir and

bustle around her made her aware of the arrival of a train.

"I is hongry, mun!" said Pheriby aloud, as she stretched herself with a mighty yawn.

"Hongry?" repeated a voice behind; and, turning quickly, Pheriby beheld a fat and comely old negro woman carrying a basket. "You need n't stay hongry," continued the woman, "ef you ain't opposed to spendin' two bits. My son-in-law is got a eatin'-stand at a corner, a little piece from here."

Breakfast was a necessity so absolute, after yesterday's fatigue, that expense was an altogether secondary consideration. "Miss Clementine" was bound to repay, Pheriby argued, and followed her guide with alacrity.

The breakfast was worth its price — to Pheriby.

"What all dem hawns a-blowin'?" she asked.

"It is Mawdy-graw day," her host told her.

Pheriby received this reminder with lively satisfaction. She put her faith in Mardi Gras as a day of good fortune, and though the people with whom she breakfasted had never heard of "Mars' Jedge Jeremiah," and could give her no information about "Miss Clementine," she was not discouraged. She set forth gayly, with no other plan than merely to place herself in the thoroughfare and wait.

So she sat down upon one of the iron benches in Bienville Square, and nodded comfortably in the sunshine. For as yet the tumult of Mardi Gras had not begun; and how it began she never knew. The occasional blast of a horn, the shrill squeak of whistles, that saluted her sleeping sense mingled with her dreams of home, and the "pesky" speckled sow, and the red rooster that crowed under her cabin window. When at last a blare of brazen trumpets, a clash of sonorous drums, startled her hearing, she opened her amazed eyes upon a mad world.

"Great Marster in heaven!" she panted, "is Bedlam done bruk a-loose?"

Through the square was surging a fantastic crowd, gaudy with yellow, and red, and blue, and green; wearing faces of beasts, of birds, of demons, and hideous faces with human features, yet like nothing human.

Pheriby snatched up the red carpet sack and fled. Such a sight might be borne surveyed from a coigne of vantage; but to wake from visions of home and find one's self in the midst of this demoniacal assemblage was appalling.

"Well," she observed, as she stood upon the sidewalk and gazed at the kaleidoscopic pageant, "my 'pinion of Silas's jedgment is mightily stren'thened by dishyer sight; it is, sho! But I ain't nuver gwan let on how plumb 'stonished I is! An' sich a crowd,— lo! my kingdom! All de fools in de country tunned out ter behol' all de fools in de town!"

As she stood staring, her eyes expanded, her mouth agape, a passing masker bawled in her ear, "Shut yo' jaws, ole 'oman; don't, I 'll jump down yo' throat!"

"You sassy!" shrieked Pheriby. "Tek dat!" and she aimed a blow at her tormentor, who having escaped in the crowd, her fist came down upon the ear of a lad, who promptly resented the blow by striking at Pheriby's hat with a force that snapped the trusted elastic. The next thing she knew, her head-gear was kicked into the gutter, as flat as a pie-pan.

"Repentant Moses!" she gasped, too much astounded for indignation. "Dat hat had a 'lastic! Silas, he cautioned me ter keep my mouf shot to! Times I have 'lowed Silas wuz a fool, but I done changed my mind 'bout dat. Yit I ain't no fool, nuther, an' Silas ain't nuver gwan know all I know."

The hat was one of the things "Miss Clementine was bound to make up to her," and Pheriby wasted no vain regrets. She was in for a day of ad-

venture, and gradually becoming accustomed to the motley aspect of the crowd, pleased as a child at the show, yet always preserving a dignified sense of superiority to the foolishness enacted around her, she forgot her vague homesickness, her forlorn condition of stranger and wayfarer; for a time she even forgot the search for "Miss Clementine."

But, as the day wore on, the memory of the benches under the trees lured her again to Bienville Square. Crossing the ground, she came to the fountain, which was now playing in full force, and here she paused in wonder that annihilated all sense of fatigue.

"Great King o' mericles!" she ejaculated loudly; and, planting herself squarely in the walk by which she had arrived at the basin, with her hands on her hips and her head thrown back, she gave audible vent to her impressions. "De sights o' dis Mobile is sho'ly tar-rifyin'! I ain't niver 'lowed ter behol' water fallin' upside down!"

She did not know that her mouth was agape until a mischievous masker half choked her with the remnant of the banana he had been eating. In her surprise she executed a spry little hop that nearly upset her; and as she recovered her equilibrium, a clown with an elephant's head discharged a shower of water full in her face.

"You ain't no manners!" cried Pheriby, gulping down the not unwelcome banana; and, finding consolation in the flavor thereof, she echoed the laugh of the bystanders, as she wiped away the copious drops.

But the laughter was presently lost in the sound of a fiddle, a banjo, an accordion, and a squeaking fife. The band, composed of maskers, perched themselves upon the rim of the fountain's basin, and forthwith dancing began in the broad walk.

Now Pheriby held dancing in abhorrence as a mortal sin; not a leap, not a caper, not a prank, not a posture,

won a smile from her. "Debble gwan git 'em, sho'," she muttered; and lo! to her amazed eyes the Devil stood grimly forth, horns, hoofs, and forked tail. Pheriby knew him at a glance.

"Le' me git away f'om here!" she gasped.

But even as she turned one of the dancers caught her by the waist and whirled her about in the giddy maze, to the brisk music of "Hop light, ladies."

Struggling, panting, raging, the red carpet sack pommeling her thigh at every enforced step, Pheriby shrieked in shrill protest, "Dey is aiggs in dis bag, I tell you!" and the mirth of the spectators waxed louder and louder.

When at last she was released, speechless for lack of breath, but transported with fury, she struck her undesired partner full on his pasteboard nose and crushed it flat. That instant the Devil held Pheriby fast!

The scream she uttered advertised the remotest groups of the fun in progress, and the crowd thickened rapidly.

"O Marster Debble! Good Marster Debble!" Pheriby implored in terrified accents. "I is a pious chu'ch member; I ain't dance none" —

"Bring me the pitch, b'ilin' hot!" roared the Devil, and Pheriby screamed amain.

"Fo' Gawd, I ain't dance none, Marster Debble! My sperrit refused, an' my foots ain't done no mo'n dey duty ter my body. Tunn po' Pheriby loose, good Debble. Jest a po' ole plantation nigger, an' a fool not ter stay whey she b'long!"

Suddenly, above the shouts of merriment, a great bell rang out ominously: Clang! Clang! Clang! Clang!

V.

An instant hush fell upon the boisterous throng; the Devil vanished, the motley crew dispersed as if by magic,

and Pheriby sat alone upon one of the iron benches, trembling, laughing, crying, remonstrating with herself.

"Pheriby, what a fool you is! G'long back ter de plantation, nigger! You can't mek yo'se'f on'erstand how dis is all Mawdy-graw foolishness. P'intedly, I wuz as skeered as hit had been de real Satan, an' dat's a fac'. I ain't honin' ter see him no mo'."

Still the great bell clanged, and the crowd, urged by one impulse, swept on; but Pheriby heeded not, for, lifting her eyes, she beheld, across the street, a building on the balcony of which was gathered an array of ladies, guests of the Athelstan Club.

"Miss Clementine bound ter be wid dat pussonable company," Pheriby assured herself, plunging into the depths of the red carpet sack. "Pray Gawd dem aiggs ain't bounced ter a jelly!"

One at least was intact, and Pheriby stood forth upon the sidewalk, an isolated figure, holding up a dyed egg in the sunshine.

"I do believe," remarked one of the ladies on the balcony, "there is that same little old crazy creature who was going up and down Government Street and Dauphin Way all Sunday and Monday inquiring for 'Miss Clementine.' Do we know any Clementines, Julia?"

"Mrs. Ashby, from Kentucky, — is n't her name 'Clementine'?"

"Is it? I wonder if she found a nurse for her little boy?"

"She has hired that Bella Stewart, I believe."

"Then may Heaven have mercy on the child! Oh, here comes the fire engine!"

Pheriby was conscious, all at once, of a roar and rush, a mad clatter of hoofs upon the pavement, as from around the corner of the balconied building dashed a strange-looking object on wheels, which to her inexperience seemed a smoking, dazzling caldron entwined with a huge serpent.

"Satan ag'in!" she panted, "an' de pitch a-b'ilin'!"

She took to her heels precipitately; but, as the tumultuous throng in the wake of the engine bore down upon her, she beheld a sight that made her forget the Devil-on-wheels: a smartly dressed mulatto girl was dragging by the hand a little white boy arrayed in velvet, and the child was crying piteously, while the mulatto girl stormed at him and jerked him savagely.

Afire with indignation, Pheriby darted to the rescue; but, her heel catching in the hem of Cynthia Broadwood's "long-tailed coat-cloak," she went down under the feet of the multitude.

Some good Samaritan lifted her up, but the red carpet sack was gone: Pheriby never saw that cherished possession again.

She crept dejectedly to one of the benches in the square. "Wish ter Gawd I wuz home!" was all she said; but how much that wish expressed of unmeasured perplexity and distress! For, except a few dimes tied in the corner of the handkerchief about her neck, all of Pheriby's money, and her ticket besides, was in that red "cyarpit sack," which she had seen, as she fell, borne away by a man in a mask, who held the arm of the smart mulatto girl. The man and the girl were gone with the rushing human tide; but Pheriby, when recovered in a measure from her confusion, beheld the child standing alone and bewildered upon the edge of the sidewalk, at the corner of the square; he had wandered back to that point, and Pheriby perceived that he was about to cross the street.

"He gwan git hisse'f hu't, dat baby!" she exclaimed, and, forgetting her bruises, she hastened to him.

The little fellow had just set his feet across the gutter, and was starting on a run, when around the corner dashed another smoking, dazzling, serpent-encircled monster on wheels, and

Pheriby was just in time. She never knew how she did it ("Gawd A'mighty shoved me," was her uncouth yet not irreverent explanation), but from under the very feet of the horses she snatched the child.

A cheer rent the air, and the balcony of the Athelstan Club was a-flutter with waving handkerchiefs; but Pheriby never knew that it was all in her honor.

"Never seed sich a racket," she grumbled. "Don't you be skeered, honey; Pheriby gwan tek keer o' you. Pheriby marked dat triflin' gal, how she dragged you, an' jukked you, an' jawed you. Now you tell Pheriby yo' name, an' I'm gwan tek you stret ter yo' maw."

"I'm named — Lucius — Clementine," answered the child slowly.

Pheriby set him down so abruptly that he tottered; she wanted her hands free to clap them while she shouted: "Glory! glory hallelujah! Now is my tribulations come ter a joyful eend! Praise Gawd, from whom all blessin's flow! Now ef de music wuz ter strike up, I could dance, spite o' de Debbles."

The child stared at her, half frightened.

"Come, don't be creating a disturbance here," a policeman admonished her.

"'Sturbance?" retorted Pheriby, in dudgeon. "You call thanksgivin' a 'sturbance? Dis is Mars' Jedge Jeremiah Coles's gre't-gran'chile, I'll let you know, an' doan' you hender me 'n' him."

Turning contemptuously away, Pheriby took the child by the hand, saying: "Yaas, honey, you is de very livin', breathin' image, p'int-blank, o' yo' gre't-gran'paw, an' Pheriby gwan stan' by you beginst de town. Now you tell Pheriby whey is yo' maw."

"I don't know," wailed the child. "And I want my dinner."

"Sho'ly, honey, you b'long ter be hongry, fur hit is late in de day.

Tell me whey yo' maw house," Pheriby coaxed.

"I don't know," sobbed the child. "And I want my dinner."

"What I gwan do?" groaned Pheriby. "Dis chile too little ter p'int me de way. Howsomedever, Mars' Jedge Jeremiah's gre't-gran'chile ain't ter go hongry."

She untied the corner of her handkerchief to take out the little money left her, and just then a group of rude maskers, rushing past, jostled against her, and the scant silver was scattered far and wide; before she could stoop to recover it the agile maskers had scampered away with every piece.

"De Lawd's will be done!" ejaculated Pheriby. "I got ter git dis chile home, fur hit ain't decent ter go beggin' brade an' meat wid quality in hand; but sho'ly in dis pussonable sto' de mens is bound ter know de sight o' Miss Clementine's little boy;" and Pheriby led her weeping charge into a drug store.

"What is the matter with that child?" asked a clerk. "Is he hurt, or is he frightened?"

"He is plumb wore out, suh," answered Pheriby plaintively. "He's too little ter p'int me de way, an' I is a stranger; may be you could show me his maw house?"

"Where do you want to go?"

"Ter his maw home."

"Where is that?"

"Dullaw, mars', ef you dunno, how I gwan tell you?"

"Well, what is his mother's name?"

"Miss Clementine."

"That's no name at all. What is his father's name?"

"Mars' Lucius, I — I — I 'spect. Ain't dat yo' paw name, honey?"

The child nodded.

"You must be either drunk or crazy!" said her interlocutor impatiently.

"Heah dat, now!" sighed Pheriby reproachfully. "I ain't drunk nur I ain't crazy; but I is nigh 'n' about

tarrified outen my senses wid strivin' ter ketch up wid Miss Clementine."

"So then you are lost, eh? Well, the best thing for you to do is to march with the child to the police station."

"Ain't dat de place whey de teks de thieves an' raskils?" queried Pheriby, aghast.

"Oh, yes; and vagrants like you."

"Den, suh, I tell you p'intedly, I ain't a-gwine!" Pheriby declared. "I know what I ain't, but I dunno what I is, an' I *mought* be a vagrom fur what I kin tell; but dishyer chile is Mars' Jedge Jeremiah Coles's gre't-gran'chile, — no better blood in de State, — an' you talk 'bout runnin' him in ter de perlice? I is p'intedly 'stonished at you! An' you looks lak a gemlen, too."

To Pheriby's infinite disgust, everybody within hearing laughed, — everybody except the frightened child, who clung to her skirts, screaming that he did not want to be taken by the police.

"An' dat you sha'n't, honey!" Pheriby assured him. "I 'm gwan larrip de hull posse on 'em, 'fo' dey shill tetch you, mun!"

At this juncture, a beardless youth pushed his way through the little group that had gathered around Pheriby and the child, and after a moment's scrutiny shouted: —

"Hello, Lucius! Here you are at last! There has been weeping and wailing for fear you were everlastingly gone, young man. We heard of a boy on the street who was near being run over; was it you? What old mammy is this? Where's Bella?"

"Dis ole mammy is Pheriby, young marster. Tek us stret ter Miss Clementine," entreated the joyful Pheriby; "an' I 'm gwan 'splain 'bout me 'n' dat Bella."

So the young man, whom Master Lucius Clementine greeted as "cousin Phil," bore Pheriby and the boy away in a carriage. Presently they arrived at the most "pussonable" house for size

that Pheriby had yet seen. She did not discover it to be a hotel until she was "h'isted" to "Miss Clementine's" room.

VI.

"Miss Clementine" was a slender, pretty lady, with golden hair and brown eyes, — "de p'inted image of de Coles fam'ly," Pheriby decided, in an instant's delighted glance.

But "Miss Clementine" saw only her child. "O Lucius! Lucius!" she screamed, and clasped and kissed him, and cried and laughed by turns, oblivious of everything and everybody else in the world, until Lucius said fretfully:

"I 'm tired being kissed; I want my dinner."

"That perfidious Bella!" exclaimed "Miss Clementine." "She promised to bring you back by half past one, and here it is nearly four o'clock. *Where* is she?"

"Gone!" replied Pheriby tragically. "Hit 's me what resarved yo' chile, Miss Clementine; an' sho'ly de Lawd sont me o' ve'y puppose. Doan' you know me, honey? I is Pheriby."

"Pheriby? Pheriby?" repeated "Miss Clementine," and shook her head.

Pheriby laughed. "Ef hit had n't been dat red cyarpit sack wuz stol'n f'om me, honey, I 'd a-come wid my hands full o' dyed aiggs, an' you 'd a-been 'memberin' de times an' times I has dyed aiggs fur you at yo' gran'-paw's plantation, Mars' Jedge Jeremiah Coles" —

"But," said the lady, "I never was on a plantation in my life; I never heard of Judge Jeremiah Coles before."

"Name o' Gawd!" cried Pheriby, "ain't you Miss Clementine, wuz Mars' Jedge Jeremiah Coles's onlies' livin' gran'chile?"

"My name is 'Clementine,'" replied the lady; "but I came from Kentucky. I never was in Alabama until now."

"Den de Lawd have mussy on me!" ejaculated Pheriby despairingly. "I is ter de eend o' my row, an' de ain't nothin' left for me but jist ter die," and she turned her face to the wall, sobbing like a child.

"Oh, don't, don't!" exclaimed the lady, clasping Pheriby's arm. "I am not *your* 'Miss Clementine,' indeed, but I will be, if you will let me. Take comfort, do! You've saved my precious boy, and be sure you've found friends."

"Give her some dinner!" piped the little boy. "She is hungry, like me; and I want my dinner bad!"

"Yes, darling! That ever I should forget you are hungry!" cried his mamma. "You shall both of you have some dinner this very moment, — the best in the land. And then we will try to find the other 'Miss Clementine.'"

So Pheriby fared sumptuously, and was clothed in purple and fine linen, — or what came to the same thing in her estimation.

When she returned home, she carried with her a closely-packed trunk

and a well-filled purse, a new hat and a "long-tailed coat-cloak" of her own, and — dearly prized among her treasures — a photograph of herself with the child she had rescued.

The other "Miss Clementine" was never found; but it was ascertained that she had been a guest at the Battle House some weeks before, though whence she had come or whither she had gone was never known to Pheriby or to her new friends.

"Pheriby," said Silas, on her return, "I been holdin' speech wid Marthy Maria Chace, an' she 'lowed how Miss Clementine doan' *live* ter Mobile, — she wuz jist a-visitin' ter de Battle House; an' my mind misguy me det you ain't been gwan find Miss Clementine."

"Hukkom I ain't?" demanded his wife.

"Is you been ter de Battle House?" inquired Silas admiringly.

"Who seh I ain't?"

"I ain't seh you ain't; I ax you is you?"

"You wait ontill you hear me tell," replied Pheriby, with conscious pride.

But she never did tell *all* she knew!

Elizabeth W. Bellamy.

LORD HOUGHTON'S LIFE.¹

LORD HOUGHTON was known, in his later life at least, and will probably be remembered historically, as one of the characters of London society in his time; and in literature his place, like Rogers', is mainly that of entertainer of celebrities. His biographer is unwilling to take this view of the matter. Mr. Reid desires and labors to show that throughout life Lord Houghton was employed in affairs of importance,

and exercised powers of larger scope than he was credited with possessing; that he was both a legislator and a poet; and especially that he was a diplomatist in everything except the fact. It is doubtful whether anything is gained by a biographer who continually directs attention toward those paths of his hero which led nowhere; those ambitions which were never realized; those occupations in which, from what-

¹ *The Life, Letters, and Friendships of Richard Monckton Milnes, First Lord Houghton.* By T. WEMYSS REID. Introduction by RICHARD

HENRY STODDARD. In two volumes. New York: Cassell Publishing Company.

ever cause, he failed. If we are repeatedly told that Lord Houghton was fitted by his acquaintance and acquirements for dealing with foreign affairs, this only reminds us the more forcibly that no minister cared to employ him in that sphere. The reason may have been that men of politics are prejudiced against men of letters, and that, in the case of Lord Houghton, his books were the insurmountable obstacle in the way to office. At the same time, other Englishmen of his period succeeded well enough in combining literature with statecraft; and, after all, the great fact remains that his diplomatic abilities were never tried, and in the absence of trial such abilities can hardly be taken upon trust. The belief in their own political genius is notoriously a common vanity of literary men of station.

In the matter of poetry, too, Lord Houghton does not come off much better than in that of statesmanship. Landor, at one time, thought him the greatest poet writing in England, — an opinion which, when it was uttered, was foolish, and has been the father of folly in those who reiterate it; for it surely is no honor to Lord Houghton to have been praised by mistake. Rogers also had a belief in him, it seems; and in the extracts from Lord Houghton's commonplace books there is a telltale anecdote of Rogers saying to him, "Don't you be so hard on Pope and Dryden; you don't know what we may come to." Though humorously made, the remark is more humorously received by us; and this is because Rogers and Milnes were so very much smaller poets than even their humorous imagination had capacity to contain. The most that can be said for the early poems of Milnes is that he made songs for the people when he could not make their laws, and a few of these popular ditties survive; and that in some half dozen other pieces he exhibited a certain literary gift. His actual work in poetry, taken altogether, is of very slight con-

sequence in the literature of Victoria. To remind us that Lord Houghton started even with Tennyson and Browning, not to mention others, and that he was thought to have the better chance, is really to impress upon our minds unduly how far behind them he fell in the race. His poems, like his acquaintance with French statesmen and politicians, are a part of his life, and find a place in his biography; but Mr. Reid has placed an emphasis upon these things which, to our thinking, results in a false perspective, and the reader is led mainly, not to see his brilliant success as a man of the world with all its materializing influences, but to reflect how disagreeably disappointed Lord Houghton must have been at his failures in politics and in literature. Mr. Reid thinks that the current notion of Lord Houghton undervalues his talents, and forthwith he sets out to prove to us, by documents often dull and wearisome, that he was different from what every one thought him to be; that the reputation he bore in the world was legendary and hopelessly derogatory to his real worth; and that a new conception, drawn from these two volumes, must be substituted for that of the world in which he lived and died. This biography is, consequently, very labored and apologetic, and one feels as if he were reading a defense instead of a story, and entertaining a motion for a new trial of his lordship's character instead of listening to the verdict of his own times and friends. This is all very amiable in Mr. Reid, and very dutiful, but it injures the literary attractiveness of his work.

In spite of Mr. Reid's best efforts, we find the statesmanship of Lord Houghton as problematical and his verses as thin as ever; but his personality is as interesting and his society as entertaining as when he was alive. His first felicity, out of the many good gifts that fortune gave him, was to be made one of that group of collegians at

Cambridge concerning which literary history will not soon be silent. The days of the Union, of Tennyson's prize poem, of Arthur Hallam's reprint of Adonais, and of the ever-memorable expedition to the undergraduate world of Oxford in advocacy of the poetry of Shelley were great college days, and the story of them is full of interest. Something is gained because the account is largely in Lord Houghton's own words. It is true that the reader does not get so near to the group of Tennyson and to that poet's early manhood as in the life of Edward Fitzgerald; there does not appear to have been the sort of intimacy between Milnes and the others which reveals more than the externals of student companionship; but, on the whole, the narrative is the best that we have of the Cambridge of the time, and it is supplemented by a few, a very few, examples of that *rara avis*, a letter of Tennyson's. The diction of these two or three friendly notes, we may remark in passing, amply sustains the praise Fitzgerald gave to the poet's prose, which stands out on the page like another language. But it was after Milnes went up to London that he began to show his metal, and then he was already modified from the national type by his long residence abroad and his assimilation of Italian manners. He made a fair figure in Parliament; and with his evidently keen interest in his own success, and his controlling passion to know everybody and to get a good place in the social throng, he soon made his talents tell. It seems to us that he did really make the most of himself, notwithstanding what his biographer alleges about the blocking of his career in politics by the prejudice in high places against entrusting business to writers of books. With the rest of his endowments, he was strongly gifted with a very independent spirit and much self-confidence; he showed this early in life, in his relations with his father, and con-

tinually in his relations toward his constituency. He did not have in him the making of a good party man, and this of itself was enough to limit his political achievement under any circumstances. It is plain, too, that where he took a personal line of conduct politically his judgment was not very good, as, for example, in his propositions with regard to Ireland. Yet he looked for office, and was repeatedly discouraged by being passed over when his friends obtained power. He never was a leader in Parliament; but he found opportunity to do some excellent work of a serious nature, and in his efforts in behalf of the founding of juvenile reformatories he earned lasting gratitude. In becoming a Liberal he followed his natural instincts, and he was one of those converts to progress who became more liberal with every change of the times.

He carried on his literary life at the same time with his politics, and published both poetry and prose; but he must have been soon convinced of the futility of his attempt to keep pace with the authors of his age. He had a high opinion, apparently, of his work, and was always much pleased by any sign of its having made its way with the public; but he could not be blind to the fact that he was out of the race. He found the best compensation for such a failure in the vitality in himself of the literary taste which made it his pleasure to take a particular interest in the society of men of letters, and gave to him the delights of patronage. His aid to the young and those in difficult circumstances came from high motives, and prove that he possessed a heart of unusual sympathy and warmth, more easily touched to good actions than is common with men of his class. The story of his care for the young Scotch poet, David Gray, is one of great honor to himself, and it stands as a striking example of qualities in him which seem often to

have been exercised unknown to the world. Incidents like this, which are not obtrusively put forward, help to make his character more justly valued, and are a gain to his reputation; and with them belongs the account of his faithful friendship with Charles MacCarthy. It is in such parts of the narrative that we come nearest to that humaneness and amiability of Lord Houghton which won for him the warm regard of so many various men, both English and foreigners, which is the most notable thing in his career. It is true, also, that his eccentricity or originality of character interested them on its own account. In his ways and manners he was quite an uncommon person, and in his conversation there was always a fund of entertainment, owing to his knowledge of the unwritten about men and events; and though men began by being interested in that personality which Disraeli described with such vigor and extravagance, they often ended by regarding him with some warmth of feeling, which in many cases became true affection for the kindness of his nature. This portrait of Lord Houghton as a man of the world, with many sincere friends in private life, benevolent in temperament, serviceable in some parts of legislation, and respectable in poetry, is, on the whole, the impression made by him when alive, and sustained by this biography.

In one respect only these volumes are disappointing. It was to be hoped that, as Lord Houghton saw much of men of letters and corresponded with

them, there would be more of literary interest in his memorials. There is really very little that is of any importance for the literary history of the period. The letters contain next to nothing of contemporary opinion of our own or of past literature, and few anecdotes or sayings. The record is rather that of small events, of visits, of travels not very remarkable, — a sort of diary. It is particularly disappointing to find so few descriptions of scenes, since Lord Houghton was fond of seeing everything that was going on and everybody who had ever done anything above the common. The narrative of the opening of the Suez Canal is the most striking piece of such description as was hoped for, but it is not very well done. Politics really occupies the place of literature in these volumes. The biographer introduces this for the purpose of showing how Lord Houghton missed his vocation; but, except what relates to Louis Philippe, most of it could well have been spared. The literary barrenness of the work seems to have been inevitable; and we can only surmise that men kept their talk for Lord Houghton's breakfasts, and left it out of their letters. An attempt is made to remedy this by inserting at the end some pages of short extracts from his commonplace books, in which he put down the good sayings of the men he knew, and also his own. These are not very clever, and Sydney Smith's jokes seem mostly vapid; but in a collection of anecdotes the best are apt to pall after a page or two.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS

Sociology and Politics. Easy Lessons on the Constitution of the United States, by Alfred Bayliss. (W. W. Knowles & Co., Chicago.) We can hardly call these lessons easy, for, though their main purpose

seems to be to construe the written Constitution, and give the student a familiarity with that instrument, there are sprinkled all over the pages questions which are easy enough to ask, but call, in the answer, for

a maturity in the pupil which the book does not suppose. — How the Other Half Lives, Studies among the Tenements of New York, by Jacob A. Riis; with Illustrations chiefly from Photographs taken by the Author. (Scribners.) The temper in which one undertakes such a work as this must largely determine its value. Mr. Riis appears to have made his studies with no design to satisfy a diseased curiosity, but with an honest endeavor to get at the facts in a sketchy rather than a statistical fashion. His moderation is evident as well as his earnestness, and there are occasional twinkles of humor to relieve the appalling gloom of the book. Indeed, without a faith in God and a sense of humor, we hardly see how one could make these close studies and keep his sanity.

Political Economy. Chapters on the Theory and History of Banking, by Charles F. Dunbar. (Putnams.) Mr. Dunbar speaks of his book as the result of "the need of some convenient statement of ordinary banking operations" felt by him when lecturing to students. The convenient statement proves in this case to be an exceedingly lucid and yet compact presentation of those methods of transacting business which transcend an ordinary cash exchange, methods which have become so familiar by use that only now and then does one stop to consider what is involved in them. Thus Mr. Dunbar treats of discount, deposit and issue, banking operations and accounts, the check system, bank notes, and combined reserves, and then proceeds with an interesting summary of information respecting the banks of Amsterdam, France, and England, the Reichsbank of Germany, and the National Banks of the United States. He has done a real service not only to the student, but to that overburdened creature the intelligent reader. — Number LXV. of Questions of the Day (Putnams) is A Tariff Primer on the Effects of Protection upon the Farmer and Laborer, by Porter Sherman. This cut to truth is rather too short to be of much value.

Fiction. The Speculator, by Clinton Ross. (Putnams.) A first draught for a novel which the author is content to publish. The theme is somewhat worn, but there is a certain moderation of tone which shows that the writer feels his subject and sees the possibilities in it. He has sketched in some

conversations, and jotted down notes of contrasted scenes. — Phil and the Baby, and False Witness, by Lucy C. Lillie. (Harpers.) Two stories for the young. Phil and the Baby is the story of a boy who ran away from a circus, carrying with him a baby that had been left mysteriously by a stranger who died of a fever shortly after joining the circus. The experienced reader, when told further that Phil suffers a temporary loss of memory through an accident, and that the family in which he finds refuge is the baby's family, will recognize the general order to which this story belongs; but the readers who will take up the book are not experienced, and we may expect them to find all the novelty in this venerable framework which the experienced reader found before he was experienced.

Philosophy and Religion. Mechanism and Personality, an Outline of Philosophy in the Light of the latest Scientific Research, by Francis A. Shoup. (Ginn.) The metaphysic, the author explains, is in the main that of Lotze, or perhaps better the Lotzian phase of Kant. Personality, in his view, cannot be a phenomenon. — King's Chapel Sermons, by Andrew Preston Peabody. (Houghton.) The characteristics of these sermons are none the less noticeable because they are obvious. The sanity, the mellowness, the frank use of homely and familiar material to be found in contemporary life for the illustration of eternal truths, render these discourses attractive to reasonable men and women, who ask not to be startled into some uncommon thought, but made to see the fuller meaning of the common thought.

Travel and Art. Japanese Girls and Women, by Alice Mabel Bacon. (Houghton.) Miss Bacon has made a distinct contribution to our knowledge of the feminine side of life of Japan. She has written both as an outside observer, and as one who has been as much on the inside as a foreigner well could be. Her narrative is orderly, detailed, lively, and comprehensive. Moreover, she manages to convey something of the charm of Japanese womanhood; yet she is not a mere enthusiast, but writes with a keen discrimination which goes far to creating a confidence in her knowledge of the subject. — New York and its Environs, by Gustav Kobbé. (Har-

pers.) A handy little book, with good maps, clear though on a small scale, and a few somewhat murky illustrations. It is compact and well digested. But why does Mr. Kobbé use the word "itinerary," which means what he does not wish to say, in place of the accepted "itinerary," which means what he does wish to say?—The magazine *L'Art* has discontinued the issue of the accompanying *Courrier de l'Art*, but

incorporates within its own pages some of the features of the annex. The numbers for February 15 and March 1 are before us. The most interesting print is an etched portrait of President Carnot. There are also some studies in red chalk after nature by Émile Levy, which are noticeable for their frank simplicity and dignity of attitude. The text is taken up largely with the serial reviews.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

A Fellow-Traveler.

It was in a third-class railway carriage in Italy. The train, which was the "omnibus," aptly so called, of an accommodating and lingering disposition, had stopped at Prato. Nothing of the charm of the still little town was visible from the station; the lovely black and white cathedral, with its tall campanile and its open-air pulpit sculptured by Donatello, was out of sight. The special delicacy of the place, *pan' dolce di Prato*, a kind of seed-bread in thick toasted slices, was brought within reach of travelers, at a *soldo* a slice, on the platform. The door of our compartment opened, and a young man got in with a child in his arms, and deposited her, standing, on the seat, while he turned to take some hand luggage from two men outside, and to arrange it on the shelf. There are a very few people and a good many children who bear the stamp of a natural sovereignty: that little creature, as she stood on the dingy seat, wide-eyed, self-possessed, and regal, annexed the compartment and its inhabitants in a moment to an unnamed country of which she was queen. She was a glorious child, large for her years, which, as we soon learned, were but two and a half, round and firm of mould, with rich red cheeks, dark eyes, and a superb mouth, revealing, when it opened, a treasure of tiny first teeth. She wore no hat, and her brown hair broke into curls and gold as it listed, the soft locks straying in curves from shadow to sunshine. She was neatly dressed in a sailor frock of dark blue; a little white muff hung round her neck by a cord; one dimpled hand grasped a piece of Prato sweet-bread, and

the other clasped to her bosom a bouquet of red camellias and daffodils.

The luggage disposed of, the *bambina* was carried to the window, with a word of apology from the young man to the occupants of corner seats, to make her adieux to the friends without. "Kiss Giovanni, Ilda," and a gracious indifferent kiss was bestowed upon an awkward young fellow, who received it with the evident satisfaction of a devoted swain. An old man, with a kindly open face, accepted a similar salute with no less pleasure. There was an eager exchange of parting words and greetings between the men; then the train moved away, the young man sitting down with the child on his lap. The farewells were not over, however. Soon after the train left the station the pair were again at the window, making signals with handkerchief and bouquet, which were responded to from a house at some distance. Then they settled down. The *bambina* was relieved of her flowers and muff, which were put on the shelf; she had a draught of red wine from a little flask, and ate in a slow, abstracted way two or three mouthfuls of her bread, soon forgetting it in the interest of the conversation. Her father, a handsome man, whose animated face was picturesquely set off by a broad felt hat, fell into talk with the man in the corner, who was accompanied by a boy of twelve. After a little chat with them he transferred his attention to the peasant woman opposite with a baby in arms, and asked after the age, sex, health, and history of the infant, informing her in return that his own *bambina* was *due messo*, in his soft pro-

nunciation ; that they had been visiting his father at Prato, and were going back to join the mamma. He asked my permission to smoke, lit a cigar, and inquired concerning my nationality and destination, finding the chances for further conversation rather impaired by my imperfect knowledge of the language. Ilda took note of the baby, and leaned over to converse with it, offering it generously a piece of her Prato bread, which it was obliged to decline by proxy, being kept of necessity to a less crusty diet. The man next to her tried to snatch a piece ; but, though willing to share her meal voluntarily, she was not to be deprived of it by force, and stood on the seat holding it behind her, deaf to arguments and entreaties, and showing all her little white teeth in a smile of triumph, till she finally concluded to preserve her treasure by devouring it, and ate the last morsel, apparently not from hunger, but out of sheer good-humored maliciousness. She held her own in the talk, too, and replied to the teasing of her father and her fellow-travelers, the man and the boy, with a very quick sense of the fun of its intention.

She had an eager interest in everything before her,—a primal intellectual curiosity of the sort possible only to the child, the puppy dog, and the first poet. "That is Pistoia !" the boy exclaimed, as we emerged from a tunnel and saw a city spread out on the plain below us. "That is Pistoia," echoed Ilda, in her clear, assertive voice. "I must see Pistoia," and she stretched out her sunny little head as if for a vision of some promised land. I had a seat by the window, and invited her to share it ; she came without hesitation, and, the window proving so high that, as she sat on my lap, its sill was on a level with her eyes, she stood up on my knees and leaned out, reporting eagerly in her childish speech every object in view. When the train passed into a tunnel, she nestled down in my lap with her curly head against my shoulder, springing up like a deer the moment the light appeared. "C'è un altro ?" she inquired each time as it began to grow dark ; and she followed the boy in his systematic reckoning of the tunnels, calling out each number after him, into the thirties. Her father was concerned for my possible fatigue and the injury to my traveling dress, but the impression of

the warm little life was sweet and real enough to be set against that of the tiny patent-leather shoes, and the burden was yielded with reluctance, and was willingly resumed when, drawn by new attractions at the window, Ilda volunteered to return. Her father got out at a station and bought another flask of wine, which he insisted upon my sharing ; so I took a little for companionship, and it was passed on generously to the man and the boy, and then offered again to me before he would touch it himself. It was sweet, strong white wine, very nice, but, I could not help thinking, a little too strong for two and a half, who however imbibed it like water, with no visible effects, though a slight sleepiness very naturally manifested itself toward the end of the long journey, to be bravely conquered in unflagging response to the remarks addressed to her. At two and a half she was already well advanced in language lessons. "What is it in Tuscan, Ilda ?" she was asked, as she sat on my lap eating a dried fig. "Fio sec," she replied shyly, after some urging. "And in Italian ?" "Fio secco." But the word for "water" was beyond her powers of articulation. "C'è le montagne," she would say, pointing to the hills ; then, indicating the rapid little river below us, "E c'è l'acca." "Aqua," her father would say, with a stern front of disapproval. "Why do you not say it right, *aqua* ?" They all tried, by threats and laughter, to effect the reform ; but the queen, responding to both by laughter and by a royal firmness, dictated the language instead of accepting it as found. "C'è l'acca," she replied each time, with triumphant emphasis and a wave of her chubby hand toward the river, as if to insist that it should bear that name in future, and to make of the limitation of her powers a decree of her will. And is not that absolute sovereignty ?

The worst of making friends for the hour is the parting, though to be sure that is also the drawback to much more enduring relations. We had all been subject for three or four hours to the rule of that small creature, with her unconscious supremacy of childhood ; even the passengers in the other compartments of the carriage, divided from us by only half partitions, had stood up now and then and looked over in frank admiration. When we drew

near the destination of the bambina, and the full toilet of muff and nosegay was resumed, some of us felt a pang. The train stopped at a little station; the young man seized my hand, with a cordial "Grazie e buon viaggio!" Ilda submitted to a hasty kiss, and they got out, their luggage being handed down by fellow-travelers with that eager helpfulness which third-class travelers in Europe, especially Italians, so often exhibit toward each other. As the train moved away from the station, the man in the corner sprang up, exclaiming, "C'è la bambina chi passa!" and we all stood up, eager and alert, to watch them going along the white country road. The bambina, carried in the arms of a woman with a bright handkerchief on her head, unconscious of our admiration, was holding high her bouquet of red camellias and daffodils.

I confess that her departure left a void not only in the train: I was still vaguely aware of it the next day as I went through the Academy at Bologna, and it was association rather than appreciation of art which made it difficult to get away from the large canvas of Domenichino, the Madonna of the Rosary, where the smiling Child, with his floating blue drapery, stands in his mother's arms up in cloudland, holding aloft a bright nosegay of roses. What a picture that is, considered simply as a transcript of life! Below, all the miseries of the earth, the martyrdoms, the frightened innocence, the rage of passion and cruelty; saints looking up with the question, "How long, O Lord?" in their intense hollow eyes. Each holds fast a rosary. And above on the clouds a Madonna looks down with eyes of pity, and the blonde Child holds up his roses with a smile. How are a chaplet and a posy, a smile and a pitying glance, to weigh against all that wretchedness? Yet they are pretty much the sum of all that has been heaped in the balance against it by religions and philosophies, by love, and by life itself; and if we have had a moment's glimpse of their significance, and felt aught of their potency, can we say that they are wholly inadequate?

How I found Ulysses. — It is in modest emulation of Mr. Henry M. Stanley as a discoverer of missing discoverers that a member of the Club begs to announce the finding of a traveler longer lost and even more famous than Dr. Liv-

ingstone. This is no other than Ulysses, the wave-wandering lord of Ithaca. I believe he remains precisely where one would naturally look for him, — on the coast from which he can view the isle of the sirens, and renew the ancient thrill of the hour when his ship drove its prow between Scylla and Charybdis. He is as active as of yore, but, I regret to say, at present employs his profound astuteness in a small retail business of malignity.

There is no need to describe to the Club the visitation of those days, not infrequent, when everything perversely goes wrong, and petty woes environ us like a cloud of persistent gnats. It is Noman who harms us; and to the prime cause of annoyance is added the sense of lack of an object for accusal and malediction. In Calabria they know better. On such black-letter days of minor misfortunes, their theory is advanced in the strong nasal dialect of the country.

"There is the mule gone lame," *comare* Nunzia will narrate with emphatic gestures, "and the hen that will not set, to say nothing of my man who has the fevers. And Zia Caterina has said the verses and signed us with water and salt, but it did not come to us to yawn. So one sees that it was not an envy, but rather there is in it the *monacheddu*. May the Lord save us from him!"

This "little monk" is, I am persuaded, none but Ulysses, who has undergone a process of demonization common in Gothic legends, but almost unique in the more genial Italian folk-lore. The austere Christians of the north inclosed Venus and her train in the hollow hill, as allies of Satan for the reprobation of men, and the pilgrims went by singing with averted faces. In Italy, on the contrary, the dethroned gods and retired heroes enjoy a golden leisure in the affectionate memory of the people, who still swear mildly *perbacco* and *perdiana*. But the poor Ulysses appears somehow to have been degraded into a malicious, sub-humorous sprite, with his former subtle wisdom degenerated into petty cunning. He became a monk in Sicily, according to the evidence of tradition. Signor Giuseppe Pitré, the eminent folk-lorist, heard the story of Ulysses and the Cyclops — curiously baptized into the narrative of the outwitting of the devil by a monk —

from the lips of a girl, eight years of age, tending sheep on a slope of Etna. And it would be a wrong not to translate literally the idiom of the little Maria :—

“Now I tell a story which is almost frightful ; it is the story of the little monk. It is told and retold that there were once two monks. These two monks every year went on a quest. One was bigger and one was smaller. Every year they went on a quest, for they were poor. Once they mistook the way ; a way bad, very bad ! The little one said to the big one, ‘This is not our way.’ ‘No matter, let us go on.’

“As they walked they saw a great cave, and there was an animal making a fire ; but they did not believe that it was an animal. ‘Now let us go in here to rest.’ They went in, and there was this animal killing sheep (for he had sheep) and putting them to roast. As these men entered, the animal killed a score of sheep and put them to roast. ‘Eat !’ ‘We do not wish to eat, for we are not hungry.’ ‘Eat, I tell you !’ When they had finished eating all these sheep, the devil arose (for the animal was a devil). They lay down, and he, the animal, went to get a great stone, put it before the cave, took a sharp-pointed iron, heated it, and thrust it into the neck of the big one of the monks, roasted him, and wished to eat him with the little monk. ‘I will not eat any, for I am satisfied.’ ‘Up ! for if not, I will kill you.’ The poor little one arose for fear, sat at table, took — poor little one ! — a small bit and feigned to eat, and threw it on the ground. ‘Mary ! I am satisfied indeed !’

“In the night, the good man took the iron, heated it, and thrust it into the eyes. The eyes burst forth. ‘Ah ! he has killed me !’ The good man slipped in among the wool of the sheep, for fear. Groping, groping, the animal goes to take away the stone from the cave, and let out the sheep, one by one. The sheep where the good man was came, and the good man was no longer there. He went to Trapani, to the

sea. There were at Trapani all the boats and the sailors. Said he, ‘Now let me come there, and I will tell it to you.’ They put him in a boat ; the animal went to fish for him, and the mariners began to run with the boat. While the animal was running, he hit a stone with his chest, — for he was blind, — fell and broke his head. The sea, with the blood which came from him, was all reddened. The little monk went away, and the animal stayed there.”

In this story, the identification of the Cyclops with a crater of Etna is picturesquely maintained by the images of the eye blinded by fire, the maddened course down the hill, the impediment of the rock, and the crimsoning of the sea. The figure is bold indeed by which all the companions of Ulysses are consolidated in the person of the big monk. A similar legend is found in the collection of folk-lore by Signor Comparetti, and also in Signor Finamore’s work upon the traditions of the Abruzzi.

Ulysses, once recognized under the Sicilian cowl, appears evident also as the monacheddu of Calabria. In Naples, too, the *munaciellu* plays the same malicious part. By the way, it seems probable that the brilliant apprehension of Signora Matilde Serao was at fault in connecting, in her *Leggende Napoletane*, the personality of the little monk with a relatively modern tradition of a forlorn child sheltered in a convent.

No ; whenever, in the Two Sicilies, unaccountable misfortunes befall, it is surely by the work of the belittled wit and the crooked hands of the demoralized adventurer who cannot find repose, but always wanders where in ancient days his wisdom and his force were manifest. It may also be true that in this western continent, the land imagined and sought by Ulysses, his restless shade projects itself, and is cause of the small miseries which make us cry out against fate, and for which we remain uncomfortable, as the Cyclops when the other monocular men bade him be patient, since Noman smote him.